

SECRET

MEMOIRS

AND

MANNERS

Of several

Persons of Quality,

OF

Both SEXES.

FROM THE

New *ATALANTIS*,

AN

Island in the *Mediterranean*.

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i M274S
V.1

To His Grace

HENRY

Duke of BEAUFORT,

Marquis and Earl of *Worcester*,

Earl of *Glamorgan*, Baron *Herbert*,

AND

Lord of *Chepstow*, *Ragland*, and *Gower*.

My LORD,

HOW vast must be the
*Ambition of an un-
known and meer Tran-
slator, to dare to Hope from*
A 2 so

iii The Dedication.

so Great a PRINCE, his most
Noble Protection for so small
a Trifle? But as he who
enters not the List, can never
pretend to win the Race, this
Attempt, how daz'ling soever,
had never been mine, with-
out a proportionate degree of
Admiration for those Heroic
Qualities conspicuous in Your
Grace; thence Inspir'd, my
Presumption may Hope to
avoid Your Frowns, if the
Performance be not so Happy
to meet Your Smiles.

The following Adventures
First spoke their own mixt
Italian, a Speech Corrupted,
and

The Dedication. iii

and now much in Use thro' all the Islands of the Mediterranean; from whence some Industrious Frenchman soon Transported it into his own Country; and by giving it an Air and Habit, wherein the Foreigner was almost lost, seem'd to Naturalize it: A Friend of mine, that made the Campaign, met with it last Year at Bruxels; and thus, a la Francois, put it into my Hands, with a desire it might Visit the Court, and Great Britain.

*That the unknown Transla-
tor has presum'd to lay it at
Your*

iv The Dedication.

Your Grace's Feet, proceeds not only from a long and profound Veneration to Your Grace's Family, and Your Own Eminent Vertues, and fix'd Heroick Principles, but he fancy'd so near a resemblance of Yours to the Young Prince in the Prado, pag. 179. And in the continuation of His Character in the Second Part, where Virtue and Astrea repair to the Young Hero's Palace, That he thought in Justice it cou'd belong to none but Your Grace.

If it be true, That a Resemblance, tho' never so much

The Dedication. v

to our Disadvantage, be said to make us wish better to the Resembler than to another, who carries nothing about him of the same Air and Feature, we may Hope those favourable Sentiments will be no Strangers to Your Grace's Breast; which is a Repository for all Things Great and Human, for all Things Just and Noble. To speak You but to half the Height of Your Own Elevated Character, (to those who have not the Honour to know You) wou'd look like the Daubings of Flattery; and to those who are so Blest, an Attempt as utterly impossible, as it wou'd be to endeavour to
make

vi The Dedication.

*make all Mankind Wise, or
Honest, or Handsom: You
will be better found in the En-
comiums Astrea gives in her
Visit to the Young Prince de
Beaumont; thither I must re-
fer my self, and once more im-
plore Your Protection, and for
Ever Your Pardon, for an
Attempt so daring as is this
of*

My LORD,

May it please Your Grace,

Your Grace's

Most profoundly Obedient,

AND

Most Humble Servant.

ONCE upon a time, *Astræa* (who had long since abandon'd this World, and flown to her Native Residence above) by a new form'd Design and a Revolution of Thought, was willing to Revisit the Earth, to see if Humankind were still as defective, as when she in a Disgust forsook it. Her Descent was as soon perform'd as thought upon; the *European* World being the most Fam'd above for Sciences, she resolv'd her first Visit should be there. Accordingly (by a little too strong a Propension of one of the Winds that bore her) she alighted upon the Cliffs of an *Island*, named *Atalantis*, situated in the *Mediterranean Sea*. Tho' her Design was rather for *Rome*, or the Metropolis of *France* or *Great Britain*, Places renown'd in the Court of *Jupiter*, for *Hypocrisy*, *Politricks*, *Politeness* and *Vanity*. No sooner did she re-tread that Ground, so long since abandon'd, but in a rapturous Soliloquy, thus she began: All hail thou beautiful Product of the Eternal Mind! How Enchanting are thy Prospects? How Generous is the Earth? How Charming her Fruits? How flowing the Waters? How cooling, how limpid the Streams? How Refreshing to the Taste and Limbs of Mortals? How pleasingly they wind to make fruitful the Neighbouring Meads? Those grassy Pastures, the aspiring Shady Groves, and the whole ample Bosom of the Terrestrial Globe.

B

But

But Oh great *Jupiter*! who hast thus Richly endow'd Nature, the Off-spring of thy Power, so suited it for Admiration and for Use, so worthy of its Divine Original! to what a Race hast thou deliver'd these Enjoyments? How Corrupt, how unworthy of Benefits so Sweet, and of Possessions so Ravishing?

As she was continuing her Exclamations there arose, *Pensive and Forlorn*, a *Beautiful Person* that sat near her, and who knowing the Divine *Astrea*, ran with open Arms to Embrace, and call her Daughter. She wonder'd at the Raptures of the *Stranger*; therefore repelling her eager Caresses, she ran over her Form, to see if she could recollect who this dejected Beauty was: Her *Habit* *Obsolete* and *Torn*, almost degenerated into Tatters: But her Native Charms, that needed not the help of Art, gave to *Astrea's* returning Remembrance, that it could be no other than her Beautiful Mother *Virtue*. But Oh! how despicable her Garments! how neglected her flowing Hair! how languid her formerly animating Eyes! how pale, how withered the Roses of her lovely Cheeks and Lips! how useless her snowy Arms and polish'd Fingers! they hung in a melancholy Decline, and seem'd out of other Employment, but sometimes to support the Head of the dejected fair One; her Limbs enervated and supine, wanting of that Energy that should bear her from a Solitude so affrighting.

When *Astrea* had recovered her Astonishment, known and embraced her lovely Parent: For her Beauty being *Divine*, could degenerate no farther than a seeming *Impair*, she earnestly enquir'd into her Change of Habit and Appearance: To whom *Virtue* thus answered.

Astrea,

Virtue, Thou didst choofe well in abandoning a World unworthy of thee: I had long since follow'd thee, if great *Jupiter* had not forbid my Flight, leaft thefe Creatures of his Fancy, clods of *Earth*, who, by his Command were impregnated by *Phæbus*, fhould be entirely deftitute, even of the Pretence of thofe Ornaments which are call'd *Virtue*.

They have not mournd, for fince thy Flight, but have conftituted a falfe Appearance in the Divine *Aftrea's* room, a mock fort of *Juftice*, whom they invoke upon every Occafion, without any real regard to Right or Wrong. *Me* they have thruft out from *Courts* and *Cities*. *Cupid* (our little Relation) for a long time allow'd me a Refuge in the Heart of fome of his Nobleft Votaries, but even he is turn'd *Apoftate*. I have no Sanctuary among the *Lovers* of this *Age*; the youngeft *Virgin*, and the moft ardent *Youth*, are contented to quote me only as a *Name*; fomething *Fine*, that their *Hiftories* indeed make mention of; a thing long fince departed, and which at this *Day* is not to be found among 'em. *Innocence* is banifh'd by the firft dawn of early *Knowledge*; *Sensual Corruptions* and hafty *Enjoyments* affright me from their Habitation. They imbelifh not the Heart to make it worthy of the *God*; their whole Care is outward, and transferr'd to the Perfon. By a *Diabolical* way of Argument they prove, the Body is only neceffary to the Pleafures of *Enjoyment*; that Love refides not in the Heart, but in the Face, and as certain of their own Poets have it,

To an exact Perfection they have brought
The Action Love, the Passion is forgot.

Hymen no more officiates at their Marriages; the *Saffron Robe* hangs neglected in the Ward-robe, the *Genuine Torch* is long since extinguish'd; the Glare only of a false Light appears: *Interest* is deputed in his Room, he presides over the *Feast*, he joins their Hands, and brings them to the sacred Ceremony of the *Bed* with so much indifference, that were not Consummation a necessary Article, the *unloving Pair* could with the utmost Indifference repair to their several Chambers. Guess then, my lovely *Astrea*, what must be the Off-spring of such an Union! How void of generous Fire, of that sparkling Genius, the product of noble free-born love. Hence it is, that the present Times are so defective of *Heroes*, and if some excel others, 'tis only like Trees planted in the same Soil. Chance gives them the Height over their Companions, or more properly speaking, a dextrous management of *Vice*; a ~~and~~ and *Disimulation*, is sure to carry a Man through in whatever he undertakes: what hope remains for so barren, so airy a Name as mine, of being so much as countenanc'd by Mankind; *Valour* and *Beauty*, formerly my two nearest Companions, do not so much as remember they were ever acquainted with me: I no longer (as in the Morning of the Creation) have Crowns and Garlands at my disposal, when Kingdoms and Lawrels were merited, and Virtue made the Choice.

Quite exploded from *Courts* and *Cities*: I was reported to have refug'd among the *Villagers*, but alas! they knew less of me *there*, than in the *Cabinets*

*Virtue speaks
plain English*

4inets of Princes. For Mortals being by Nature
 As well as Custom corrupt, the Lessons of *Philo-
 sophers* and *Humanity*, only refine and fit 'em for
 the Study of *Virtue*; a generous Education illu-
 minates the *Clod-born-Birth*, without which, Man
 is the greatest Brute of the Creation; the Rustic
 Soul, looks out in *Native Ignorance*, *Cruelty*, *Ava-
 rice*, *Distrust*, *Fraud*, *Revenge*, *Ingratitude*, *Self-
 Interest*, the whole ignoble Train, that fly be-
 fore the dawn of Knowledge, and the sweetness
 of Science. Thus may I well (neglected as I
 am) appear Disconsolate, Abandon'd, flying to
 the utmost Verge, to bewail my Misfortunes in
 those solitary Cliffs, talking of my Woes to the
 sonorous Waves, who by the resounding of the
 Rocks eccho to my Wailings, and sometimes
 out-beat the remembrance of my Miseries: But
 you, my lovely *Astrea*, that are not condemn'd
 like me to wander, Exploded and Alone, what
 again has brought you to the Commerce of this
 despicable Race?

Astrea. You know the *Lunary World*, though
 Inferior to this in many things, yet are Profes-
 sors of the same Manners, and are in short, a
 Twin-Creation. There was an Emperor, who
 gave Life to a Daughter, born a Master-piece of
Nature for *Beauty*, *Virtue* and *Sorrows*. She was
 Married to a Neighbouring Prince, who had more
 Ambition than Success: Puff'd up with the vain
 Hopes and Pride of his new Fathers Empire, he
 thought nothing too great for him to attempt;
 he put on the Royal Diadem, and call'd himself
 King of a People, who were Oppress'd and
 held in Slavery by a Nation more mighty than
 themselves; the Consequence of it was, his be-
 ing forsaken, first by his Imperial Father-in-law,

King of Bohemia
Lady Elizabeth
K. Bohemia

then by all his inferiour Allies: He lost not only his new assum'd Sovereignty, but his own Hereditary Principality. The Queen his Wife, a Miracle of suffering Goodness, wandered with her wretched Children from Territory to Territory; and at length refug'd in the Court where she was born: How often and how tenderly did this unhappy Queen invoke my Name, how did she appeal to *Justice*, whether she deserv'd those Miseries she suffer'd? How vainly did her Crys, her Tears and Beauty, excite her Countrymen to Arm in her Husband's Defence, and to reseate him in his native Rights? Those whom she implor'd, were deaf as Rage or Winds; it would indeed have been matter of Splenetick Laughter to *Momus*, as well as Wonder, if the Queen had succeeded, and that People void of *Religion*, open *Debauchees*, *Blasphemers* of Great *Jupiter* and all the *Gods*, *Gamblers*, *Userers*, should have Arm'd in the Defence of *Virtue*, with which they had no Acquaintance; it was not to be expected from them, and therefore my Votary was to sink under the Burthen of her Woes, hopeless of Redress. My Heart melted at the Complaining of this beauteous and upright Princess. I hastned to the height of *Olympus*, where great *Jove* holds his awful Residence; neither the Splendor of his Palace, nor the glorious brightness of his own Divinity, suspended in me, tho' for a moment the desire I had of redressing the Injur'd. I represented to great *Jupiter*, the Wrongs that were wrought in his *Lunary World*. The Father of Gods and Men, seeing me so nearly concern'd, receiv'd me to his Ambrosial Arms, wip'd off those Tears which Anguish had wrung from me; and bad me be Comforted; that the good Queen should

should receive a double Portion of Bliss hereafter in the happy Regions, when her Years of wandring were accomplish'd; that she was not punish'd for her proper Crimes, but her Husband's Ambition, and her Fathers Supineness; that, since her own Country had refus'd to Arm in her Defence, *Bellona*, and the avenging Furies, *Fear* and *Death*, should take up their Residence among them, 'till a Prince descended from the Beautifullest of her Daughters, should obtain the Sovereignty over 'em; 'till then *Poverty* and *Captivity* should be the Lot of many, yet *Pride* and *Luxury* be abated in none; that they should Labour with endless Toil to Cultivate the Earth; and gather the Fruits she gave, and should compass their *Lunary Globe* for Gain, thro' the uncertain dangerous Ocean, and find the Profit lavish'd away in *War*, to save themselves from *destructive Violence*; that perpetual Terror of *Storms* and *Pirates* to the *Merchants* and *Mariners*; of *Captivity* and *Death* to the *Soldier*, the decline of Power in the *Statesmen*, ever trembling to descend a height were they can scarce maintain themselves from precipitately falling: The Debauches in the Young with Wine and Love, in the Old of *Hypocrisy*, *Avarice* and *Cruelty*, should be the incessant Plagues, that should haunt their aching Thoughts, 'till the young Prince put an end to their Sufferings with their Vices, by his bright Example, leading 'em all into the glorious Path of Virtue and Renown; from whence they should begin to date their *Era* of being a Happy People.

By this Sentence of *Jupiter's*, I grew well acquainted, that I was impotent of Power to assist the suffering Queen; she dy'd in Exile, the

young Prince descended from her, born indeed with generous Inclinations, is in danger of suffering under the greatest of Misfortunes, the want of Royal Education; tho' Necessity be thought to be the best Instructor, especially to *Princes* (who, in a flowing Fortune are continually seduc'd, from without by Flatterers, from within by their own Pride, arising from the Homage of all about them) yet is it too apt to cramp the Soul; and to proportionate their Sentiments to their Fortune. To avoid either of these Extreams (in Gratitude to the Queen who was so true a Votary to me) I have resolv'd to be my self his Guide in Difficulties, his Leader to *Renown and Glory*, his Guard in *War*, his Assistant in *Peace*: my aim is to make him deserving to be Great, as well as to be so, and of the Two, rather to be Good than Mighty; I would fit him for all that Grandeur, which the Destinies have allotted him. I will have him merit the Empire over Mankind, not only fam'd for brutal Courage, as was *Alexander*, for Subtlety and Wisdom as *Cesar*, for being Invincible as *Achilles*, Fortunate as the most Fortunate; but all their particulars united in one, to render a Hero truly such, fond of the improvement of his People's Good, both in War and Peace, cautious of their Safety, and yet, wisely expensive of his own.

In this Task I have undertaken, I have thought it necessary to visit this lower Globe, where all the Arts and Virtues are profess'd with more Ostentation, than in the *Lunary*, with my own Eyes to see the Change of Manners, that I may the better regulate his. I will go to the Courts, where *Justice*, is profess'd, to view the Magistrate, who presumes to hold the Scales in
my

my Name, to see how remote their profession is from their Practice; thence to the *Courts* and *Cabinets* of *Princes*, to mark their *Cabal* and *dissembling*, to the *Assemblies* and *Alcoves* of the Young and Fair to discover their Disorders, and the height of their Temptations, the better to teach my young *Prince* how to avoid them, and accomplish him.

Virtue. The design is noble and worthy him you intend your exalted Favorite, but alas what can you do? You may indeed preach to him to avoid *Vice*, but then you must teach him to avoid *Mankind*; all are corrupt, and you will by this Visit only furnish your self with matter of Complaint to *Jupiter*, from ocular proof, when you have seen how abandon'd they are, it will excite your desire to destroy the Race; your cries, the cries of *Justice*, extorted by conscious resentment, will of necessity attack the greatest of all the Gods, even in his ~~own~~ innermost retreat, and force him to blend the wretched Mortals with the Dust they were originally taken from; to destroy their very Beings, who dare thus contemptuously ~~take~~ breath in defiance of all the *Virtues*: And fraught with *Vice*, fly full in the Face of the very power that form'd 'em, obeying none of the Precepts of their Wise Creator: Nay, in their proud vain Hearts, daring to question, if they and their World had an Original; or from all Eternity were not independant of, or Coequal with Omnipotence?

Astrea. I easily believe what you say, admirable Mother, but because out of multitudes of Evil still some good may be extracted, if you please to favour me

me with your Company, I will proceed in my intended purpose.

Vir. Alas, *Virtue* will blush, and hang the Head, offended, and asham'd of the Pollutions of Mankind. Go on to the Capital, 'tis call'd *London*. *Angela*; I will expect your return upon the Brow of yon aspiring Clift.

Astrea. Mercy ever dwells with *Virtue*: Your Intercession may be necessary, (besides the ineffable Charms of your Conversation) lest *Justice* be too highly provok'd by those audacious Objects we may encounter, and, without waiting for the Sentence of *Jupiter*, be tempted to Punish, as well as Condemn; we will make us Garments of the ambient Air, and be invisible, or otherways, as we shall see convenient.

Vir. 'Tis hard to deny a Person so amiable; see, my dear *Astrea*, here is a Boat that belongs to Fishermen, the Sea falls at a little distance into a pleasant River, twelve Leagues in length, it will shorten our Passage; let us go Aboard, and commit our selves to the protection of the Gods.

Astrea. I cannot enough admire the Ingenuity of Mortals, the Art of Navigation is superior to all others; how early must they inure themselves to *Hardships*, contempt of heat and cold, hunger, thirst, intrepid in the midst of the most astonishing Dangers, when both the Winds and Seas are at War! Sheets of Light'ning descending! the Moon obscur'd! the Stars as it were extinguish'd! the rattling Thunder bel-
lowing thro'out the Heavens! all things full of Horror and Despair! the dangerous Rocks, and devouring Sands, ready to receive 'em! yet Custom has rendred all these Evils familiar to 'em.

Vir.

Vir. And wou'd you believe, that ev'n in the very moment of destruction, when their Vessel strikes, and the rouling Waves rush greedily to devour 'em, their very Prayers are mingled with Blasphemies; a new invented Vice, since you abandon'd the Earth; they invoke the Name of *Jupiter*, and all the Gods, with horror calling on him at every trifling moment, to destroy and reprobate 'em to Eternity! You will have too many instances of this in viewing the Disorders of that Naval Preparation just before us, How proudly they Plough the Waves? See, can any thing be more magnificent? There are three hundred Ships of Burthen, some for Defence, and others for Traffick; but even the Merchant is not without her Beauty, the Poop and Stern glitters with Gold, the waving Steamers, and other imitated Ornaments, give us scarcely, but by her bulk, and number of her Men and Guns, to distinguish her from a Ship of War.

Astrea. O my Dear! Can there be a sight more beautiful? They all seem to be in a vast hurry, what are they doing? What use is so much Linen, fast'ned with Cords, that trembles in the Wind, and is but with struggling made obedient to the Hand?

Vir. To speak in Terms proper to the Sea, there's just sprung a Gale favourable to 'em; they have lain Wind-bound a considerable time, let us go Aboard the Admiral, she seems the Sovereign of the Seas. The Linen which you enquire after, are Sails, they spread their whiten'd Canvass before the Wind, which fill'd with an auspicious Gale, carries 'em swift, almost as imagination, to their desired Port, and,
for

for expedition, far exceeds any other mortal Invention of Journeying.

Astrea. Oh my dear Mother! I am ready to burst at the Pride and Oppression of Mortals, at their Riots, and Blasphemy; never will I go Aboard another Fleet, there is no manner of Entertainment there for us; I am glad we are got on shore, and releas'd from their Disorders. Good Heaven! how bountiful in Prospect? how detestable in Examination, is that gaudy, guild-ed, magnificent Prospect of a Fleet? How proud, how luxurious the Commanders? How dissolute, blasphemous, and servile, are the Crew? They bow lower to their Superiors, than ever they did to Heaven; whilst those elate and haughty, as if form'd of a peculiar Mould, look down with Contempt upon the fawning Company of Cars beneath 'em.

Vir. And which is yet more wonderful, some of the proudest, and yet bravest of these Commanders, were one day mean as the meanest of the Crew, crouching beneath the Burthen, yet, when once advanc'd, none more forward in imposing it upon others. Did you notice that old Seignior, stretch'd at his full length upon the crimson Damask Couch? That Youth he seem'd so fond of, was no other than a Woman so disguis'd. He was once in an Engagement with the Enemy, the young Creatures fears, amidst the Roaring of the Canon, the Cries of the Wounded, the Exultings of the Victors, disorder'd her into Fits. The Admiral, careless of Glory, or the preservation of that Renown he formerly had acquired, forgetful of his Nation's Interest, that was intrusted into Hands so feeble, forbid 'em to advance

*Ld. Juss.
I. Ferrington
Herbert*

vance, and so lost a considerable opportunity of taking or burning most of the Enemies Ships, and suffer'd 'em to make off with the reputation of Victory. So to quiet the fears of a Mistress belov'd how unpardonable was this? What had *Venus* to do amongst the rough Embraces of *Bellona*? She may indeed have a pretence, after the toil of Battle, the Fatigue of Fight, to congratulate the Deliverer, and applaud the Performance of her Warriour, to disrobe him of his cumbersome defensive and offensive Ornaments, to sweeten all his Pains, by the recompense of her Smiles; to lead him cover'd with slaughter, dust, and destruction, into the prepared Bath! but in the midst of danger there is no Business for her. The next eminent Commander that we saw, is a great Benefactor to the Ladies in the *Marine Towns*; he perpetually entertains them with Balls and Collations, as far as his Credit will stretch, tho' to the expence of the believing Tradesman, who may wait long enough, if they but wait, till their Bills come in course to be paid. These Disorders are generally the Entertainment of the Night, when the Old and the Wise are retired to that repose which they believe no Diversion can recompence the loss of; mean time the Virgin-Daughters are left an easie Conquest, to the flattery and vigour of these young *Neptunes*, eager as hungry Hawks upon their prey, they improve the coming moments; our young Commander, more inconstant than the Element on which he presides, makes every one of these guilty Meetings, subservient to the gratifying a fresh Inclination. The destin'd Damsel, at the breaking up of the Assembly,

is conducted by him to the place of her own abode; he is all the while protesting his never-dying Passion, slips in, and goes up to her Chamber with her: She dares make no noise, for fear of awaking her Parents; he improves the Hints, takes advantage of the silent opportunity, swears that he'll marry her, which the credulous Fair easily believes, because he has already two Wives, and does not know but he may as well have toleration to increase them to two hundred, and, without more difficulty, is robb'd of her Honour, and reputation of Honour.

S. of Berkeley

L^d Dunsley

M^r M. M.

That very handsom Commander, that we visited next, has lately taken a Girl from the Opera: She it was that sat upon the Eminence on his right Hand, tho' there is none in the Company, but what were more beautiful than she: He has been what this Age calls it, a fortunate Man among the Ladies, they tell a great many pleasant Stories of him; pleasant I mean to the Ears of the vicious, who ever should see him, as we did, in his *Marins-room* of State, all dissolved in Luxury, would they readily believe, that this Mortal ought every Hour to be apprehensive of his Fate: Because he is every hour in danger of being Summon'd to pass in *Charons* Vessel instead of riding Triumphant in his own? Did you mark what a profuseness in eating, how his Table abounded, in what was nice as well as necessary; the extream delicateness of his own Taste, and the affected one of his Concubine; the debauch of the Glass after Dinner; the variety of rich Wines, and heightning Cordials; the *double Entenders* of their Conversation, where scarce good Manners, or the sacred Respect

spect due to our Sex was preserv'd; but these are Creatures that, with the real loss of their Modesty, have abandon'd the very appearance of it, and are never so well pleas'd, as when in their Discourse and Debauch they confound Distinctions, and leave it only to their Dress to bespeak the Sex; the obscene Sports that succeeded, were but an accumulation of a riotous Life. Thus wasting the ebbing Sand! thus provoking Death! thus shaking the hasty Hour-glass! neither taught to reflect by Tempests, or Thunder, by Canon, or Destruction! to prepare themselves for that dreadful Alteration, that Antipathy to Nature, that Antithesis of Life. You have not heard among those ten thousand Mariners, the name of *Jupiter*, but to blaspheme it! he is only invoked as a Witness to their Millions of Untruths and Vanities! how they deprecate and devote themselves, without remorse, to eternal Destruction? If great *Jove* be just; If yet he have attention for the Affairs of Mortals, will he not take 'em at their Word? Will he not hurl them into never-ending Destruction? How can they extenuate a Punishment themselves have invoked?

Astrea. With regret I beheld, that they made no Offerings to *Jupiter*, ev'n *Neptune* is neglected by them; *Bacchus* and *Venus* (in their most criminal Rites) are the only Deities that they reverence. It is my wonder that the Waves do not immediately swallow them alive! or that their Enemies do not perpetually vanquish them in Battle!

Mrs. Human Nature is universally corrupted, those that fight against them, are as wicked as themselves; there is no sort of Justice in giving either the preeminence, and therefore generally
Chance

Chance decides it. Did you mark thro'out the whole Fleet (after their exorbitant Dinners were past) how they endeavour'd to waste the time, not in improving Conversation, reading of meritorious *Authors*, the *Sciences*, even their own *Mathematicks*, or any other Entertainment that may better their *Lives*, *Philosophy* and *Humanity*; to soften the rigidness of a stern, cruel *Education*, or to enable 'em to bear the Fatigues and Dangers of their Employment. The Glass only goes about, which makes 'em noisy, vain-glorious, boasting, severe, unmerciful. That is generally the time for punishing the Wretches beneath them. Dice and Cards have their turn: In this detestable Round of Wick- edness they wear away their Lives; omitting no opportunity of defrauding the Seaman, that labours incessantly for a sorry Subsistence; they adulterate even their Pulse and Water, de- puting damag'd in the place of good, which they can have at lower Prices; provided their Coffers are but replenish'd, they care not what he endures; The Diseases that thro' unwhol- some Food are contracted, the Enervating of their Youth and Vigour, and thousand other Inconveniencies that arise from it. Then they are eminent in nothing more than in defraud- ing them of the sweet Enjoyment and Fruit of their Labour; when by the undaunted Courage of the *Mariner*, their contempt of Death, and warrantable desire to better their wretched Condition of Life, they attack a rich Prize, and take it, tho' all ought to have an equal share in what they have equally purchased, at the expence of their Blood, the Commanders appropriate as well the Glory as the Purchase. The Wretches
dare

dare not murmur, for fear of that Discipline which was first design'd and term'd Martial, but is since degenerated, as the wild fancy of the cruel Man in Power suggests.

Astrea. But what remedy is there to all these Evils?

Virtue. If some great good Man should stand up and fearlessly regulate these Disorders, as is reported there is now such a one at their Head, if Corruptions were not above, these Inconveniences would not be below. Did only Service and true Merit recommend to Office, were not Bribery, and the Sollicitations of Friends, preferr'd to Duty and Worth; were severe Penalties inflicted upon these Blasphemers (the Commanders themselves first desisting from the use); were Dice, Cards, and an exorbitant Love of Wine, and the hotter Liquors taxed; were faithful Commissioners appointed to inspect the Provision of the Navy; were matter of lawful Complaint made free to the meanest Seamen, provided (upon pain of exemplary Punishment) he advance nothing but the Truth; were it made capital to take a Bribe in the Service of their Country: The Regulation might be made easie, if the leading Men and Commanders, gave them but examples of *Sobriety, Justice and Morality*; but all is nothing but *Oaths, Drunkenness, burning Lust, Riots, Avarice, Cruelty, and Disorder*; they have got the better of a bad Reputation, and do not so much as care to dissemble a good: Hypocrisie is indeed banish'd far from them; Vice, with her many-headed Train, bare-fac'd and open, sits enthron'd, as in her proper *Sphere*; nay, so great a propension have the meanest of the Crew, so educated in harden'd Folly, that there's

1^d Penalties.

not a Wretch of them, tho' for three years he have gone tatter'd and almost naked, not knowing the use or benefit of Money, but, when he receives his Pay, shall never stir from the *Cabaret* (with a Gang of dissolute Flatterers, and lewd Women about him) till the last Denier be expended.

Virtue. See, my dear *Astrea*, as we approach the *Capitol*, how busie *Intelligence* appears, like a Courtier new in Office! she bustles up and down, and has a World of Business upon her hands; she is first Lady of the *Bedchamber* to the *Princess Fame*, her Garments are all *Hieroglyphicks*; we'll stop her as she goes by, but were we not invisible to her, she would not put us to the trouble, nor pass us without either a good or bad Report, or possibly a medium, and that would be the greatest favour we could expect next to Truth, which she is but rarely concerned with. Pray, Madam, may two Strangers of your own Sex make so bold with your Ladyship, as to enquire what great Affair sits so busie in your Face? Whether you can't afford a few moments of your precious time, to inform Foreigners of the *Temper*, *Genius*, and *History* of this *Island*?

Intell. You have hit, Ladies, upon my very Business; I entertain Strangers with vast Respect, they give me the greatest attention; for all I say is generally new to Foreigners (when they appear in a Strange Court); my Name is *Intelligence*, I am *Groom* of the *Sole* to that omnipotent *Princess Fame*, of whom all the Monarchs on the Earth stand in awe. I would not fail to oblige your curiosity, were I not engag'd in a very pressing Affair; to be short,
between

between Friends, the King of this Island is just dead; 'tis yet a mighty Secret, but I must make what haste I can to divulge it, I have already been at the new Empress's Court, and left her to condole with her the Favorite over some Flasks of sparkling *Champaign*; so that you find 'tis not in my power at this time to oblige you, but if you please, Ladies, to let me know where you Lodge, I'll not fail to wait upon you, soon as this Business is dispatch'd.

K. William.

2. Anne

D. Marlborough

Virtue. Leave the care of that to your Emis-saries a Power more mighty than your own; controuls you at this time, you shall walk invisi-ble with us; in the Name of *Jupiter* we Arrest you, to attend upon *Justice* and *Virtue*. You are to inform us of all we shall demand; *Truth* is summon'd to attend you on this occasion.

Intell. Having first (as I ought) paid my *Duty* and *Obeysance* to two such mighty Poten-tates as *Justice* and *Virtue*: I only beg, Ladies, a short absence of six moments, and then I will return as full, as proud of my desires to serve you.

Virtue. You are uneasy till you have divulg'd our Secret; but for once we will excuse the honour you design'd us, and are contented to pass unknown and unregarded among the croud of Mortals.

Intell. Your *Mightiness* has indeed guess'd at my Thoughts, I wou'd in a moment have dis-patch'd your Affair, by a short whisper in the Ears of *Fame*; the honour of being let into so important a Secret sits heavy upon me, till I have disburthen'd my self, besides it is my Duty faithfully to report to her whatever is new, or of any seeming Importance.

Virtue. We dispense you from it at this time, But pray, Madam, how comes it, that a Person of your Importance finds Employment at above three Leagues distance from the Metropolis?

Intell. This is a *Villa* of the *defunct Monarchs*; let us strike down that Walk, and it brings us to the *Palace*, where all either are, or ought to be, in Tears, to see him lie dead amongst them; that Chariot brings rouling on the young *Count Cornus*, his Father was Master of the Horse to the King, and the most accomplish'd of all the Foreigners; the young Gentleman this Morning, upon the Death of his Master, (whom he unfeignedly lov'd) fell into Fits, beat his Breast, tore his Shirt, and laid about so handsomly in his Agony, that his Linen appears all bloody; they are carrying him to the *City*, he seems not to have recover'd his Senses, a Servant supports him (from sinking) in the Chariot; there is a tincture of your *Ladyship*, some small share of *Virtue* in the composition of this young *Count*; but time, and the Air of the Court, will speedily deface it.

Astrea. Who is that graceful Person that appears upon the high Loll in his Chariot and six Horses? They seem to cut the Air with the swiftness of their motion, scarce to touch the ground beneath, like flying Clouds, *Venus's* Doves, or *Juno's* Peacocks. There's something of a solemn Joy sits upon his Face, which flashes out, notwithstanding his endeavours to the contrary.

Intell. That Gentleman is a *History*, a *Mignion of Fortune*! if your *Ladyships* please to repose your selves a little at the end of this *Vista*, before we ascend the *Palace*, I will, in as few words as possible, satisfy your Curiosity. His Name

George Des.
Mont. Anquetot
King William
E. Grantham

Name is the *Count Fortunatus*, rais'd by the con-
current Favour of two Monarchs, his own, and
his Sisters Charms, from a meer Gentleman
to that Dignity he is posting now, to Congratu-
late the new *Empress*, who outstrips her Suc-
cessors in esteem of him; his Wife is her *She-
favourite*, all will be manag'd in the new Reign
by their Advice; big with the coming Hopes
of being at the Head of the Empire, you can't
blame him if some of that abundant Joy that
fills his Breast, sparkles from his Eyes and
brightens o'er his Face.

Virtue. I never heard of him before; alas!
what pity 'tis, that a Person of his graceful
Appearance shou'd make no application at all to
Virtue.

Intell. *Fortune* has been his *Deity*, and entirely
propitious to him, when he was at the Age of
sixteen. His Friends, out of their narrow For-
tune, with much ado, purchas'd him a Standard
in one of the Establish'd Regiments of Foot-
Guards; his Mother's Sister was Surintendant of
the Family of the Dutcheß *De L'inconstant*,
Sultana Mistress to *Sigismund the Second*: The
Youth us'd to make Collations, and fill his
Belly with Sweet-meats with his Aunt; the
Dutcheß came one day unexpectedly down the
Back-Stairs to take Chair, and found 'em to-
gether; he had slip'd away, for fear of anger,
but not so speedily but she had a glimpse of his
graceful Person; she ask'd who he was; and be-
ing answer'd, she caus'd him to be call'd, and
all full of native Love and high Desire, for an
Object so entirely New and Charming, she bid
him attend her after the King's *Couchee*, who
that Night was to lie of his own side. The

Governess knowing the Dutcheſs's amorous Star, was transported at the happy introduction of her Nephew, not doubting but he was design'd for her peculiar Pleasures; she caus'd him to Bath in the Dutcheſs's Bathing-room; Perfumes being then much worn by People of Condition, she procur'd him the richest, scented his fine Linen, and all sweet and charming as an *Adonis*, introduc'd him to the Bed-side of the expecting *Venus*.

The Dutcheſs was enchanted with the pleasures of her new and innocent Lover, a Lover whom she had made such, and who first sigh'd and felt, in favour of her, those amiable Disorders, and transporting Joys, that attend the possession of early Love; she presented him with an unlimited Bounty. The lovely Youth knew punctually how to improve those first and precious Moments of good-fortune, whilst yet the Gloss of Novelty remain'd, whilst Desire was unsated, and Love in the high Spring-tide of full delight; having an early Forcast, a Chain of Thought, unusual at his Years, a length of View before him, not born a Slave to Love, so as to reckon the possession of the charming'st Woman of the Court, as the *Zenith* of his Fortune, but rather the first auspicious, ruddy Streaks of an early Morning, an earnest to the Meridian of the brightest Day; he bethought himself of establishing himself at Court, in a Post so advantageous, that even the Dutcheſs herself might not be able to hurt him, should she (as she had often done before) change her inclination. *Sigismund* the Second was then on the Throne, a Prince devoted to Pleasures, but he was Childless, and the Eyes, tho' not the Hearts of the
Island,

Charles.

Island, were cast upon his Brother, the Prince of
Tameran; he had had several Children, but only
 two surviv'd, and they Daughters; the eldest
 was marry'd, for Reasons of Religion, to a
 neighbouring Prince; but as it is not their Hi-
 story that I am now designing, I will only tell
 you that of the *Court*. The Dutchess gave six
 thousand Crowns for a Place in the Prince's
 Bed-chamber for him, and, by her favour with
 the King, procured him a rise in the Army;
 she call'd about her own Person his fair and for-
 tunate Sister; but his Ambition would not rest
 there, he never left interceding with the Dutchess,
 nor the Dutchess with *Sigismund*, till she was
 receiv'd into the number of the Maids that at-
 tended the Princess of *Tameran*, when, by an
 overplus of Fortune, the Prince cast his Eyes
 upon her, so much to her advantage, that she
 became his Mistress confess'd, and had several
 Children by him. So great an Indulgence for
 the Brother, accompanied his Passion for the
 Sister, that he either found or fancy'd Merit in him
 superiour to all the Court; he gave him a consider-
 able command in the Army, and call'd him into the
 Nobility; returning from an Expedition he had
 made by Sea, the Ship wherein the Prince was,
 struck upon a dangerous Sand; it was inevita-
 ble Death to all but those cou'd save themselves
 in the Long-Boat; the awe of Royalty is such,
 even in the Breasts of the Vulgar, that the ig-
 noble Crew willingly devoted themselves to the
Sea-green Deity, to secure the Life of their Master;
 not one of them, tho' to avoid hasty destru-
 ction, pressed forward to secure themselves by
 entring the Boat, nor all of 'em together, by
 an eager precipitation, attempted, as in such

D. of York
Pr. Orange

M. Godey

D. of York
D. of Berwick

cases, to jump by consent into it, by oversetting it with numbers, to render their destiny more inevitable, but one and all calling upon the Royal Brother, put him to descend, with the good Wishes and dying Prayers of the remaining Wretches. No sooner was the Prince seated, but he tenderly call'd for his dear Count, and commanded that not one, upon pain of immediate Death from his own Hand, should dare to come down till he was placed by him. How tenderly he embrac'd him! I knew not, my faithful Friend, said the Prince, how dear you were to me till this ugly prospect of losing you! how many have I disoblig'd by the open preference my Heart forc'd me to, in your advantage? Cou'd Life have been valuable to me, when you were out of it! I never lov'd any so tenderly as you, nor you so much as now! What can a Creature (owing all to his great Master) return for such an inestimable Distinction! answer'd the Count, happily blest in your exalted Favour! unhappy in despairing ever to have an opportunity of showing the least grain of my abundant Gratitude! since when I have return'd you all, even to my Life, it is but what was your Highness's before; the best gift of Nature I have this moment receiv'd from your Royal Favour; there will be no happiness for me, nor an equality in my Destiny, unless some means be found to lose in your Service (by an eminent Occasion) that Breath you have bestow'd upon me; but I, *more faithful* *his Motto* *than fortunate*, can only wish, not expect a Destiny so Glorious,

Astrea. Methinks I shudder with the dread or apprehension of the Count's Ingratitude! How do I foresee that he deserv'd not that distinction? Put me out of pain; has he not been ungrateful to the Royal Bounty?

Intell. More than all Mankind, because he was more beloved and trusted; but he has rose by it, and will in a moment (so favourable are the disposition of his Stars) touch the tallest Dignities of the Empire.

Astrea. Can Great *Jupiter* permit it? Methoughts long since (when in *Egypt*) I was pleased with that show of Justice in the *Egyptians*, their contempt of Ingratitude, in which they held all Wickedness was contained. 'Tis counted meritorious to forgive Injuries, but the most gentle Nature is permitted (with applause) to retain the memory of an ungrateful Act; it ought hardly ever to be forgotten, and 'tis as certain, that we shall find no Goodness in him that is ungrateful, as we are sure to find but little Evil in the grateful. Mankind wou'd in part avoid that shameful Vice, if they did but esteem the Benefits that they receive greater than they are, and those which they confer, less than in reality they be; but in moralizing I interrupt your Story, let me mark him down the foremost in my Pocket-Book, I will claim an especial Audience of *Jupiter*, in relation to the particular good Fortune of the Favourite Count, and resolve to lead my Prince wide of the Road he has travell'd in.

Intell. 'Tis time we should now return to shew how he lost the favour of the Dutchesse, the first step upon which he mounted from Obscurity. *Fortune*, When she intends to go through
with

*Dr. Jennings,
after Dryden,
of Marston.*

with a Hero; what ever would in an other be a false Step, is but in him, an Advance, conducing to her end. He fell passionately in love, with young *Jeanitan*, a Companion of his Sisters, and in the same Service about the Princess: Here all his Precaution forsook him, that coolness of Temper, that alloy of Fire, that passive Moderation, ever uppermost, and to which he has ow'd his greatest Success; by this he has acquir'd those appearances of *Virtue*, that are found in him; 'tis his *easy Phlegm*, that has suffer'd him, when at a Council, either of *War* or *State*, to permit, without the least show of Uneasiness, even the lowest and worst favour'd Person, to deliver his Opinion at length, tho' never so opposite to his own: He weighs 'em all with Deliberation, and yet remain fix'd to his first form'd Designs: Hence it is, that even in the heat of Fight he is not transported beyond his usual Moderation; neither his Grievs upon a Disappointment are excessive, nor the exaltings of his Joy upon a Victory: He neither Cruelly punishes nor generously forgives; 'tis all a *Medium*, and considering the extent of his Power, he has both done the least Mischiefs, and the smallest Good, of any that ever possess'd it. His *Flatterers* cry up his *Courage*, but it seems to me not to be *inborn* to him, but *acquir'd*; for certainly we may as well learn to be Valiant as Judicious. A proof of what I advance, may be taken from always ducking his Head at the noise of a Bullet, the first apprehension is in his *Nature*, and only to be controul'd not prevented by *Reason*: That immediately comes in for a *Second*, and carries him safely through to *Glory*, which all Hero's should chiefly aim at; in short he is

Ex.

Excessive in nothing, but his love of *Riches*; whether *Ambition* lies smothered beneath, and that he has some distant Views, a depth of Design, which none has yet had Line enough to fathom. *Money* is the only means to carry on successively the greatest Enterprize; perhaps he may one Day, find our *Royal Ball*, the sport of *Fortune*, a *Kingdom* at her disposal, and to be obtain'd by the highest bidder; suppose him *Candidate* for the Crown of *Poland*, if among the many *Pretenders* (*Foreigners* or *others*) he have the *deepest* Purse? 'Tis more than probable, his Success will be the *highest*, either to conceal'd *Ambition*, or native *Covetousness*, we must attribute his unbounded, unwearied desire of *Wealth*; will he one Day set it all at Stake upon a *Royal Cast*, or an *Imperial Squander*? Or descend to his Grave, choak'd with greediness of Gain, and a most prodigious, accumulated mass of *Wealth*.

But to return to his Amours, what would have ruined another Man, serv'd but to advance him; his Love for a young Girl then without Interest, or the appearance of any, a Maid of Fortune, that was sent to Court, and plac'd among the Rank of those who generally owe their Establishment to their Beauty, from whence the young unthinking Men of *Quality* and *Estates*, choose themselves Wives of Fancy; 'tis well enough for those, whose Affairs will permit them to Marry for *Inclination*, though it survives not the *Hymenial Moon*; but for the *Count*, who depended for most of his great Expence upon the *Dutchess*, and to whom he ow'd all his Fortune, 'twas Ruin inevitable, 'twas Destruction bare-fac'd; yet Love, assisted by his ever propitious Fortune, carried him through; his *Sister* lay

lay in his *Master's* Bosom, to protect him against the ill Effects of the Dutchesses Resentment, should she animate *Sigismund* against him; *Love* gave him this for Reason, *Love* is the Master of *Boldness*, he carries us fearless on to the greatest Attempts, and is ever most Fortunate where the Courage is most Resolute; *Love*, finds nothing difficult that leads to the Possession of what is *Beloved*. Young *Jeanitin* had a Mother, whose Cunning assisted the *Count* in the management of this Affair, she forsook glorious Things for the *Hero*; the Publick would have it that she knew more than the common Race of Mortals; in short, that she was conversant with a *Demon*, who gave her to understand the Future. I do not report this as matter of *Faith*, but rumor has it, that she foretold the *Count's* rising to this height, when there was scarce a prospect of it: She bid him to rest there, and be contented to possess *Honour* and *Wealth* to an extream old Age; but if he advanc'd a step further, his *Glory* shou'd be *short*, and his *Death* violent. Time only can determine the *Oracle*; but this I believe, the *Count* will scarce consult it, or any thing else that seems a stop in his way to the *Goal* of *Grandeur*. But to return, he got his Master's Consent for Marrying the young *Jeanitin*, and the promise of his Protection against the Dutchesses; who when she heard she was going to lose her dear *Coyne*, or at best, divide him with a Wife of *Inclination*, her haughty Soul, conscious of Beauty and superior Charms, resolv'd to revenge the neglect of 'em; he had lately (by quite an other pretence than that of his Marriage) drawn the last, and most considerable Sum from her; 'tis affirm'd that besides what she did for his Sister,

Sister, and the Honours and Places of Profit she procur'd for him, out of her own Cash, she at times had presented him to the value of One Hundred and Forty Thousand *Crowns*; but what could he do? He had never lov'd her, cover'd with Charms as she was, 'tis only to be suppos'd that he well dissembled it, and in that point the *false Lover*, has a thousand Advantages over the true, they can personate all that's *necessary*, and are in no danger of the *Superfluons*; can imitate the *Transports*, and avoid the *Disgustive* part; *Jealousy*, *Disquiets*, *Upbraidings*, are very well exchange'd, for perpetual *Applause*, *Flattery*, *Raptures*, pleasing *Sighs*, and never-ceasing *Joy*s; the Dutches was a Mistress in the Art of Distinction, as to the Merit of a Lover, and 'tis to be thought, that if the *Count* had not been a Master-piece, he could not have *talked* her Excellence: But (Ladies) in the pursuit of my Story; perhaps there may be somethings that are not very proper for so nice an Ear as *Virtue*, and 'till I receive your Commands in that point, however prompted as you see, by *Truth*, I am at a loss how to behave my self.

Virtue. Oh! my dear *Astrea*, this I foresaw in returning to the bad World; and if I did not urge it more to you at first, it was because I too willingly gave it to the Pleasure of accompanying you.

Astrea. Justice must impartially decide, to fit the *Person* for a *Judge*, he must be inform'd of the most minute particular, neither can we be polluted but by our *own*, not the Crimes of *others*. They stain nor reflect back upon us, but in our approbation of them. In the design I have form'd, 'tis necessary I should be thoroughly instructed,
and

and you my Lady *Intelligence*, may if you please proceed, without any other Caution, than avoiding Terms unfit for you to explain by, or we to understand.

M. Jockey
E. of S. Albany *Intell.* There was a young *Cavalier* just then come to Court (allied to a preceeding Favourite, which was his Introduction) named *Germanicus*, well Form'd, Graceful, and might very well be Candidate for the manly Beauties with the Count: The Dutcheſs had ſeen him in the circle with Approbation, as yet ſhe had only heard of her Favourite's Marriage, as a thing intended, not reſolv'd on: One Day ſhe expoſtulated thus with her *Ingrateful*, Is it true, *Monsieur le Count*, that in neglect of all my Bounties, you dare to throw away a Heart I eſteem, and have ſo dearly purchas'd, upon a Girl, who ſcorns to receive it at a leſſer price than your perpetual Slavery? have I neglected the moſt agreeable Monarch upon Earth! have I beſtow'd my Heart intirely upon you! and brought you in [a Glorious Rival] to divide with him the Poſſeſſion of a Perſon, that all the World ſays is not unlovely? Have I call'd you from *Obscurity* and *Want*, to *Light* and *Riches*, thus to be rewarded? ah *Ungrateful*! Why am I form'd of the ſofter Paſſions? Why is not my Soul fir'd, as it ought, by the rough and bold? Why has not Anger and Revenge the aſcendant of *Love* and *Joy*? Why am I more tempted to *Embrace* than Kill a Monſter ſo *Ingrateful*! Here ſhe caſt her tempting Arms about the Count's Neck, and wet his Cheeks with drops of Love, (the overflowings of Deſire) that fell from her fine Eyes; the Count overcome by the amorous preſſure, took the Charmer in his Arms, and by reconciling himſelf to her

Re-

Resentment, made himself dearer to her Pleasures. 'Twas impossible she could part with what so luxuriously gave her Joys; no, my charming *Count*, we must never lose you, you must ever thus be renewing your Interest in my Heart, always be thus intolerably Engaging; will you leave me for another? Will you carry my Rights to the detested Arms of a Rival? Do I Breath? Do I Live? answer'd the *Count*; am I insensible of *Beauty* or of *Benefits*? Do I possess the *greatest*, and can I stoop to any *second*? Can I be more than bless'd? More than entirely happy! Wou'd I exchange all this *Elysium* of Joys for Ingratitude? Baseness, Inconstancy! never, my charming Dutches! never believe so wrongfully of your truest Votary. *Jeanitin* is a little Creature I sometimes divert my self with at my Sisters, when you are otherways engag'd. *Vanity*! for she's a perfect *Coquet*; has made her report, (I'm sure she can't believe) that I am her *Conquest*; she that more than suspects I am favour'd by you, and must for ever despair of gaining so much as a glance from any Lover that you are pleas'd to make happy. I believe you, my Dear, answer'd the Dutches, overcome with transport, you shall live only for me, and in return, take, take all that an over-indulgent Monarch has enrich'd me with! these *Jewels*! these *Bills* must be yours! I know nothing so valuable as your self, all my Treasure is at your Devotion, be you but mine. The King Hunts to Morrow, and will not be in Town till Night, let us pass the Afternoon at your House, in a waste of Joy, let us live whilst *Life* is pleasing, whilst there's a *poignancy* in the Taste, desire at heighth, the Blood
 in

in perfection, and all our Senses fitted for those Raptures you know so well how to receive and give.

The *Count* wou'd have very gladly compounded any thing (unless it were Treasure) that the Dutcheſs wou'd abate of her fondneſs, but, by a relief of Thought, he quickly gueſs'd his only way to come off with honour, was to make her the Aggreſſor; cou'd he but fit her with a new Lover, and catch her in the Embrace, he ſhou'd have a good pretence for his Marriage with *Jeanitin*; he had made a ſtrict Friendſhip with *Germanicus*, from his firſt coming to Court, as he left the Dutcheſs's Appartment, he met the young Gentleman; happy *Count*, ſaid he to him, from what Joys are you come? To poſſeſs the *Heart* and *Perſon* of the fineſt Woman of her Age! What wou'd I not do for one hour ſo bleſs'd? Nay, for but one moment of inexplicable Rapture! You may have thouſands, my lovely Youth, answer'd the *Count*, if they are ſo neceſſary to your quiet, I'll make you entirely eaſe, if you'll but rely on me. Can you divide? Can you part with all that Heaven of Beauty! interrupted he; to a Friend, replied the *Count*, I can do any thing, to a Friend ſo much belov'd as your ſelf; but how is it poſſible, you can give away ſuch Joys? I could never do it! you ſpeak the Language of a Lover, answer'd the *Count*, not yet obtaining, and that of *one* in full poſſeſſion, and cloy'd with the too luſcious Entertainment, there's a vaſt difference between *Deſire* and *Enjoyment*, the full and vigorous light of the *Sun* compar'd with the pale Glimmers of the *Moon*, is no ill Emblem of what I advance, yet tho' we ſurely know we ſhall be

Sated

My Love

Sated, we can't help desiring to eat, 'tis the Law of Nature, the pursuit is pleasing, and a Man owes himself the Satisfaction of gratifying those Desires that are importunate, and important to him.

Here they debated, and at last concluded upon a Method to oblige *Germanicus*; the Dutches went to the Count's the next Day, immediately after she had Din'd, she scarce allow'd her self time to eat, so much more valuable in her Sense were the Pleasures of Love; the Servants were all out of the way as usual, only one *Gentleman*, that told her, his Lord was lain down upon a Day-bed that join'd the *Bathing-Room*, and he believed, was fallen a Sleep since he came out of the *Bath*; the Dutches softly enter'd that little Chamber of Repose, the Weather violently hot the *Umbrelloes* were let down from behind the Windows, the Sashes open, and the Jessamine that cover'd 'em blew in with a gentle Fragrancy; *Tuberoses* set in pretty *Gilt* and *China* Posts, were placed advantageously upon Stands, the Curtains of the Bed drawn back to the Canopy, made of yellow Velvet embroider'd with white *Bugles*, the Panels of the Chamber Looking-Glass, upon the Bed were strow'd with a lavish Profuseness, plenty of *Orange* and *Lemon* Flowers, and to compleat the Scene, the young *Germanicus* in a dress and posture not very decent to describe; it was he that was newly risen from the *Bath*, and in a loose Gown of *Carnation* Taffety, stain'd with *Indian Figures*, his beautiful long, flowing Hair, for then 'twas the Custom to wear their own, tied back with a Ribbon of the same Colour, he had thrown himself upon the Bed, pretending to Sleep, with nothing on

D but

but his Shirt and Night-Gown, which he had so indecently dispos'd, that slumbring as he appear'd, his whole Person stood confess'd to the Eyes of the Amorous Dutcheſs, his Limbs were exactly form'd, his Skin shiningly white, and the Pleasure the Ladies graceful entrance gave him, diffus'd Joy and Desire throughout all his Form; his lovely Eyes seem'd to be closed, his Face turn'd on one side (to favour the Deceit) was obscur'd by the Lace depending from the *Pillows* on which he rested; the Dutcheſs, who had about her all those *Desires*, she expected to employ in the Embraces of the Count, was so blinded by 'em, that at first she did not perceive the Mistake, so that giving her Eyes, time to wander over Beauties so inviting, and which encreas'd her Flame; with an amorous Sigh, she gently threw her self on the Bed close to the desiring Youth; the Ribbon of his Shirt-Neck not tied, the Bosom (adorn'd with the finest Lace) was open, upon which she fix'd her charming Mouth, impatient and finding that he did not awake, she rais'd her Head, and laid her Lips to that part of his Face that was reveal'd: The burning Lover thought it was now time to put an end to his pretended Sleep, he clasp'd her in his Arms, grasp'd her to his Bosom, her own Desires help'd the Deceit; she shut her Eyes with a languishing Sweetness, calling him by intervals, her dear Count, her only Lover, taking and giving a thousand Kisses, he got the possession of her Person, with so much transport, that she own'd all her former Enjoyments were imperfect to the Pleasure of this.

Still *Charm'd* and *Breathless* with the Joy, he grasp'd her to his ravish'd Bosom: Glorious Destiny, cry'd he, with a transported Tone, by what means, Fortune, hast thou made me thy happy Darling? I am in possession of greater Joys then mortal Sense can bear. The Dutchess awak'd from her amorous Lethargy, by a Voice entirely strange, open'd her languishing Eyes, and seeing his charming Face, which she had often admir'd, and perhaps secretly Sigh'd for, stiff'd with his repeated Kisses, and charm'd with the strenuous Embrace, which held her, as a drowning Wretch is said to grasp the last thing he has hold of, new desire for so new and lovely an Object seiz'd her, she darted back his Kisses, return'd his Pressure, and in short, bestow'd upon *Germanicus*, what she before in her own Opinion had bestow'd upon the Count.

When they had lavishly sacrific'd to Love, the Dutchess, with a feigned Confusion, ask'd what was become of the Count, and whether he were such a Villain to depute another in his Place? So far from it, Madam, answered *Germanicus*, that I must expect to defend my Life, should he know of my good Fortune, for he would certainly put me to it. But where is he then ask'd the inquisitive fair One? Did you not receive a Letter from him? Heavens! I receive a Letter from him, for what? when he expected my self, what is the Mystery of all this? Ah! return'd the dissembling Lover, the Count is possess'd, he knows not what he does, his Affairs call'd him another way, he writ you an Excuse, not doubting but it would come early enough, and see if the Hair-brain'd Creature have not left it behind him; the Pa-

per that I see lie upon yonder Stand, must certainly be that. The impatient Dutcheſs made but two ſteps from the Bed before ſhe got it in her Hand, and finding it was really addreſſed to herſelf, ſhe haſtily broke the Seal, and read theſe Words.

Till Night at ten a Clock, my lovely Dutcheſs, I can't be happy in your Charms; at that hour I'll wait on you, with a Heart full of impatient Love, to complain to you of what has detain'd me from my happineſs.

The Traitor's Senſe is degenerated, as well as his Kindneſs, continu'd the Dutcheſs; but you, my fortunate Lover, can, if you pleaſe, unriddle this Affair: Have you the Power to reſuſe me? Cannot my Kindneſs triumph over your Fidelity to the Count? Let it get the better of your Confuſion? Muſt I aſk you twice? How *irreſiſtable*, and how *dangerous* are you, Madam, answer'd *Germanicus*, I ſacrifice my Friend! after that, never doubt, but I wou'd ſacrifice my Life. *Jeanatin* has ſent for him. How! that *little Creature* interrupted the Dutcheſs, Heavens! am I betray'd for ſo worthleſs a Baggage? Henceforward I'll hate him more than I ever lov'd him; I'll be reveng'd, his Life ſhall answer it: But you! how came you by the liberty of the Apartment, thus undreſs'd, thus ruinouſly tempting? The Count ſometimes makes me his Bedfellow, Madam, laſt Night I was ſo; the Weather being extremely hot, after Dinner we went into the Bath; he expected your Excellence, and intended to receive you in his own Bed-chamber; by that means this little Room of Repoſe was left to me, where I was to ſuffer the killing Rack of knowing the Count more happy than I could ever pretend to be:

Jeanatin

Jeanatin sent him a slight Invitation to make one at *Ombre* this Afternoon; the ill-judging Madman preferr'd the dull diversion of Cards, with a worthless Girl, before the most transporting Joys in Nature, with the most lovely of her Sex: He writ that Letter, and it seems, in the hurry of his Thoughts, (fortunately for me) forgot to send it. He went down the Backstairs, and cross'd the Gardens to her Lodgings, by which means, I suppose the Gentleman in waiting did not see him; all his other People, as expecting your Excellence after Dinner, were order'd to depart the House: But how happy have I been made by his neglect? It can receive no addition, but from the assurance that my lovely Dutches does not repent the Favours she has suffer'd me to take. But what Excuse does the *Villain* intend to make me at ten a Clock, answer'd the Lady, both the *King* and his *Master* are in the Country, and even their Service ought, in his esteem, to yield to mine? How blinded have I been? He said, Madam, that Love wou'd be propitious, (reply'd *Germanicus*) and before ten a Clock furnish him with a current Excuse for your Excellence: Never, never, will I any more hear the Traytor; you shall take his place in my Arms and Heart. The happy Youth was dazzled at this assurance, and, after they had lov'd away three or four hours, she was preparing to depart: The new Lover resolv'd to push for the continuation of his good Fortune, and to merit her Favour by excess of Love, prevail'd with her for one more tempting Embrace: The Lady yielded with a pleasing willingness, surpriz'd and charm'd by a Lover that then even exceeded himself. In that

dangerous moment the *Count* (as they had agreed) with softly treading steps enters the Chamber, and finds the happy Pair at the *ultimate* of all their Joys. The Scene was admirable; *Germanicus* counterfeited Confusion, the *Count* a transport of *Anger*; the Dutcheſs, without counterfeiting, was really ſo, and, by an admirable *Boldneſs* and *Haughtineſs* of Nature, ask'd him how he durſt preſume to enter a Place where his Gentleman muſt tell him ſhe was, without giving notice at the Door? He indeed ask'd her pardon, for, knowing the warmth of her Conſtitution, he ſaid, he might well conclude, ſhe cou'd not be long in a Bed-chamber, with a handſom young Gentleman, without Conſequences, favour'd by his *Diſability*, all tempting, the Bed, and her more *favourable Inclination*. Be gone, cry'd the Dutcheſs, I baniſh you for ever; you that can prefer *Jeanatine* to me! I baniſh my ſelf, Madam, answer'd the *Count*, from the moſt *immoderate* of her Sex; what the firſt moment to beſtow your ſelf upon another! whiſt my Image yet wanton'd before your Eyes! whiſt your Blood yet mantled by thoſe deſires my Idea had mingled with it! you that know how nice I am in Point of *Amour*! that for all the Treſure the Sea and Earth can boaſt, wou'd not divide the Heart I adore with any other. I ſuffer'd the concurrence of a potent Monarch (who had a prior right) but with regret, and ſometimes indignation, tho' I never ſuſpected that he rival'd me in your Heart, but *Perſon*; but this tempting Youth, this poliſh'd *Adonis*, is too perfect not to have touch'd your Heart, as well as your Deſires; yet it had been *Modesty*, as well as *Prudence*, to defer his Joy till

till you had given him time to sigh after the Blessing, is too great to be so easily obtain'd; I am undone by your killing Perfidy, I can never forgive it, neither can I cease to love you! I'll this Night Marry *Jeanatine* (a Creature before contemn'd) to be reveng'd of your Infidelity if it be true that you have any remains of that Favour you formerly honoured me with, at least I shall *pique* your *Pride*, when in your turn you shall findy our self forsaken, for a thing of not the tenth part of your value. Here he flung out of the Chamber. The Dutcheß, stung with his threatning, and not yet resolv'd to part with him, especially to her Rival, attempted to stop him; but he broke with precipitation from her. Ah, the *Traitor*! said she, how glad his Ingratitude is of this occasion! my lovely Youth, what have we not to fear? He will ruin us with *Sigismund*, but I shall take care to prevent him.

What she foresaw came to pass exactly: He took his Measures so well (tho' his Friend were sacrific'd by it) that it was *Sigismund's* own fault he did not twice, at her Lodgings, find *Germanicus* in Bed with her; but he was a Prince perfectly good-natur'd, full of *Love* and *Inconstancy*, and made strange allowances for the Frailties of Flesh and Blood. Thus Indulgent he suffer'd a great Belly of the Dutcheß (due to that happy amorous Rancounter of the Bugle-Bed) to pass in the esteem of the World (as the rest of hers had done) for his. Indeed he got him another Mistress whom he entirely devoted himself to, without quarrelling with the Dutcheß; he sometimes saw her in turn, but never after with Esteem. Thus you find how grateful the *Count* was to her, the Foundation

of all his Fortune. He immediately Marry'd *Jeanatine*, and from that moment disus'd all Conversation with the Dutcheſs. The new *Bride*, well instructed by her *Husband* and her *Mother*, made her Court ſo ſucceſsfully to the Princeſs of *Inverneſs*, that ſhe became her profeſſed Favorite. The young Princeſs had admirable good Inclinations, but without conſulting them, they had marry'd her, according to *Royal Cuſtom*, to the Prince of *Inverneſs*, before ſhe had ever ſeen him. Count *Loſty*, whoſe good Senſe was totally obſcur'd by *Pride*, caſt his ambitious Thoughts ſo high, as to pretend to pleaſe the Princeſs, whiſt yet ſhe was a Maid. The Favorite Counteſs, for ſo we ſhall call her now, no longer *Jeanatine*, took the alarm at his being ſo tenderly receiv'd by the Princeſs; ſhe put his Poetical Declaration of Love into her Husband's Hand; her Policy ſuggeſted to her, that ſhe ought not to ſuffer a Rival Favorite, eſpecially one of the Heart; in diſcharge of Duty pretended, but in reality of Intereſt, advis'd him to acquaint his Maſter with it. 'Twas done as deſign'd, the audacious Lover forbid the Court, and the Lady immediately Betrothed to the Prince of *Inverneſs*. Some time after he arriv'd, and they were publickly Marry'd. The Princeſs has ſince been an Example of Conjugal Happineſs, they have lov'd and deſerv'd each other; nor cou'd there be any objection againſt her, but in ſo entirely reſigning herſelf up to the Counteſs's Management, who introduc'd the Count to her Miſtreſs with ſuch ſucceſs, that nothing was reſolv'd on in that little Court, without firſt conſulting and having their approbation.

Thus

Thus Time roul'd on in an uninterrupted Series of good Fortune for the *Count*; *Sigismund* dy'd, and he was, by a most advantageous Remove, drawn nearer to the Throne. A Natural Son of *Sigismund* pretended to succeed; but the Prince of *Tameran*, with the Fears, more than Acclamations of the People, was Crown'd. There was no Honours that the *Count* and his Sister might not expect in this new Reign; but he immediately saw that the Monarch had not the Hearts of his Subjects; he was a Bigotted Christian, a different Religion from that Establish'd in *Atalantis*. The *Count* dreaded falling (as a Favorite) a Sacrifice to the incens'd Rabble. His Master, wholly guided by his too zealous Priests, totter'd in the Throne. Young *Casario*, *Sigismund's* Natural Son, was belov'd: He had been banish'd by his Father, and was refug'd in Prince *Henriquez's* Court, who had marry'd the new King of *Atalantis's* Daughter. The Peoples Wishes call'd aloud for him, to secure their Fears against the growing Tyranny of the Priests. The *Count* had no Interest in the young *Casario*, a Prince of little depth, entirely in the Hands and Interest of a Factious Party: He trembled to think, if he once prevail'd, himself must either fall, as a Favorite of the foregoing Monarchs, or waste the remainder of his Life in inglorious Obscurity; he therefore cast about, and, with the Cabal of the principal Lords of *Atalantis* in concert, sent to Prince *Henriques*, to invite him over to their Relief, from Oppression, and holy Fears of Slavery. 'Tis true, he betray'd in this a Master who tenderly lov'd him, but a Master Indiscreet and Bigotted, that cou'd not in all probability long support

port himself, and therefore he held it wise to evade a falling Ruin. Prince *Henriquez* had a consummate Courage, deep Dissimulation, under which he conceal'd the most towering Ambition. The *Count* advis'd that he shou'd lend Aid to *Cesario*, who implor'd it, to Invade *Atlantis*, where the Hearts and Hands of the People were ready to assist him: Aid not sufficient to serve, but to betray him. 'Twas done as projected; *Cesario's* Enterprize miscarry'd, and his Life fell a Sacrifice to the Laws that he had broken. After which *Henriquez* was consider'd as the Successor: He came over with a much more powerful Army. The *Count* had a tender Conscience, and cou'd not act to the prejudice of his Interest; he left an indulgent Master, and went to *Henriquez*, who was shortly after Crown'd, with the Acclamation and Approbation of the major part, by the Name of *Henriquez* the Ninth.

W^m 3.

In this Warlike Reign, the Count supported himself in the King's Favour and Esteem by his natural and acquir'd Merit, he shared in all his Secrets of War and Government; 'tis this Prince who is now Dead, after a long and troublesome Reign, turmoil'd with Factions, and involv'd in a perpetual Foreign War: The Count is the only Person that will be thought fit to pursue the Designs, *Henriquez* had form'd, the Empress will undoubtedly make him her General, what may he not expect? What will he not perform?

Germanicus made an ample Fortune by the Dutcheſſes Favour, but disliking all Court Factions, he wisely Married and retir'd himself from Govern-

Government remote from *Courts*, he ended his Days in a pleasing *Obscurity*.

The Dutcheſs by her Prodigality to Favou-rites, fell into extream neglect, her Temper was a perfect Contradiſtion, unboundedly *lavish*, and ſordidly *Covetous*, the former to thoſe who adminiſter'd to her particular Pleaſures, the other, to all the reſt of the World, when Love began to forſake her, and her Charms were upon the turn, becauſe ſhe muſt ſtill be a Bubble, ſhe fell into Gameſter's Hands, and play'd off that Fortune *Sigismund* had enrich'd her with; ſhe drank deep of the bitter Draught of Contempt, her ſucceſſive Amours, with mean ill form'd Domeſticks, made her abandon'd by the eſteem and pity of the World; her Penſion was ſo ill pay'd, that ſhe had oftentimes not a Piſtole at Command, then ſhe ſolicited the Count (whom ſhe had rais'd) by his Favour with the Court, that her Affairs might be put into a better poſture, but he was Deaf to all her In-treaties; nay, he carried his Ingratitude much further; one Night at an Aſſembly of the beſt Quality, where the Count *Tallied* to 'em at *Baſſet*, the Dutcheſs loſt all her Mony, and beg'd the favour of him, in a very civil Manner, to lend her twenty Pieces, which he abſolutely re-ſus'd, tho' he had a thouſand upon the Table before him, and told her coldly the Bank never ſent any Mony: Not a Perſon upon the Place but blam'd him in their Hearts; as to the Dutcheſſe's part, her Reſentment burſt out in a Bleeding at her Noſe, and breaking of her Lace, without which aids, it is believ'd her Vexation had kill'd her upon the Spot.

E. of Portland *Astrea*. We are entertain'd with an other Object, who is that Person not very young nor handsome, yet something august and solemn in his Mien, he that walks up the *Vista*? He sees us not, 'tis certainly one that lov'd the departed Monarch, his Handkerchief is in his Hand, his Eyes red and full of Tears; he comes hither doubtless to weep in Solitude, a Master upon whom his Fortune probably depended.

Intell. He weeps indeed, and he lov'd his Master, but his Fortune is the greatest of all the Favourites, therefore are his Tears the more Meritorious, yet is he not free from the Vices of Men in Power; the greediness of Gain and unbounded Ostentation, in expending with Noise and Splendor, in Foreign Courts, what he by Cunning had acquir'd in this. Love has had his turn, in a fatal manner! Fatal I mean to the unhappy Object of his Flame, rais'd from a mean degree, 'tis no wonder his Head is giddy with the height; if Pride and Contempt of those beneath them, be fashionable Manners, worn ev'n by those that are born Great, we need not wonder to find 'em assum'd by Persons that oftner by Chance, than true Merit, touch a Fortune unexpected; yet is the Duke's Fidelity to his Master to be applauded, and as well as he loves Riches, he could never be bought to depart from the King's Interest; he has been bred to the business of the State and Cabinet, he perfectly knows the management of Affairs, the posture of his own and that of his Neighbour-Nations; their true and their false Interests. He is not Eloquent but Wise; to be short, few Princes but would be glad of such a Servant, for since in the Composition of the Human Frame,

Frame, Vices are generally blended with the Virtues, we are to Reverence that Man, who suffers not, to the Prejudice of his Master, the former to get the ascendant.

If I be not tiresome, I design a short Sketch of the Amour he had with a Lady, truly named Unfortunate, I will take the Duke as high as from his first coming to Court a Boy, to attend Prince *Henriquez*, as his Page of Honour; *P. Orange*
 when Persons have their Fortune to make, and *K. Wm.*
 are born with little or no Estate, 'tis necessary that they have a lucky hit, a happy Introduction, a leading Card to make a prosperous Game; Such the Duke met with, and had the Courage and Address to lay hold of the opportunity. Prince *Henriquez* fell ill of a malignant Distemper, *Small pox*
Medicine was at a loss, it seem'd as if Art were no more, the *Physicians* could find no Drugs of sufficient Heat to throw out the Distemper; without which, inevitable Death was all that could be expected. One of those Sons of *Escalapius*, propos'd, that a Youth of Warmth and Vigour, should be put to Bed to him, by that natural glow of Body, to call out the Malignancy of the Distemper; the Duke was the only Person, that with Pleasure and Boldness, offer'd his own, to save the Life of his Master, he would not ev'n stay to take his leave of any of his Friends, but with the greatest Bravery throwing off his Cloaths got into Bed to the Prince, embracing closely his Feverish Body, from whence he never stirr'd, 'till the happy Effects of his kind Endeavours, were visible; the Disease past from the Heart into the Blood, from thence by the Application of a kindly warmth, 'twas thrown into the Flesh and Skin;
 after

after which the Symptoms being favourable, they no longer doubted the Life of the Prince ; but the generous Youth cou'd not escape the Infection, it seiz'd him in such a terrible manner, that Destiny was expected to be fatal to him. They remov'd him to another Bed. The Prince tenderly regreted his Sufferings, assur'd him, that he hop'd he wou'd Live, to find in his *Friendship* and *Gratitude* the rewards of *Fidelity* and *Generosity*. The Gods were too well pleas'd at so glorious an Action to let him sink under it, after an unusual and bitter Conflict, they restor'd him to his former Health and Vigour ; and if he still wear the cruel Marks of so malignant a Distemper, they are in him but glorious Proofs of *Love* and *Duty* to his Prince ; no less to be rever'd than the most flourishing Laurels of others.

Not one of the most fortunate Courtiers but dreaded the tow'ring Genius of the Youth ; they saw he was resolv'd to push, tho' at the expence of Life, rather than not to make his Fortune to sink under the endeavour. *Henri-quez* was young, *Human*, dispos'd by Nature (all Heroe as he was) to the soft trusts and joys of Friendship : He call'd the Youth nearer to his Confidence, found in him a strength of Mind, a Capacity far above his Years, a projecting Brain, with a height of Courage, able to put in practice the boldest Resolutions. The Prince had in his Nonage been oppressed by a potent Faction, that left him only a titular Sovereignty ; he had no longer the Command of his own Fleet and Armies, all were at the disposal of those who pretended to Administer to
the

the Publick Good. He wou'd often lament with his young Favorite the oppression: His in-born Courage, and boiling Youth, made him long to rush into the Field of Glory, to snatch from thence those Laurels that were not to be attain'd but with the greatest difficulty! At the Head of his own Armies, to meet the Enemy of his Country, who with hostile Fire, and cruel Slaughter had successfully Invaded it. The young Statesman (by his intrigue and management with some of the Head Officers) procur'd that a Battle shou'd be lost. The Event was fatal to the two Brothers that oppos'd the Prince, and were at the Head of the State: The People (dreading the approach of the Conqueror call'd aloud for their own Sovereign to defend 'em. They rush'd unanimously upon the two Usurpers, with as much ease and fierceness, as a hungry Lyon, the devouring Woolf, or Tyger, falls upon the harmless Flock; and, with the same expedition (animated by the Intrigues, Cabals, and Spirit of our young Favorite) rends 'em piecemeal! scatters their Body small as the Dust thrown into the Air! swift as destruction, and mortal Plagues: fall from the Hands of the avenging Deities, when by the accumulated Sins of Mortals they are justly provok'd.

This was no sooner perform'd, but they rush into the Palace, seize upon *Henriquez*, bear him (with exultings of rapturous Joy) upon their Shoulders, force open the Door of the *Divan*, and with Acclamations that pierced the Skies! seat the Prince upon the Royal Throne! Invest him with the Purple Robe, the Sword of Defence, the awful Diadem, and all other

*The french
invaded
Holland*

De Witts

Ensigns

Stadholder

Ensigns of Sovereignty! take a voluntary Oath of Fidelity! perform their Homage! and then with the same Exclamations (of rude and hasty Joy) present him to the Army! who eccho'd back (with loud Shootings) their Approbation of what was done. The *Prince* and his *young Favorite*, harangue and caress the Soldier and People; he tells 'em (like his glorious Ancestors) he longs to lose his Blood in defence of his Country! that he will either die or relieve 'em from the Oppression of the Invader! They one and all demand him to lead 'em on to Conquest and Revenge.

No Age has ever shown us a Hero made up of greater Compositions! *Henriquez* was ardent for Battle, yet cautiously prudent to watch all the Advantages of it: His young Favorite, with his Valour, maintain'd that Opinion he had acquir'd; by Conduct and politick Management, they put a stop to the rapid Course of the Enemy's Victories, and regain'd the Towns that were lost. The progress of the young Hero's Arms, rais'd a jealousy in all his Neighbours; they envy'd him the greenness of his Laurels; and to put a stop to that Glory, which else had known no bounds, they force him to a Treaty with the Enemy. Whilst the Peace was concluding, by their dreaming Plenipotentiaries, a Peace displeasing to the Prince and his Favorite, and which nothing but their newness in Power cou'd force 'em to submit to, he let all *Europe* see how much in the wrong they were, in imposing it upon him now, when he was in a condition to force the Enemy to yield the Allies their own Terms. He fell upon their *General* so hastily and unexpectedly (tho' he were the
Hero

Hero of his Age) that he put him into an irretrievable Disorder. The Battle was Glorious for *Henriquez*; but the less so, for that it was no sooner decided to his advantage, but the repeated Thund'ring of the Canon gave him to know that the Peace was Publish'd, and that those he had so lately fought with, were no longer his Enemies. The Dispatch was brought him at the Head of his Army, when he was just going to engage. The Courier knew nothing of the Contents, or did not report 'em. The Prince wou'd not delay attacking the Enemy: They were then (knowing the Peace was concluded) upon their March; he resolv'd to fall in with their Rear. Should he have staid to open the Pacquet, the opportunity would have been lost; and possibly guessing what it import-ed, he order'd the Courier to his Tent, there to expect his return. Envy (that is always busie in blotting the Actions of Hero's) has made ours reflect on, for a Breach of the Law of Nations; they rob him of the Glory of his Conquest, by condemning the unlawfulness of the Occasion.

Luxemburg

After this the young Favorite (tho' formerly but of his Pleasures) became his first Minister. He was always trusted, and extreme *habile* in the Affairs of State; he follow'd the wise Maxims of *Machiavel*, who aim'd to make his Prince Great, let what wou'd be the price. He it was that encourag'd *Count Fortunatus*, and the Disaffected Lords of *Atlantis*, to expel their Bigotted Monarch: By his politick Management the young *Cesar* was sacrific'd, and the Prince call'd to take possession of the Government; without such a Head as his (cunning to conceal, crafty

D. Marlborough
England
James 2.
Monmouth

to foresee, wise to project, and valiant to undertake) the whole Fabrick had totter'd. He was the solid Foundation upon which the greatest *Hero* of the Age has rais'd himself to be such; tho' in all his Advices the finishing Stroke still came from *Henriquez*.

Now rais'd to be ~~King~~ and Peer, General of the Army, in possession of the Ear and Cabinet of the Prince, whom we must henceforward (if we have occasion to speak of him) call King. He gave up himself to amass Riches! his Ambition was not satisfied! he aim'd at something more! 'Twas Glorious to be a Sovereign Prince, tho' but of a Petty State! He offer'd sixteen hundred thousand Crowns for the Succession, where only a Princess Dowager was in Possession, and to become her Husband. Affairs of that Consequence, that depend not upon Action but Treaty, are generally tedious: Whilst it was depending, our Duke felt the Sting of a Passion, which (at the expence of the Ladies) he had hitherto only play'd with. There was a young Girl, nam'd *Mademoiselle Charlot*, left to his Care by her Father, for whom he had had as great a Friendship, as a Statesman can be suppos'd to have. The young *Charlot* had lost her Mother long before: Her Dowry amounted to forty thousand Crowns; the Family was Noble, and there was almost nothing but what she might pretend to. The Duke had been some considerable time a Widower; his Wife was of the Family of the Favorites, naturally Born to the soothing Arts of Courts. *Fame* is not afraid to speak aloud, that *Henriquez* saw what was agreeable in her; and when wearied with the Fatigues of Hunting, wou'd go to Bed between

D. Howard -
not Howard

Villiers.

tween her and her Husband; but you may be sure all very innocent, especially where such a witness was in place. When she dy'd, he transferr'd his Esteem; with an additional Tenderness, to her Sister. She affected first to be in Love with the *Hero*, not the *Prince*. Personal Lovers are so rarely found among People of their Station; so few are acquainted with the delicacy of dividing the *Monarch* from the *Man*, that out of gratitude he gave into those Endearments that were necessary to bespeak a reciprocal Passion: And as his Temper to his Favorites was magnificently Lavish, she tasted all the Sweets of unlimited Majesty, and the charming Effects of unbounded Generosity!

But to return to the Duke. He spar'd for no expence in the Education of young *Charles*; she was brought up at his own House with his Children; but having something the advantage in Age of his Daughters, the Precepts were proportionably advanced. He design'd her (in those early Days of his Power) as a Wife for his Son, before the increase of his own Ambition, and Riches taught him other desires; that is to say, to look out a Lady for the young Lord with more than six times *Charles's* Fortune: And indeed he was not to blame in that, for certainly all that Fable has ever reported of *Adonis*, *Narcissus*, the most beautiful of the *Hero's*, the united Sweetness and Graces of Mankind, are to be found in his Person! with an unknown Goodness of Temper! an Air of perfect Behaviour and accomplish'd Courtship! neither has he shown us an Inclination to any Vice, that might balance these Perfections! but as Malice loves to mingle in the Characters ev'n

Lady Orkney

*D. of Portland
The Lord
Gov. of Jamaica*

of the most deserving; not being able to find a fault from without, have recourse to the inside, and assure us there of a Genius no way proportionable to the Greatness of his Fathers; a softness of Conversation, which they otherways term a weakness of Intellects: But the Ladies find no such fault with the charming Youth; he has all things in his Person, Voice and Discourse, that prove him indeed irresistible! besides, occasion calls not upon him to exert his Faculties, as they did the Duke; his Fortune is made, his Father was Born before him, and so happily too, as from a meer Gentleman to make himself one of the Richest and most Potent Subjects in *Europe*.

Charlot was no great Beauty, her Shape was the best; but Youth and Dress make all things agreeable. To have prepossessed you in her favour, I shou'd, as I was inclin'd, have advanc'd a System of her Charms; but *Truth*, who too well foresaw my Intentions, has repell'd 'em with a Frown; not but *Charlot* had many Admirers; there's something so touching in the agreeable, that I know not whether it does not enchant us deeper than Beauty; we are oftentimes upon our guard against the attack of that, whilst the unwary Heart, careless and defenceless, as dreading no surprize, permits the agreeable to manage as they please.

The Duke had a seeming Admiration for *Virtue*, wherever he found it, but he was a Statesman, and held it incompatible (in an Age like this) with a Mans making his Fortune, *Ambition*, *desire of Gain*, *Dissimulation*, *Cunning*, all these were meritoriously serviceable to him: 'Twas enough he always applauded Virtue, and
in

in his Discourse decry'd Vice; as long as he stuck close in his Practice, no matter what became of his Words, these are not times where the Heart and the Tongue do not agree! However, young *Charlot* was to be educated in the high road to applause and Virtue, he banish'd far from her Conversation whatever would not edify, *Airy Romances, Plays, dangerous Novels, loose and insinuating Poetry, artificial Introductions of Love, well-painted Landskips of that dangerous Poyson*; her Diversions were always among the sort that were most Innocent and Simple, such as Walking, but not in publick Assemblies; Musick in Airs all Divine; reading and improving Books of Education and Piety; as well knowing, that if a Lady be too early us'd to violent Pleasures, it debauches their Tastes for ever to any others, he taught her to beware of *Hopes and Fears*; never to desire any thing with too much eagerness; to guard herself from those dangerous Convulsions of the Mind; that upon the least Disappointment precipitates into a Million of Inconveniencies; he endeavour'd to cure her of those number of Affections and Aversions so natural to young People, by shewing her that nothing truly deserved to be passionately belov'd, but the *Gods*, because they alone were perfect, though nothing on the other Hand ought to be hated but Vice, because we are all the Image of their Divinities; he wisely and early forewarn'd her, from what seem'd too natural to her, a desire of being applauded for her Wit, she had a brightness of Genius, that would often break out in dangerous Sparkles; he shew'd her that true Wit consisted not in much speaking, but in speaking

much in a few Words, that whatever carried her beyond the knowledge of her Duty; carried her too far; all other Embellishments of the Mind were more dangerous than useful, and to be avoided as her Ruin; that the possession of 'em was attended with *Self-Love*, *Vanity* and *Covetousness*, things incomparable and never mingled in the Character of a Woman of true Honour; he recommended *Modesty* and *Silence*; that she should shun all occasions of speaking upon Subjects not necessary to a Ladies Knowledge, tho' it were true that she spoke never so well; he remembered her, that so Great, so Wise a Man as *Zeno*, of all the Virtues made choice of Silence, for by it he heard other Mens Imperfections, and conceal'd his own; that the more Wit she was Mistress of, the less occasion she had to show it; that if want of it gave a disgust, too much does not generally please better, *That* assuming Air that generally accompanies it, is distasteful to the Company, where all pretend an equal right to be heard; the weakness of Human Nature is such, the chiefest Pleasure of Conversation lies in the speaking, not the hearing part, and if a presumptuous Person (though with never so great a Capacity) pretends to usurp once upon that Privilege, they look upon her as a Tyrant, that would ravish from 'em the Freedom of their Votes. But his strongest Battery was united against *Love*, that invader of the *Heart*; he shew'd her how shameful it was, for a young Lady ever so much as to think of any tenderness for a Lover, 'till he was become her Husband; that true Piety and Duty would instruct her in all that was necessary for a good Wife to feel of that dangerous Passion; that she should not

so much as ever seek to know what was meant by that shameful Weakness call'd Jealousy; 'twas abominable in us to give others occasion to be jealous, and painful to be so our selves; that 'tis generally attended with *Slander* and *Hatred*, two base and contemptible Qualities; That that violent *inhorn* desire of pleasing so natural to Ladies is the pest of Virtue, they would by the Charms of their Beauty, and their sweet and insinuating way of Conversation, assume that native Empire over Mankind, which seems to be politically deny'd them, because the way to Authority and Glory is stop'd up: Hence it is that, with their acquir'd Arts and languishing Charms, they risque their *Virtue* to gain a little contemptible Dominion over a Heart that at the same time it surrenders it self a Slave; refuses to bestow esteem upon the Victor; that Friendship was far nobler in its Nature, and much to be prefer'd to Love, because a *Friend loves always*, a *Lover but for a time*; that under the most flattering appearances is conceal'd inevitable Ruin; the very first Impressions were dreadful, and to be carefully suppress'd. *Pythagoras*, Taught, the assaults of Love were to be beaten back at the first Sight, least they undermine at the second. And *Plato* that the first step to Wisdom was not to love; the second so to love, as not to be perceiv'd.

Fraught with these, and a number more of such Precepts such as these, the young *Charlot* seem'd to intend her self a Pattern for the Ladies of this degenerate Age, who divide their Hours between the *Toyles* and *Basset* Table; wick is grown so totally the Business of the Fair; that even the Diversions of the *Opera*, *Gallantry* and *Love*, are but secondary Pleasures: A Person

who has once given her self up to Gaming, neglects all her Duties, disorders her Family, breaks her Rest, forgets her Husband, and by her Expence often inconveniences him irreparably, together with their waste of time: The Passions of Anger and Avarice, concur to make her odious to all, but those who Ingage with her at that dangerous Diversion; not to instance, who have compounded for the loss of Mony, with the loss of their Chastity and Honour; nor is it a new, tho' frequent, way of paying of Play-Debts, in this entirely corrupted Age.

Bulstrode

The Duke had a magnificent *Villa* within five Leagues of the Capital, adorn'd with all that's imaginable Beautiful, either in Art or Nature; the pride of Conquest, the plunder of Victory, the homage of the Vanquish'd, the presents of Neighbouring Monarchs, and whatever Curiosity could inform, or Mony recover, were the Ornaments of this Palace. *Henriquez*, had received a new Favourite into his Bosom, but it was a Favourite not at all interfering with the Duke, who was ever trusted and esteemed; by this means he oftner found a recess from Court; his great Master would sometimes in Goodness dismiss him to his *Villa*, to taste a rest from Power, a calm of Greatness, a suspense of Business, a respiration of Glory; here it was, that he us'd to confirm the young *Charles* in that early love of Virtue that had been taught her, to unbend her Mind from the more serious Studies; he sometimes permitted her those of Poetry, not loose Descriptions, lascivious Joys or wanton heightnings of the Passions; they sung and acted the History of the Gods, the Rape of *Proserpine*; the descent of *Ceres*, the Chastity of *Diana*, and

such

such pieces that tended to the instruction of the Mind. One Evening at a Representation, where *Charlot* personated the Goddess, and the Duke's Son *Alceon*, she Acted with so animated a Spirit, and cast such Rays of Divinity about her, gave every Word so twanging, yet so sweet an Accent, that awaken'd the Duke's Attention, and so admirably she varied the Passions that gave Birth in his Breast, to what he had never felt before; he applauded, embrac'd, and even kiss'd the charming *Diana*; 'twas Poyson to his Peace, the cleaving sweetness thrill'd swiftly to his Heart, thence tingled in his Blood, and cast Fire throughout his whole Person; he Sigh'd with Pleasure! he wondered what those Sighs meant! he repeats his Kisses, to find if *Charlot* were the occasion of his Disorder. Confirm'd by this new taste of Joy, he throws the young Charmer hastily from him, folds his Arms, and walks off with continu'd Sighs! the innocent Beauty makes after him modest and afraid, insinuatingly and with trembling she enquires, if she have not offended? Begs to know her Fault, and that she will endeavour to repair it. He answers her not but with his Eyes, which have but too tender an Aspect; the Maid (by them) improving her Courage, comes nearer, spreads her fond Arms about him, and in her usual fawning Language calls him dear *Pappa*, joins her Face, her Eyes, her Cheeks, her Mouth close to his; by this time the Duke was fallen upon a Chair that stood next him, he was fully in her reach, and without any opposition she had leisure to diffuse the irremediable Poison through his Veins: he sat immoveable to all her Kindness, but with the greatest taste of Joy, he had ever been sensible

sible of. Whilst he was thus dangerously entertain'd, the young *Alceon*, and the rest of the Company, join 'em, the Duke was forc'd to rouse himself from his Love-sick Lethargy; *Charles* wou'd leave him, till he wou'd tell her in what she had done amiss? He only answer'd her, that he had nothing to object, she had acted her part but too well. The young Lady had been taught (in her cold Precepts of Education) that it was a degree of fault to excel, even in an Accomplishment. Occasion was not to be sought of eminently distinguishing one's self in any thing but solid Virtue; she fear'd she had shown too great a Transport in representing *Diana*; that the Duke wou'd possibly think she was prepossessed more than she ought with that diversion; and in this despondence she took resolutions to regulate herself hereafter more to his satisfaction.

That fatal Night the Duke felt hostile Fires in his Breast; Love was enter'd with all his dreadful Artillery; he took possession in a moment of the Avenues that lead to the Heart! neither did the resistance he found there serve for any thing but to make his Conquest more illustrious. The Duke try'd every corner of his uneasy Bed! whether shut or open, *Charles* was still before his Eyes! his Lips and Face retain'd the dear Impression of her Kisses! the Idea of her innocent and charming Touches, wander'd o'er his Mind! he wish'd again to be so bless'd, but then, with a deep and dreadful Sigh, he remembered who she was, the Daughter of his Friend! of a Friend who had at his Death left the charge of her Education to him! his Treaty with the Princess Dowager, wou'd not admit him

him to think of marrying of her, Ambition came in to rescue him (in that particular) from the Arms of Love. To possess her without, was a villanous detestable Thought! but not to possess her at all, was loss of Life! was Death inevitable! Not able to gain one wink of Sleep, he arose with the first Dawn, and posted back to *Angola*. He hop'd the hurry of Business, and the Pleasures of the Court, wou'd stifle so guilty a Passion; he was too well perswaded of his Distemper, the Symptoms were right, the Malignity was upon him! he was regularly possess'd! Love, in all its forms, had took in that formidable Heart of his! he began to be jealous of his Son, whom he had always design'd for *Charlot's* Husband; he cou'd not bear the thoughts that he shou'd be belov'd by her, tho' all beautiful, as the lovely Youth was. She had never had any tender Inclinations for him, nothing that exceeded the warmth of a Sister's love! whether it were that he were designed for, or that the Precepts of Education had warn'd her from too precipitate a liking: She was bred up with him, accustom'd to his Charms, they made no impression upon her Heart! neither was the Youth more sensible. The Duke cou'd distress neither of 'em by his love of that side, but this he was not so happy to know. He wrote up for the young Lord to come to Court, and gave immediate orders for forming his Equipage, that he might be sent to Travel: Mean time *Charlot* was never from his Thoughts. Who knows not the violence of beginning Love! especially a Love that we hold opposite to our Interest and Duty? 'Tis an unreasonable excess of Desire, which enters swiftly, but departs slowly.

The

The love of Beauty, is the loss of Reason. Neither is it to be suppress'd by Wisdom, because it is not to be comprehended with Reason. And the Emperor Aurelius; Love is a cruel Impression of that wonderful Passion, which to define is impossible, because no Words reach to the strong Nature of it; and only they know which inwardly feel it.

The Duke vainly struggled in the Snare; he would live without seeing *Charlotte*, but then he must live in Pain, in inexplicable Torture! he applies the relief of Business, the Pleasures of Woman! *Charlotte's* Kisses were still upon his Lips, and made all others insipid to him. In short, he try'd so much to divert his Thoughts from her, that it but more perfectly confirm'd him of the vanity and the unsuccessfulness of the attempt: He could neither eat or sleep! love and restlessness rais'd Vapours in him to that degree, he was no longer Master of his Business! Wearied with all things, hurry'd by a secret Principle of Self-Love, and Self-Preservation, the Law of Nature! he orders his Coach to carry him down once more to his *Villa*, there to see his Dear! this dangerous *Charlotte*! that little innocent Sweetness! that imbitter'd his Happiness. She lov'd him tenderly, as a Benefactor, a Father, or something more; that she had been us'd to love without that severe mixture of Fear that mingles in the love we bear to Parents: She ran to meet him as he alighted; her young Face, over-spread with blushing joys! his transport exceeded hers! he took her in his Arms with eagerness! he exchange'd all his Pains for Pleasures! there was the Cure of his past Anguish! her Kisses were the Balm to his wounded Mind! he wonder'd at the immediate

diate alteration! she caress'd and courted him; shew'd him all things that cou'd divert or entertain. He knew not what to resolve upon; he cou'd not prudently marry her; and how to attempt to corrupt her! those excellent Principles that had been early infused into her, were all against him; but yet he must love her! he found he cou'd not live without her! he open'd a *Machiavel*; and read there a Maxim, *That none but great Souls can be compleatly Wicked*: He took it for a kind of Oracle to him! He wou'd be loath to tell himself, his Soul was not great enough for any attempt. He clos'd the Book, took some turns about the Gallery to digest what he had read, and from thence concluded, that neither Religion, Honour, Gratitude, nor Friendship, were ties sufficient to deprive us of an essential Good! *Charlot* was necessary to his very Being! all his Pleasures faded without her! and, which was worse, he was in torture! in actual pain as well as want of pleasure! therefore *Charlot* he would have; he had struggled more than sufficient, Virtue ought to be satisfied with the terrible Conflict he had suffered! but Love was become Master, and 'twas time for her to abscond. After He had settled his Thoughts, he grew more calm and quiet; nothing shou'd now disturb him, but the manner how to corrupt her. He was resolv'd to change her whole Form of Living; to bring her to Court, to shoy her the World; Balls, Assemblies, Opéra's, Comédies, Cards, and Visits, every thing that might enervate the Mind, and fit it for the soft play and impression of Love. One thing he a little scrupled, lest in making her susceptible of that Passion, it shou'd be for another, and not for him; he did not

doubt,

doubt; but upon her first appearance at Court she wou'd have many Admirers; Lovers have this opinion peculiar to themselves, they believe that others see with their Eyes: He knew that were she less agreeable, the gloss of Novelty was enough to recommend her; but the remedy he found for this, was, to caress and please her above all others; to shew such a particular regard for her, that shou'd frighten any new pretender. Few are willing to cross a first Minister, especially in such a tender Point, where all Mankind are tenacious of their Pretensions.

He had observ'd, that *Charlotte* had been, but with disgust, deny'd the gay Part of reading: 'Tis natural for young People to chuse the diverting, before the instructive; he sent for her into the Gallery, where was a noble Library in all Languages, a Collection of the most valuable Authors, with a mixture of the most Amorous. He told her, that now her Understanding was increas'd, with her Status, he resolv'd to make her Mistress of her own Conduct; and as the first thing that he intended to oblige her in; that *Governess* who had hitherto had the care of her Actions, should be dismiss'd; because he had observ'd the severity of her Temper had sometimes been displeasing to her; that she shou'd henceforward have none above her, that she shou'd need to stand in awe of; and to confirm to her that good opinion he seem'd to have, he presented her with the Key of that Gallery, to improve her Mind, and seek her Diversion, amongst those Authors he had formerly forbid her the use of: *Charlotte* made him a very low Curtsie, and, with a blushing Grace, return'd him Thanks for the two favours he bestow'd

show'd upon her. She assur'd him, that no
 Action of hers show'd make him repent the di-
 stinction; that her whole endeavour should be
 to walk in that Path he made familiar to her;
 and that Virtue shou'd ever be her only Guide.
 Tho' this was not what the Duke wanted, 'twas
 nothing but what he expected: He observ'd for-
 merly, that she was a great lover of Poetry,
 especially when 'twas forbid her; he took down
 an *Ovid*, and opening it just at the love of *Myra*
 for her Father, conscious red overspread his Face;
 he gave it her to read, she obey'd him with a vi-
 sible delight; nothing is more pleasing to young
 Girls, than in being first consider'd as Women.
Charlot saw the Duke entertain'd her with an
 Air of Consideration more than usual, passionate
 and respectful; this taught her to refuse in the na-
 tive Pride and Cunning of the Sex, she assum'd an
 Air more haughty. The leaving a Girl just begin-
 ning to believe herself capable of attaining that
 Empire over Mankind, which they are all born and
 taught by Instinct to expect: She took the Book, and
 plac'd herself by the Duke, his Eyes Feasted
 themselves upon her Face, thence wander'd over
 her snowy Bosom, and saw the young swelling
 Breasts just begining to distinguish themselves, and
 which were gently heav'd at the Impression *Myra's*
 Sufferings made upon her Heart, by this dan-
 gerous reading, he pretended to shew her, that
 there were Pleasures her Sex were born for, and
 which she might consequently long to taste! Cu-
 riosity is an early and dangerous Enemy to Vir-
 tue, the young *Charlot*, who had by a noble Inclination
 of Gratitude a strong propension of Affection for
 the Duke, whom she call'd and esteem'd her *Papa*,
 being a Girl of wonderful reflection, and conse-
 quently

quently Application, wrought her Imagination up to such a lively height at the Fathers Anger after the possession of his Daughter, which she judg'd highly unkind and unnatural, that she drop'd her Book, Tears fill'd her Eyes, Sobs rose to oppress her, and she pull'd out her Handkerchief to cover the Disorder. The Duke, who was Master of all Mankind, could trace 'em in all the *Meanders* of Dissimulation and Cunning, was not at a loss how to interpret the Agitation of a Girl who knew no Hypocrisy, all was Artless, the beautiful product of Innocence and Nature; he drew her gently to him, drunk her Tears with his Kisses, suck'd her Sighs and gave her by that dangerous Commerce (her Soul before prepar'd to softness) new and unfelt Desires; her Virtue was becalm'd, or rather unapprehensive of him for an Invader; he prest her Lips with his, the nimble beatings of his Heart, apparently seen and felt thro' his open Breast! the glowings! the tremblings of his Limbs! the glorious Sparkles from his guilty Eyes! his shortness of Breath, and eminent Disorder, were things all new to her, that had never seen, heard, or read before of those powerful Operations, struck from the Fire of the two meeting Sex; nor had she leisure to examine his disorders, possess'd by greater of her own! greater! because that Modesty opposing Nature, forc'd a struggle of Dissimulation. But the Duke's pursuing Kisses overcame the very Thoughts of any thing, but that new and lazy Poison stealing to her Heart, and spreading swiftly and imperceptibly thro' all her Veins, she clos'd her Eyes with languishing Delight! deliver'd up the possession of her Lips

Lips and Breath to the amorous Invader; return'd his eager grasps, and, in a word, gave her whole Person into his Arms, in meltings full of delight ! The Duke by that lovely Extasie, carry'd beyond himself, sunk over the expiring Fair, in Raptures too powerful for description ! calling her his admirable *Charlot* ! his charming Angel ! his adorable Goddeß ! but all was so far modest, that he attempted not beyond her Lips and Breast, but cry'd that she shou'd never be anothers. The Empire of his Soul was hers ; enchanted by inexplicable, irresistible Magick ! she had Power beyond the Gods themselves ! *Charlot* return'd from that amiable Disorder, was a new charm'd at the Duke's Words ; Words that set her so far above what was mortal, the Woman assum'd in her, and she wou'd have no notice taken of the Transports she had shown. He saw and favour'd her modesty, secure of that fatal Sting he had fix'd within her Breast, that Taste of delight, which powerful Love and Nature wou'd call upon her to repeat. He own'd he lov'd her ; that he never cou'd love any other ; that 'twas impossible for him to live a day, an hour, without seeing her ; that in her absence he had felt more than ever had been felt by Mortal ; he begg'd her to have pity on him, to return his Love, or else he shou'd be the most lost, undone thing alive. *Charlot*, amaz'd and charm'd, felt all those dangerous perturbations of Nature that arise from an amorous Constitution, with Pride and Pleasure, she saw herself necessary to the happiness of one, that she had hitherto esteemed so much above her, ignorant of the Power of Love, that Leveller of Mankind ; that blender of Dis-

F stinction

inction and Hearts. Her soft Answer was, That she was indeed reciprocally Charm'd, she knew not how; all he had said and done was wonderful and pleasing to her; and if he wou'd still more please her (if there were a more) it shou'd be never to be parted from her. The Duke had one of those violent Passions, where, to heighten it, resistance was not at all necessary; it had already reach'd the ultimate, it cou'd not be more ardent; yet was he loth to rush upon the possession of the Fair, lest the too early pretension might disgust her: He wou'd steal himself into her Soul, he wou'd make himself necessary to her quiet, as she was to his.

From the Library he led her to his Cabinet, from forth his strong Box he took a set of Jewels that had been her Mothers; he told her, she was now of an Age to expect the Ornaments, as well as Pleasures of a Woman. He was pleas'd to see her look down, with a seeming contempt, upon what most other Girls wou'd have been transported with: He had taught her other Joys, those of the Mind and Body. She sigh'd, she rav'd to herself, she was all charm'd and uneasy! The Duke casting over the rest of his Jewels, made a Collection of such as were much more valuable, than her Mothers; he presented her with, and wou'd force her to accept 'em; but *Charlot*, as tender and gallant as the Duke, seeing his Picture in little, set round with Diamonds, begg'd that he wou'd only honour her with that mark of his Esteem. The ravish'd Duke consented, conditionally, that she wou'd give him hers in return.

After

After this tender, dangerous Commerce, *Char-*
lot found every thing insipid, nothing but the
 Duke's kisses cou'd relish with her; all those
 Conversations she had formerly delighted in,
 were insupportable: He was oblig'd to return
 to Court; and had recommended to her read-
 ing the most dangerous Books of Love, *Ovid*,
Petrarch, *Tibullus*, those moving Tragedies that
 so powerfully expose the force of Love, and
 corrupt the Mind; he went even farther, and
 left her such as explain'd the Nature, Manner,
 and Raptures of Enjoyment. Thus he infus'd
 Poison into the Ears of the lovely Virgin. She
 easily (from those emotions she had found in
 herself) believ'd as highly of those Delights as
 was imaginable; her waking Thoughts, her
 golden Slumber, ran all of a Bliss only imagin'd,
 but never prov'd: She even forgot, as one that
 wakes from sleep, and the Visions of the Night,
 all those Precepts of airy Virtue, which she
 found had nothing to do with Nature: She
 long'd again to renew those dangerous Delights.
 The Duke was an Age absent from her, she
 cou'd only in imagination possess what she be-
 liev'd so pleasing. Her Memory was prodigi-
 ous, she was indefatigable in Reading. The
 Duke had left orders she shou'd not be con-
 troul'd in any thing: Whole Nights were wast-
 ed by her in that Gallery; she had too well
 inform'd herself of the speculative Joys of Love.
 There are are Books dangerous to the Com-
 munity of Mankind; abominable for Virgins,
 and destructive to Youth; such as explain the
 Mysteries of Nature, the congregated Pleasures
 of *Venus*, the full Delights of mutual Lovers,
 and which rather ought to pass the Fire than

the Press. The Duke had laid in her way such as made no mention of *Virtue* or *Hymen*, but only advanced native, generous and undissembled Love. She was become so great a Proficient, that nothing of the Theory was a stranger to her.

Whilst *Charlot* was thus employ'd, the Duke was not idle; he had prepar'd her a Post at Court with *Henriquez's* Queen. The young Lady was sent for; neither Art, Money, nor Industry was wanting, to make her appearance glorious. The Duke aw'd and trembling with his Passion, approach'd her as a Goddess; conscious of his and her own desires, the mantling Blood wou'd smile upon her Cheeks, sometimes glowing with delight, then afterwards, by a feeble recollection of *Virtue*, sink apace, to make room for a guilty succeeding Paleness. The Duke knew all the motions of her Heart, he debated with himself, whether it were best to attempt the possession of her whilst so young, or permit her time to know and set a value upon what she granted. His Love was highly impatient, but respectful; he long'd to be happy, but he dreaded to displease her. The Ascendant she had over him was wonderful; he had let slip those first Impressions, which strike deepest in the Hearts of Women, to be successful; One ought never to allow 'em time to Think, their vivacity being prodigious, and their foresight exceeding short, and limited; the first hurry of their Passions, if they are but vigorously follow'd, is what is generally most favourable to Lovers. *Charlot* by this time had inform'd herself, that there were such terrible things as Perfidy and Inconstancy, in Mankind; that even the very Favours they receiv'd, often disgust-

ed; and that to be entirely Happy, one ought never to think of the faithless Sex. This brought her back to those Precepts of Virtue that had embellish'd her dawn of Life; but alas! these Admonitions were too feeble, the Duke was all submissive, passionate, eager to obey, and to oblige. He watch'd her uprising, scarce could eat without her; she was Mistress of his Heart and Fortune; his own Family, and the whole Court, imagin'd that he resolv'd her for his Dutcheß; they almost look'd upon her as such; she went often to his Palace, where all were devoted to her Service; the very glance of her Eyes commanded their attention, at her least request, as soon as her Mouth was open'd to speak, before her Words were half form'd, they started to obey her.

She had learnt to manage the Duke, and to distrust herself; she wou'd no more permit of Kisses, that sweet and dangerous Commerce. The Duke had made her wise at his own cost, and vainly languish'd for a repetition of Delight. He guess'd as the Interest he had in her Heart, had prov'd the warmth of her Constitution, and was resolv'd he wou'd no more be wanting to his own Happiness; he omitted no occasion by which he might express his love; pressing her to crown his Longings. Her courage did not reach to ask him that honourable Proof of his Passion, which 'tis believ'd he wou'd not have refused, if she had but insisted of it. The Treaty was still depending, he might marry the Princess Dowager; *Charlot* tenderly drop'd a word that spoke her apprehensions of it; he assur'd her there was nothing in it, all he aim'd at was to purchase the Succession, that he might

make her a Princess, as she deserv'd. Indeed the hopes his Agent had given the Lady, of becoming her Husband, was not the smallest inducement to the Treaty; therefore he delay'd his Marriage with *Charlot*; for if that were but once confirm'd, the Princess (by resenting, as she ought, the abuse that had been lain upon her) wou'd put an end to it, infinitely to his prejudice.

Charlot, very well satisfied with these Reasons, and unwilling to do any thing against the Interest of a Man whom she tenderly lov'd, accusom'd herself to hear his eager Sollicitations: He cou'd no longer contend with a Fire that consumed him, he must be gratified, or die. She languish'd under the same disquiets. The Season of the Year was come that he must make the Campaign with the King; he cou'd not resolve to depart unblest'd; *Charlot* still refus'd him that last proof of her Love. He took a tender and passionate Farewel. *Charlot*, drown'd in Tears, told him, 'twas impossible she shou'd support his absence; all the Court wou'd ridicule her Melancholy. This was what he wanted; he bid her take care of that, a Maid was but an ill Figure, that brought herself to be the sport of Laughters; but since her Sorrow (so pleasing and glorious to him) was like to be visible, he advis'd her to pass some days at his *Villa*, till the height of Melancholy shou'd be over, under the pretence of Indisposition; he wou'd take care that the Queen shou'd be satisfied of the necessity of her absence; he advis'd her even to depart that hour; since the King was already on his Journey, he must be gone that moment, and endeavour to overtake him. He
assur'd

assur'd her he wou'd write by every Courier, and beg'd her not to admit of another Lover, tho' he was sensible there were many (taking the advantage of his absence, wou'd endeavour to please her). To all this she answer'd so as to quiet his distrust and fears, her Tears drowned her Sighs, her Words were lost in Sobs and Groans! The Duke did not show less concern, but led her all trembling, to put her in a Coach that was to carry her to his *Villa*; where he had often wish'd to have her, but she distrust'd her self, and wou'd not go with him, nor had she ventur'd now, but that she thought he was to follow the King, who cou'd not be without him.

Charlot no sooner arriv'd, but the Weather being very hot, she order'd a Bath to be prepar'd for her. Soon as she was refresh'd with that, she threw her self down upon a Bed, with only one thin Petticoat and a loose Night-gown, the Bosom of her Gown and Shift open; her Night-cloths tied carelessly together with a Cherry-colour'd Ribon, which answer'd well to the yellow and silver Stuff of her Gown. She lay uncover'd, in a melancholy careless Posture, her Head resting upon one of her Hands, the other held a Handkerchief, that she employ'd to dry those Tears that sometimes fell from her Eyes; when raising herself a little, at a gentle noise she heard from the opening of a Door that answer'd to the Bed-side, she was quite astonished to see enter the amorous Duke. Her first emotions were all Joy, but in a minute she recollected herself, thinking he was not come there for nothing: She was going to rise, but he prevented her, by flying to her Arms, where, as

we may call it, he nail'd her down to the Bed with Kisses; his love and resolution gave him a double vigour, he wou'd not stay a moment to capitulate with her; whilst yet her surprise made her doubtful of his designs, he took advantage of her confusion to accomplish 'em; neither her prayers, tears, nor strugglings, cou'd prevent him, but in her Arms he made himself a full amends for all those pains he had suffer'd for her.

Thus was *Charlot* undone! thus ruin'd by him that ought to have been her Protector! 'Twas very long before he cou'd appease her; but so artful, so amorous, so submissive was his Address, so violent his Assurances, he told her, that he must have dy'd without the Happiness. *Charlot* espous'd his Crime, by sealing his Forgiveness. He pass'd the whole Night in her Arms, pleas'd, transported, and out of himself; whilst the ravish'd Maid was not all behind-hand in Extasies and guilty Transports. He staid a whole Week with *Charlot*, in a Surfeit of Love and Joy! that Week more inestimable than all the Pleasures of his Life before! whilst the Court believed him with the King, posting to the Army; he neglected *Mars* to devote himself wholly to *Venus*; abstracted from all Business, that happy Week sublim'd him almost to an Immortal. *Charlot* was form'd to give and take all those Raptures necessary to accomplish the Lover's happiness; none were ever more Amorous! none were ever more Happy!

The two Lovers separated, the Duke for the Army, *Charlot* return'd to Court; one of the *S. J. J. J.* Royal-Secretaries fell in Love with her, but his being

being of the precise Party, and a marry'd Man, it behov'd to carry himself discreetly: He omitted no private Devoirs to please her, but her Heart entirely fix'd upon the Duke, neglected the Attempt. She had made an intimate Friendship with a young Countess, who was a lovely Widow, full of Air, Life and Fire; her Lord purchas'd her from his Rival, by the Point of his Sword, but he did not long survive to enjoy the Fruits of his Victory; he made her Circumstances as easie as he cou'd, but that was not extraordinary, however, she appear'd well at Court; knew the Management of Mankind, and how to procure her self universal Love and Admiration, *Charlot* made her the unwary Confidant of her Passion for the Duke; the Countess had the Goodness, or Complaisance, which you please, to hearken to the over-flowings of a Love-sick-Heart: She imparted to her all the Letters she receiv'd from him, and took her Approbation for the Answer; that *never dying Fire!* those *racking Uneasiness's!* *Languors!* *Expectations!* *Impatiencies!* that the two Lovers express'd, were all *Greek* and *Hebrew* to the Countess, who was bred up in the fashionable way of making Love, wherein the Heart has little or no part, quite another turn of Amour. She would often tell *Charlot*, that no Lady ever suffer'd her self to be truly touch'd, but from that moment she was blinded and undone; the first thing a Woman ought to consult was her Interest, and Establishment in the World; that Love shou'd only be a handle towards it; when she left the pursuit of that to give up her self to her Pleasures, Contempt and Sorrow were sure to be her Companions: No Lover was yet ever known so ardent, but
time

*Lady Ambury
of Madon.*

time abated of his Transport; no Beauty so ravishing, but that her Sweetness wou'd cloy; nor did Men any longer endeavour to please, when nothing was wanting to their Wishes: Love the most generous, and yet the most mercenary of all the Passions, does not care what he lavishes, provided there be something still in view to repay his Expence; but that once over, the Lover possess'd of what ever his Mistress can bestow, he hangs his Head, the *Cupid* drops his Wings, and seldom feels their native Energy return, but to carry him to new Conquests.

Charlot knew not how to digest this System of Amour; she was sure the Countess knew the World, but thought she knew not the Duke, who had not a Soul like other Men: She said, she would, at his return, convince her, (all Infidel as she was) that he had not the same Cast of Mind as the rest of his Sex; the Countess said she should be glad to see it, but that he had took exactly the same Methods to make his Fortune: She would advise her as a good Friend, (if it were strangely true, that his Ardors were yet unallayed) to push her Interest with him, that he might marry her; advis'd her to bestow no more Favours, till he paid her price; made her read the History of *Roxalana*, who by her wife Address, brought an imperious Sultan, contrary to the establish'd Rules of the *Seraglio*, to divide with her the Royal Throne. *Charlot* said she would try what she could do; at the same time she receiv'd certain Advice, that the Treaty was droke off with the *Princess Dowager*. *Charlot* thought it was for her sake, and from thence (flatter'd by Love) took it into her Head, that

it would not be long before she should be the Dutchess of——*Courtess of Portland*

The Queen prepar'd a Ball to be danced the King's Birth-Night, which happned to be that of his Return from a fortunate Campaign. *Charlot* had, since the Duke's absence, to render her self conspicuous to him) been practising an Accomplishment, which a certain great Author calls *excelling in a Mistake*. She danc'd that Night to the satisfaction of all who beheld her; the Duke's Return and Presence re-animated her; she seem'd born to new Life, and more Vivacity: He was charm'd with the Performance, and long'd for nothing so much, as to tell her he was more in Love with her than ever. Those *Duena's* that guard the fair Maids belonging to the Queen, would not permit him all the Happiness he wish'd: How impatient they were to lose themselves in unnumber'd Kisses and Joys! the Duke propos'd to her to go down to his *Villa* the next Day; that he would ask the King's leave to retire to put his Affairs in order, and immediately follow. There was no Body that wonder'd she shou'd pay her Compliment whilst he was in the Country, her Guardian, the Trustee of her Family; all the Duke's Children caress'd and lov'd her, they even wish'd their Father would marry her; for so 'twas receiv'd and believ'd at Court, that she shou'd be the Dutchess of—— They were no Strangers to his Love; he never pretended to dissemble; but not one imagin'd his guilty Passion had carry'd him that length it had: He was so charm'd with her, that he told her, she must resolve to pretend a distant Journey to her Relations, and remain conceal'd near *Angela*, where he might have the freedom,

freedom of seeing her twice a Day, at least, unknown to all the Court; that if she could devote her self to such a Solitude, he would endeavour to do all things that were in his power to make it agreeable to her; the Love-sick Maid consented with joy; then was her time to push for what he possibly might have consented to, rather than not have possessed her undisturbed; but she was afraid that he shou'd think her Love was the result of Interest, and believ'd so well of his Honour, as not to distrust his Care of hers.

Behold her then settled in a pleasing Solitude, within a short Mile of the *Capitol*; the Servants that were put about her were all Strangers, her Name chang'd, and not a Mortal suspected but *Charlot* was gone into the Country to her Relations. The Duke saw her twice or thrice every Day, sometimes eat with her, and because he could not be so often lost, without being found by some body, they reported that he had a new Mistress, and had sent *Charlot* away, not to discompose her with the Report; no body could tell who she was, yet many pretended to have seen her, and ev'n gave Descriptions of her Height, Features, and Complexion, all by guess, and not likely to agree; some would have her the *fair*, some the *brunet*, and not a few the *black Beauty*. Every one spoke of what was most agreeable to themselves, but a Beauty to be sure she must be, because the Duke was so attach'd to her.

Charlot, tho' she possess'd all she cou'd desire in the Duke's Company, yet had many Hours of Solitude upon her Hands, the great Hurry of Affairs, the Business of the State, which lay hea-

vy upon the Duke, engross'd too much of his time : To alleviate the Pains his Absence gave her, *Charlot* begg'd the Countess might be let into the Secret, to help her pass away, more agreeably those Moments that he was not with her : She urg'd this so earnestly, that the Duke knew not how to deny her, but bid her take it for her pains, if she one day repented of it ; that if he was not mistaken in the Countess, she was none of those few Ladies that possess the retentive Faculty ; but shou'd their Secret not suffer by her Tongue, (which indeed wou'd be wonderful) her being known to visit there, (as all things of that Nature are quickly known) wou'd blow the Suspicion of it abroad, to the prejudice of *Charlot's* Honour, which was dearer to him than his Life. She might easily have believ'd this last Assèveration, if he had had any Sense of his own, for there's no body but what would condemn him for corrupting hers.

Charlot cou'd not evade her Destiny ; she wou'd have the Countess with her. Pride concurr'd with Diversion ; she long'd to shew the Countess (who had so slender an Opinion of the Constancy of Mankind) how much and faithfully she was belov'd. The Countess came, and they met on both sides over-joy'd ; she boasted of her good Fortune ; the Widow told her, all that was very fine, but why did she not think of marrying of him, then they might be all Day and Night, and every Day and Night together, without interruption, and hiding ; that other Diversions ought to have their turn with a Lady of her age. *Charlot* told her, she found all she desir'd in the Duke's Love, and her Friendship, she had nothing further to wish, if she wou'd but have the Goodness

to

to see her as often as she cou'd. The Countess pitied the Love-sick Maid, but finding she was incorrigible, resolv'd to speak to her no more of her marrying the Duke: She saw, by his Delays, that he did not design it, and look'd upon *Charlot* as a *pauvre Fille trompez*.

Almost the whole Winter pass'd away in an agreeable Cabal; the Countess had Wit enough, and a pleasant manner of relating things; her Intelligence was universal; she knew all that was done both at Court, and in the City: The Duke, who came to unbend himself with these two fair Ladies, seem'd to relish the Countess's Conversation: Not to disgrace Love, he was sometimes beholden to this gay Widow, for keeping up the Diversion. 'Tis not possible always to love, or to bear up to the extravagant height of a beginning Flame, without new Supplies it must decay, at least abate of its first Vigour, when not a Look, or Touch, but are Fuel to it. The Countess was not displeas'd at being heard; she remark'd his Attention; saw his Eyes were less on *Charlot*, and more on her; that he wou'd turn away, with a gentle Sigh, when she catch'd him looking at her; who does not know that undisturb'd possession makes Desire languish. *Charlot* believ'd nothing of this, but the Countess knew all the Maxims of Mankind. She presently guess'd how things went, and was not surpriz'd to hear the Duke tell the young Lady, that the time drawing on to take the Field, he would have her think of returning to Court; but that she might do it with the more Honour, and free from all suspicion of their Commerce, he advis'd her, in reallity, to take a Journey down to her Relations, from whence she might give
notice

notice of her return, as if she had been there the whole Winter. *Charlot* look'd tenderly upon the Duke, her Eyes fill'd with Tears; some drops of Blood fell from her Nose upon her Handkerchief, as she was reaching it to her Eyes, the Omen startled her, she was going to withdraw, to weep alone, when her Spirits fail'd her, and she fell in a fainting Fit upon the Countess's Bosom; the Duke had Affairs that urg'd his departure; he call'd her Women, and left her to their Care: Nothing is able to express the Despair she was in, when she found he could depart and leave her in that Condition. His date of Love is out, says the unfortunate *Charlot*, Oh Madam! that I had but believ'd you! What is to be done? Shall I see my self complaining, and neglected, scorn'd, and yet fawning upon my Undoer? tho' my Heart burst with Grief and Tendernefs, I will never have that little Spirit. The Countess confirm'd her in those Heroick Thoughts, and cy'n advis'd her to depart as soon as she cou'd, and without taking her Leave of him; for if he still lov'd her, that Indifferency would distract him, and cause him to fetch her back; if otherwise, prevent her from being his Triumph. *Charlot* judg'd the Advice good, and order'd all things for her departure on the morrow: She might, and ought to have gone early in the Morning, as the Countess would have had her, but lazy, lingering Love, made her trifle away the time, till the usual hour of the Duke's Visit. As he entred the Chamber, a mortal Paleness, and universal Trembling was seen in poor *Charlot*: He tenderly ran to support her; when she was a little recover'd, he ask'd her what those Preparations meant?

meant? She told him 'twas for her Journey, as he had advis'd her. The Duke told her he was glad of it, 'twas prudently resolv'd, but he wish'd, for both their sakes, she wou'd make no long stay in the Country, because he hop'd to be thus bless'd again, before he departed. She burst out into a Passion of Tears, at his approbation of a thing, when she thought the suddenness of it would have startled him. Let us go, let us go for ever, said she, sobbing, my Lord Duke, I wish your Eminence all Happiness, wretched *Charlot* shall never disturb it. Farewel, my dear Countess, I was not born to taste the Sweets of Love and Friendship: Here she hastened out of the Room, and got into the Coach that waited, without taking her Leave in Form, either of the one or the other. They made after her to the Gate; she briskly order'd the Coachman to drive on, and with six good Horses was presently out of sight.

The Duke gave his Hand to the Countess, to lead her back into the House; they continued in mutual Silence till the Duke broke it, by Words to these effect. " You doubtless condemn me, Madam; for my Indifferency to "
 " *Mademoiselle Charlot*, I would remove so strong
 " an Evidence as your self, by making you
 " equally guilty. I know you are a Woman of
 " the World, fully acquainted with your own
 " Charms, and what they can do upon the
 " Hearts of others. You have Wit, understand
 " your own Interest, therefore if you have no
 " Aversion for my Person, 'tis in your power
 " to do what you please with me. For your
 " sake I have advis'd *Mademoiselle* to this Journey: I cou'd not say what I wou'd before so
 " trouble-

“ troublesome a Witness; I have good Nature,
 “ and cou’d not see a Creature who loves me in
 “ pain, when nothing but Esteem and Pity re-
 “ main for her: Not that I am naturally In-
 “ constant, but your superior Charms have im-
 “ perceptibly made their way, I had doubtless
 “ lov’d her a long time, if the Vivacity of your
 “ Wit and Conversation had not interfer’d:
 “ However, I will omit nothing for her Estab-
 “ lishment in the World. Her Fault is yet a
 “ Secret between us Two, and that I may bribe
 “ you to keep it inviolably, I offer to share In-
 “ terests; whatever is mine may be yours, nay
 “ Honour as well as Interest will oblige you
 “ to it, for it cannot be unknown, that we see
 “ one another often at this House, when we
 “ are married, that will be suppos’d to be the
 “ Secret: ’Tis your own Fault if it be not done
 “ this Night: In giving you that ultimate Proof
 “ of my Love, I spare both you and my self
 “ the trouble of Words: I have took time to
 “ weigh the Design, all things plead for you,
 “ *Beauty, Merit, Sense*, and every thing that can
 “ render a Woman charming, whilst I pretend
 “ nothing to plead for me, but making it your
 “ own Interest to make me happy. As I have
 “ avoided the tedious Forms, by which our Sex
 “ think they must engage yours, so I beg that
 “ you will use none to me, that relate in any
 “ sort to *Mademoiselle Charlot*, that is a tender
 “ Point, I wou’d not so much as remember, (in
 “ the Joy I prepare my self for with you) that
 “ there is such a Person in the World.

This Harangue put the Countess to her Re-
 flections. She begg’d his Eminency wou’d be
 pleas’d to give her time till to morrow Night,

before she pretended to answer him; and then she would do herself the Honour to expect him alone at her House to Supper. The Duke kiss'd her Hand with a respective Assent to what she had said, then led her to her Chair, and departed to prepare himself for his Marriage with the Countess.

He did not fail to wait upon her at the usual Hour: The Lady was in a gentele *Disshabille*, ev'n to the very Night-cloaths that she intended to lie in. After a well order'd Supper, she carry'd him into a little Drawing-Room, and told him, in a few Words, she was ready to receive the Honour of what he had offer'd; his Inconstancy had held her for some Moments in suspense, but as to that, she assur'd her self, that religiously performing her own Duty, would oblige his Eminence to a Tenderness in his; that as the Distance was so infinitely great, both in their Title, and other Circumstances, she would not pretend to capitulate with him, but left all her Interest in his, as the best Hands, who was so much her Friend, as to raise her to a Rank and Fortune she could not without the highest Vanity have expected. The Duke receiv'd her Consent with a wonderful deal of Joy and Gallantry; they were immediately marry'd, and bedded. That very Night 'twas known at Court, and some of poor *Charlotte's* Friends, did her the Dis-kindness to send the News of it into the Country, already Heart-broke with the Imagination of the Duke's Indifferency. This but confirm'd her in her Resolution, of not surviving the Loss of his Kindness: Her Solitude was Nourishment to those black and corroding Thoughts that incessantly devour'd her: We may be sure she of-

ten

ten exclaim'd against *Breach of Trust*, and *Friendship* in the Countess, as well as *Ingratitude* and *Faithlessness* in the Duke: The remainder of her Life was one continu'd Scene of Horror, Sorrow, and Repentance: She dy'd a true Landmark: to warn all believing Virgins from shipwracking their Honour upon (that dangerous Coast of Rocks) the Vows and pretended Passion of Mankind.

Astrea. Your Story has two Morals, one you have your self remark'd, the other is, " That
 " no Woman ought to introduce another to
 " the Man by whom she is belov'd ; if that had
 " not happen'd, the Duke had not possibly
 " been false. Those dangerous Intimacies discover
 " Charms, that are not reveal'd but by
 " Conversation. I do not so much condemn the
 " Duke for quitting as corrupting her ; one is
 " natural, and but the consequence of the other ;
 " methinks it shou'd not be the least Inducement
 " for Ladies to preserve their Honour, that
 " let 'em be never so ill used by the Person
 " that robs 'em of it, by any Art or Pretence
 " whatsoever, tho' the World may condemn
 " and call him a Villain, yet they never pity
 " her ; the reason is plain, Modesty is the Principle,
 " the Foundation upon which they ought to
 " build for *Esteem* and *Admiration*, and that
 " once violated, they totter, and fall, dash'd in
 " pieces upon the obdurate Land of Contempt,
 " from whence no kind Hand can ever be put
 " forth, either to rescue or to compassionate 'em.
 " Men may regain their Reputations, tho' after
 " a Complication of Vices, *Cowardice*, *Robbery*,
 " *Adultery*, *Bribery*, and *Murder*, but a Woman
 " once departed from the Road of Virtue, is

“ made incapable of a return; Sorrow and Scorn
 “ overtake her, and, as I said before, the World
 “ suffers her to perish loath'd, and unlamented.

Having done moralizing upon that Story, they follow'd the Lady *Intelligence* into the Palace. She e'en ascended the Stairs, and cross'd the Lodgings, to the Apartment where the King's Body lay, but all was a Desert; the numerous Croud of Guards and Attendance, nay even his menial Servants were vanish'd; they enquir'd the reason of this, to whom *Intelligence*.

Intel. Alas! this is nothing new, were you to peruse History, you wou'd find few faithful to the Dead. I have read of Kings that have dy'd in peace, amidst a great and flourishing People, yet have not found any to bestow the decent Rites of Washing or Covering to the Royal Carcasses, till the Embalmers, who are paid for what they do, come two or three Days after, to find if 'tis time for them to fall to work. The Lesser follow the Example of the Greater, these run to make their Court to the new Successor, (whom, perhaps, they had not seen in an Age before, but *en passant*) for fear of disobliging the reigning Monarch; the little People in that hurry of Affairs, secure what they can get; they know the dead are provided for, that they can have no real Wants, and therefore never trouble themselves to stay in a Place no longer significant to 'em. This very Morning, the youngest

L. Blumbe
P. Alkmarla and most beloved of all the Favourites, as soon as ever he saw that his Master cou'd not live, accepted of the Key he gave him to his strong Box, to secure for himself, in Bills and Gold, Seventy eight thousand Crowns, which was all the personal Wealth the Monarch was possess'd of:

of: His extreme Sorrow for losing so good a Prince did not prevent him from doing all that was necessary to hinder that Money from falling into the Successors Hands, to whom of right it belong'd.

Were you to see, as I did, that great Croud of Flatterers that immediately flock'd about the new Empress, before the last Breath had carry'd the departing Monarch to the happy Regions, you wou'd have sworn they had ever tenderly adored her: She receiv'd them with a solemn Grace no way displeasing. Methinks 'twou'd have put 'em to a stand, shou'd she have ask'd 'em, how it came to pass, that they cou'd let her wear away whole Days and Years, without once taking notice, that there was such a Person in the World, than when she amus'd herself in the Nursery, and at Cards with her Domesticks, to pass away the tedious time? But this is the way of the World; all that's past of that kind must be forgotten. Count *Orgueil* has already touch'd *D. of Bucks* the Skies in his Imagination; he depends much upon the merit of his former Admiration for the Empress, and does not doubt but to rival the most fortunate in her Favour. For matter of Entertainment, she said to him this Morning, after he had mad his congratulatory Court, *that 'twas a very fine Day*. He answer'd, with presence of Mind, and no ill turn of Thought, *Yes, it was the finest Day he ever saw in his Life*. Sceldom are Women renown'd for Constancy, but if she do persevere in her former good Opinion of him, now she has power, so to trust and raise him as he expects, 'twill scarce be grateful, to those who love *Virtue*, or *Moderation*. He affects to be Head of a Party, which in a little

time, will be found opposite to the true Interest of the Court, than his Pride and Narrowness of Soul, are intolerable. There is no excess in vicious Love that he has not been guilty of, even to the lowest and most despicable part of Woman-kind, and those in numbers. Tho' thrice advantageously Marry'd, all of 'em Ladies of Beauty and Merit, he has us'd two of 'em with very little Deference. Ill-nature is his Province, Sarcastical Wit his delight, Luxury his Practice, animated by Pride, and devoted to Covetousness. I never yet heard of any good or generous Action perform'd by him.

3 Widows
Lady Conway
Gainsborough
Anglessey

K. W^m.

Virtue. Here lies the departed Monarch, who after a Reign full of Perturbation and Anxiety; applauded by most, yet condemn'd of many; is summon'd by *Minos*, to give an account of his Administration. By this time he has receiv'd his Sentence, and knows whether he were in the right or wrong, who can decide, if his ambition or love to Mankind were his chief motive to Good? Wou'd he have reliev'd the Oppressed, combated Tyranny and Arbitrary Government? So often hazarded his Life in Battle, if his own particular had not been involv'd with the Publick? Yet shall his Memory ever be dear to those People he has delivered, rank'd amongst their best and most fortunate Monarchs, having fewer of their *Vices*, and more of their *Virtues*. War was his Pleasure, War was his Employment. Whilst he follow'd the true Interest of his Country, at the Head of his Armies, he suffered two potent and opposite Factions to break themselves against one another; calm and serene, like great Jove upon *Olympus* top, wisely involv'd himself with neither; free from the

Whig a
Tory.

the servile Arts with which other Monarch have been forc'd to cajole their People; he yet found the happy Secret to draw from 'em, with alacrity and good-will, more Treasure than in some Ages had been bestow'd upon the whole Series of Kings his Predecessors, rest in peace, oh glorious Shade! may all thy defects, as thou wert mortal, be atton'd for by those Performances of thine, that were more than Mortal. O *Astrea*! may your Prince imitate his Conduct, Courage, Fortitude, and Wisdom; and let us pray the Gods that he have but part of his good fortune.

Astrea. But, my Lady *Intelligence*, pray what will become of the late Favourites, in this new Reign?

Intell. Why they will be Favourites still; it is not as in former times, when down go the Kings, down go the Favourites. They take example by their Predecessor's Failings, avoiding the umbrage of great Crimes, they find little Villains to support the calumny of Male-Administration, who are perpetually sacrific'd to their safety; the Servant often dies for his Master. This is a new and wise Scheme of Management, whilst the Favourite takes care to get him an Estate sufficient to make him formidable, and to persuade the new Successor, and People, to leave him in repose, to taste the Sweets of ease and pleasure.

Virtue. Pray, my Lady *Intelligence*, let us have some of your assistance, to explain to us that Parade that appears yonder.

Intell. O, my good Ladies, if you please to step into this Balcony, you will see it at your ease; 'tis the Funeral Solemnity of the richest

England. Widow in all *Atalantis*, that but six Months, or thereabouts, surviv'd her Husband.

Vir. A Widow, and rich, and yet die so soon! was it of Love, Grief, or Old-age?

Intell. Young and Blooming; I'll entertain your Divinities with the whole Affair, as soon as the Procession's past.

Astrea. There cannot sure be greater vanity, than the Pomp they bestow upon the Dead; 'tis all superfluous. True Grief consists not in Ceremony.

Intell. There's no such thing among those that appear in these Cavalcades; there's scarce any 'em that ever saw the Person deceas'd; nay often they don't so much as know the Name of him whose Corps they accompany, or whether it be a Man or a Womans. 'Tis none of their Business, they are paid for what they do; a formal Cast of Face, a Down-look, immovable and demure, is all that is required of them. 'Tis true, this Pageantry is of no use to the deceased, but it's an Honour to their Memory, and shows the Piety of the surviving Friend; besides, 'tis Magnificent, and the comfort of many a Lady, who makes the Thoughts of Death less frightful to her, when she but thinks of an expensive Funeral, white Flambeaux's, Chariots, Horses, Streamers, and a Train of Mourners. See! there are four and twenty that carry Banners before the Body; eight leading Coaches with six Horses; the Horse comes next. Can any thing be more adorn'd? Gay with Escutcheons, rich in Velvet and Feathers. Methinks 'tis no such mortifying Sight; the Coaches and Chariots that follow are numberless.

Astrea.

Astrea. Where are they conducting the Body?

Intell. About some two and twenty Leagues off. They wou'd imagine the departed cou'd not be at rest, lodg'd out of its appointed Sepulchre.

Astrea. As if the next Funeral-Pile, or uncover'd Earth, wou'd not as well serve to consume or receive despicable Clay! the most useless and affrighting Object, no longer a part of the World; what Nature abhors to look at, but with all convenient dispatch sweep from out both of their sight and memory.

Intell. Did Mankind confine themselves only to what was necessary, reasonable, or proper, there would indeed be no occasion for most part of the great expence they are at; the Oar might lie at rest in its native Bed, Navigation wou'd be useless, Diamonds, and other precious Stones, secure in their Quarry; the Sea not ransack'd for Pearl, since, in the equal distribuion of Creation, every Country is sufficient to it self, for sustaining Life with Temperance, tho' not with Luxury.

Astrea. The Funeral is pass'd, and we are now at leisure to hear what you have to say of the deceas'd.

Intell. I must begin with her Husband. But, to give him you in his gay Cloaths, I think I had best present your Mightiness's with the Draught of an Essay, wrote by an obscure Poet, upon his Death. I'll quickly ransack my Satchel for it. You must know, Ladies, that most things so lately past, are, as it were, present to me. I know *Astrea*, upon the top of *Parnassus*, often gives the Prize to the most deserving, and therefore

is

is an undoubted Judge of good Writing; but because we don't pretend so much merit for this Piece, I'll only tell you, that a certain Poet, who had formerly wrote some things with success, but either shrunk in his Genius, or grown very lazy, procur'd another Brother of *Parnassus* to write this Elegy for him, and promis'd to divide the Profit. The Reward being considerable and sweet, he defrauded the poor Labourer of his Hire, who had been contented, for his advantage, to depart from the Reputation it might gain him; justly incens'd against the treachery of his Friend, he resolves to own and print this Piece in the next *Miscellanea*.

Aftrea.

*Beneath a dismal, unfrequented Shade,
 Beneath a fading, melancholy Glade
 Of Willow, and the murmuring Poplar made.
 Two Nymphs, whose Form-Divine were lost in Care
 Widow'd of Joy, but wedded to Despair.
 Soon as returning Light reviv'd the Earth,
 With constant Horrour came to curse their Birth.
 Each had a Lover lost, Melissa's dy'd,
 The very day the Nymph was made a Bride!
 Love's Altar dress'd for joy the Bed in view,
 And Hymen's wasting Taper downwards drew.
 Aminta too had lost the lovlyst Swain,
 Then when her Breast glow'd with a mutual Flame.
 Here, here, they met to mourn, not seek relief,
 But to indulge, and to enlarge their Grief.
 Melissa first this Morn had reach'd the Grove,
 Exclaiming loud on unrewarded Love.
 When late Aminta join'd the mourning Fair,
 O, my dear Sister! partner in despair;*

Wouldst

*Wou'dst thou new Griefs, new raging Sorrows hear,
Prepare thy Breast for Groans, thy Eyes for Tears!
Anguish refin'd, impossible to bear!* }

*Our little Woe scarcely deserves the Name,
But Sacharissas fills the blast of Flame.
Thy Daphnis was indeed the Shepherd's Love,
And my Philander grac'd the Rural Grove.
But they, alas! were Swains of low Degree,
Only in Love claiming Priority.
But great Octavio, Sacharissa's Lord,
In whom high Birth, bright Fortune do accord!
Perpetual springing Wit, and ever-pleasing Youth,
The rapturous Heights of Love, and its enduring
Truth.*

*A Form that caught the Eyes, and seiz'd the Heart;
His own untouch'd, as by some Magick Art,
But by th' enchanting Force of Sacharissa's Dart. }*
Prop to his Country, and to Liberty. }
*Yet leaving all the native Monarch free,
The Patriot, and the Subject, seiz'd in just degree. }*
*Oh Glorianna! mourn his early Fall,
With Royal Tears adorn his Funeral!*

*And let all Nature join th' Imperial Woe;
Swell on, ye Flouds, ye Fountains overflow.*

Melissa.

*What! Great Octavio snatch'd from Life away!
Oh Tyrant Death! unbounded in thy Sway.
Speak on, Aminta, tell the parting strife,
Tell all the Mournings of a tender Wife.
That Task perform'd, that dismal Story done,
Add thou, a Mothers, for her only Son.
Suspend our own, their Sorrows be thy Scene;
Let whole Creation listen to the Theme.*

Attend

Attend ye Muses, aid this weeping Maid;
 Nor with one Blast, ye Zephyrs fan the Glade.
 Ye feather'd Quire, forbear a while your Song,
 So sweet her Voice, ye cannot think her long:
 Give Ear ye Echo's, who in Caverns dwell,
 Learn hence to speak, ye never spoke so well.
 Octavio's Name's like animating Fire,
 Apollo's scarce, can brighter Thoughts inspire:
 And let whole Nature listen to thy Moan,
 Subside all other Woes, subside our own.

Aminta.

Last Night, tempest'ous Boreas seem'd to keep,
 His balful Revels on the roaring Deep;
 Thunders augment the horrid rattling Din,
 And the blue Fires disclose the dreadful Scene:
 Tall Oaks, which many raging Gusts have born,
 (Imperial still) from their broad Roots were torn.
 The Wood-Nymphs quit with fear the falling Load,
 And shrieking fly, to seek some new Abode.
 But I, whom Grief had wonted to Despair:
 Explore the sweeping Winds, and wou'd the Tempest
 share,
 Upon the naked Beach, by the white Lightning's
 glare.
 Fearless I tread the Mazes of the Night,
 And hunt out Objects terrible to sight.
 For as the * Roman Bards, 'tis sweet to see,
 To us who mourn, others as sad as we:
 That they in part, support their Weight of Woes,
 And Fate to us alone, directs not all its Blows.

* Seneca, Virgil.

Melissa.

*Cease these Degressions, Nymph, nor now declare;
 But of Octavio, and his Love's Despair;
 The waiting Tears stand ready at thy Call,
 The waiting Tears attend his early Fall.
 And let all Nature join th' unequal'd Woe,
 Swell on ye Floods, ye Fountains over-flow.*

Aminta.

*Fantastick Boreas rag'd himself to sleep,
 Lull'd on the Bosom of the ebbing Deep;
 And struggling Light, beginning to regain
 Alternate Sway, resum'd his chearful Reign.
 Now Elves and Fairies, quit the chosen Ground;
 No more with little Trips beat fast the gaudy Round.
 The grumbling Thunder, solemnly retires,
 Attended with Auxilliary Fires:
 And all the dreadful Rant of Nature o'er,
 Gives us to see the Objects we deplore.*

*Join all the World in this excess of Woe,
 Swell on ye Floods, ye Fountains overflow.*

*Here, the departing Waves, in horrid roar,
 Enriches, with their numerous Spoils, the Shoar.
 Planks, Cordage, Sails, are scatter'd all around,
 And breathless Bodies strow the conscious Ground:
 Some are by rav'ning Fishes piece-meal torn,
 For Cruelty's in every mortal Form.
 Some grasp a Plank, some to the Mast are ty'd,
 Thus by prolonging Fate, they doubly dy'd.
 The various colour'd Shells, and yellow binding Sand,
 No more appear, no more the shining Strand:*

'Tis all a Ship-wreck'd Scene of new-wrought Fate,
 Dreadful to think, too dreadful to relate :
 Polluted with the Touches of the Dead,
 With Steps unnumber'd, hastily I fled,
 Beyond the Mark, which the proud Sea confines,
 Where great Octavio's Seat the Margin joins.
 But here all Nature weep th' exalted Woe,
 Swell on ye Floods. ye Fountains over-flow.

When warm Favonius, and the Spring invite,
 With its young Bloom, to taste the fresh Delights
 Of verdant Plains; the sweetly smelling Grove;
 When Venus points out every Swain his Love,
 Bright Sacharissa, and her Lord repair,
 (Guiltless of Courts) to taste the fragrant Air :
 To taste the Sweets they to each other give;
 Blest in themselves, this part of Life they live :
 For no Disquiets haunts the Rural Seat :
 Ambition, Jealousie, the Tortures of the Great : }
 'Tis all Elysium, in this soft Retreat.
 It was ! But oh, no more ! 'Tis past, 'tis gone :
 Cold Death succeeds, and black Despair comes on !
 All Nature join, to weep the mighty Woe ;
 Swell on ye Floods, ye Fountains over-flow.

This Palace so renown'd, for past Delight :
 As near I drew, with Horror catch'd the sight.
 The Lares bang their Heads, and inward groan ;
 The drooping Genii cry, their Lord is gone !
 Virgins, who Garlands wove, his Head to crown,
 Reverse the Work, and raving tear their own :
 On Heaps of dismal Greens; ill-boding Yew, &
 Dark mournful Cypress, and the bitter Rue :
 (Those Hyroglyphicks of their Woe) around, }
 A wither'd Plat of Grass, their Hair unbound,
 With Garments torn, and scatter'd on the Ground : }
 Forlorn

Forlorn they lay, streaming their Eyes appear,
Directing to this Palace of Despair.

Beyond, two human Forms in mourning Dress,
The motionless, dumb State of Death express.
Like Statues on each side the well-wrought Gate,
Guard the Ascent, to the sad Scene of Fate:
The Walls, which Antick Pictures use to adorn,
In deepest Sables now their Master mourn.
Large Rooms of State, all black as low'ring Night,
Pale winking Lamps, glim'ring imperfect Lights;
In Rank stand silent Shades, like those below,
But fix'd, not gliding, from this Scene of Woe.
Their down-cast Eyes, unheeding those who pass,
Eloquent Grief decypher'd on each Face.

But, O! what change of Pain our Thoughts employ,
At the conclusive Scene of our past Joy?
Where great Octavio, on the Bed of State,
Gave us to think of dead Adonis Fate.
So Young, so Lov'd, so Mourn'd, so Dear, be sell,
And Sacharissa sues to Venus well:
So full of Charms, so full of melting Grief,
So lost to Love, so hopeless of relief.

All Nature weep, th'inimitable Woe,
Swell on ye Floods, ye Fountains overflow.

Hung round with deepest Night, the conscious Room,
Eschuteons, Streamers, and the waving Plume,
Proclaim the pompous Mourning of the Tomb. }
Tall Lights, of whitest Wax, their Lustre gave,
For Ostentation follows to the Grave:
O splendid Woe! O vanity of State! }
In Death's dark Realm, distinction 'twou'd create,
Where all alike are low, where all alike are great.
What means this awful Horror to our Eyes?
Within, within, the truest Mourning lies:

Octavio's

Octavio's Loss, struck the deciding Blow;
There needs no heightning to supremest Woe.

Delia began to sing the Hero dead;
Delia, had in Apolo's Court been bred:
Nor Afra, nor Orinda knew so well,
Scarce Grecian Sapho, Delia to excel:
In Strains that tell the certainty of Fate,
And the uncertainty of Human State,
Imperfect tho' I am, I will her Song relate.

Delia.

Oh World! Oh Fortune! vainly 'tis you charm,
Against the Conqu'ror Death, there's none can arm.
Tear your bright Hair, ye Maids in Courts who shine,
And you blest Nymphs, whom Rural Groves confine;
In Consort wring your Hands, in Consort mourn;
Beat your fair Breasts, from thence gay Thoughts be
torn.

Join in repeated Groans, in fragrant Sighs,
And quench with Tears your sparkling shine of Eyes.
See here! Alas! Look here what Death has done!
Rent your rich Robes, and put dark Cypress on.
Lament, lament the State of Human Woe:
Nor Birth, nor Youth, can ward the cruel Blow.
Look on Octavio, once so good, so just,
How early mingles he with common Dust:
From the Fair Book of Life expung'd betime,
Snatch'd in his Bloom of Tears, whilst Love was in
its prime.

Tho' Sacharissa's most endeavoring Arms,
Like sacred Amulets, protects from Harms,
Protects him from the force of any other Charm.

Mourn all ye Sons and Daughters of the Bays,
Who now shall hear, who now reward your Lays?
For Profit ever mingled with his Praise.

Howl

Howl ye Distress'd, ye miserable Poor,
 Cloath'd by his Goodness, fed from out his Store:
 Let Sorrow now, what Wretchedness had done;
 Te peris'd all in his expiring Groan:
 Unnumber'd were his Grants, like Ocean's Sand,
 Ev'n Bounty took new Beauty from his Hand:
 But——

O Annabel! Who can define thy Woes:
 Alas! thou doubly feel'st the Mother-Throws.
 Thro' all the Circle, thy fair Life has run,
 Transporting Fondness blest this only Son:
 To thee, more than his Birth, his Fame he ow'd,
 Thy Graces in the Hero's Bosom glow'd.
 What didst thou not, his Vertues to improve?
 How early charm'd in Sacharissa's Love?
 So Young, so Beauteous, the Beholders thought,
 Cupid and Psyche to their Nuptials brought:
 The Genial-Bed was fruitful—— There's thy Care,
 Transfer thy Love, and raise Thee from Despair.
 Guard those fair Blossoms from intruding Harms;
 O! Early guard 'em from unlucky Storms:
 View all their Father, in his blooming Race;
 See thy dear Son re-lives in ev'ry Face.
 Whilst——

Back, to the boundless Universe he rowls,
 E'er this decides, the great dispute of Souls:
 But his immortal Fame shall never waste,
 Like still enduring Time, it must to Ages last.

Astrea. We that are us'd to the genuine Elegies of Melpomene, and other Performances of the Daughters of Parnassus, find but a faint Relish of the Muses in this Poem; however, since he has something of a Genius, we will be indulgent to the Attempt: He has accomplish'd his

H

Hero;

Hero; I would know, whether he drew him as he was, or as he ought to have been.

Intel. First, Madam, the better to illustrate my Story, I beg your Attention for a second Performance of the same Poet, drawn in by the pretended Repentance, and reiterated Promises of his false Friend, who perhaps, (and that's no wonder) may deceive him the second time. 'Tis just warm from the Muse; finish'd but Yesterday, and newly communicated to me, to be distributed abroad.

Astrea.

*Mourn'd by Aminta, thus Octavio dy'd,
 A Nymph who had th' Extremes of Sorrow try'd;
 A Cave she sought, far from the Realm of Light,
 It seem'd the dark Abode of Genuin Night;
 Surrounded by a threatening gloomy Grove,
 Where everlasting Ghosts incessant rove,
 Pale Spectres, who had met their Fate by Love.
 The Sun, nor penetrates at chearful Noon,
 Nor at full Night, the glim'rings of the Moon.
 No pleasing Bird, their warbling Throat employ,
 Nor Nymph, nor Swain, e'er tasted here of Joy.
 These fly the dreadful Shade, and haste away;
 Those leave the Haunt, to Birds of dreadful prey;
 The Regions native Horror they partake,
 With Vulture Screams, and the dire Pinions shake,
 They wound the Ear and double Darkness make.
 Yet Friendship, fearless, and alone can trace,
 The congregated Horrors of the Place.
 Melissa, braves the Terrors of the Grove,
 The Path seems rose all, that leads to what we love.
 Stretch'd on the Damps of that unwholesom Cave,
 The Emblem of her faithful Lover's Grave.*

By

By a dim Lamps imperfect sickly Ray,
The poor Forlorn, Distress'd Aminta lay,
And mourn'd, and wept, and watch'd her Hours
away.

When thus Melissa——

Melissa.

Thou seem'st a Niobe of Grief, so petrid grown,
That not one Sigh thy Breast, thy Voice a Moan,
Nor other sign of living Woe is shown.
But to re-animate thy sinking Frame,
If yet thy dying Fire can catch a Flame;
If vital Warmth's not quite extinguisht there,
Or thy dear Eyes retain a latent Tear;
The Musick of thy Voice not fled away,
Or thy sweet Muse in its extreme decay.

But if they were, my Tale can force new Woe,
Bound thee from Earth, and every Grief bestow;
New Vigour add to thy expiring Life,
New Anguish to thy Soul, new anxious Strife;
As once thou mourn'st the Husband, now to weep
the Wife.

Aminta.

Thy Voice indeed is sad, but deeply moves,
Suiting the Horror of our ruin'd Loves.
Of all those Woes, dispens'd by Hands divine,
Hast thou e'er heard a Tale to equal mine?
Can Angela another Loss bemoan;
Oh no! There is no second Grief, Octavio gone.

Melissa.

Yet I have Woes wou'd damp the Bridegroom's Joy,
And the gay Smiles of Conquerors destroy.

No new made Monarchs, eager of the Crown,
This Story told, wou'd put his Glories on.

Aminta.

Speak on my Friend, no more thy Grief refrain,
I live with Horror, and was form'd for Pain.
Thy brimful Eyes, much untold Sorrows show,
Give me the Cause; give me the Theme of Woe.

Melissa.

Too big for Words, and for Belief too great,
I scarce have strength the Story to repeat.
O! Canst thou guess, the worst ill Fate cou'd do,
That which can ev'n Octavio's Loss out-go!
Reflect on what's most terrible to Thought;
The widow'd World to Desolation brought.
Extinguish'd Beauty, Merit fled the Earth,
Youth, Goodness, ev'ry Virtue sally'd forth, }
A rude rough Chaos, indigested worth;
Nought else remains; but, O! to sum up all,
We need but speak of Sacharissa's Fall.
She, she, is folded close in Death's cold Arms,
Death riots now in Sacharissa's Charms:
From her bright Eyes the Lightnings snatch'd away,
No more they bless the World, no more the Day.
Extinguish'd Lustre, Horror, Darknefs, Night,
Succeed, alas! there most triumphant Light.
The fading Roses, slowly quit the Place, }
A pale dead Hue, invades the fair Face,
That Tyrant dispossesses every Grace.
The Ardor of her Sighs no longer warms,
No more her Smiles, no more her Sweetness charms.
In one sad Hour, how great a Change is made!
In one sad Hour, Ten thousand Beauties fade.

Aminta

Aminta.

*This strikes indeed, it wounds with strong surprise,
But O to happy Realms, bright Sacharissa flies.
The Storm now past, and cruel Death o'recome,
New Joys arise from their united Tomb.
To blissful Worlds they fly, they rest from Care;
Admir'd and pointed out (by all) the happy Pair.*

Melissa.

*What shame to thee, to me, thus long to mourn,
With latent Tears, to hover o'er an Urn?
Had Love, or Grief, possess'd us as it ought,
We now had been beyond the pain of Thought.
Like Sacharissas, had our Flame been strong,
So short the Torment, and the Triumph long.
She ! who had every Bribe that Bliss cou'd move,
Youth, Beauty, vast Possessions, smiling Love.
The Tribute of all Hearts, the Wish of Eyes,
Neglecting these, for her Octavio dies.
O lovely, faithful Wife ! O most sublime,
Unequal'd Fair ! the Muses Theme be thine.
All Pens, all Tongues, shall celebrate thy Fame ;
And distant Regions learn to Bless thy Name.*

Aminta.

*This then's the Vision that I lately saw,
Charm'd by soft Sleep, which gives ev'n Sorrow Lax.
Reclin'd, along that melancholy Stream,
I'll tell thee all ; 'twas far beyond a Dream.
A Youth appear'd, divinely Bright and Fair ;
His Eyes celestial Fire, Sun-beams his Hair !*

*A Silver Wand did grace his lovely Hand,
Which waving twice, he gave this sweet Command:
Come follow me, thou weeping, constant Maid,
And, for a while, be all thy Sorrows staid.*

*Away! thro' pleasing Worlds, all beautiful and
new,*

*With softest ease, and swift as thought we flew.
Till resting on enamel'd flowry Ground,
Thus spake my Guide, cast-thou thy Eyes around:
See the kind Palms, how fondly they improve,
Their mutual Joys, clasp'd by the Arms they love.
Behold the wedded Myrtles, and again behold,
The spreading Ivy does the Elm infold.
The mated Turtles, perch on ev'ry Bough.
Mark how they Coe and Kifs, and seem to Vow.
By these fond am'rous Emblems that appear,
Canst thou not guess whose Palace shou'd be near?
It must be Hymen's sure, I weeping said,
Hymen, who all my tendrest Hopes betray'd.
See there! forlorn he is, the Youth reply'd,
Mourning a lovely Fair, that lately dy'd;
A faithful Wife, bright Sacharissa, who,
Despising Life, flies to her Lord below.
See, see! his Saffron Robe is found,
In pieces rent, and scatter'd on the Ground.
Around the pensive God, the weeping Cupids lay;
Far he had thrown th' Hymenial Torch away:
Which now, but faintly glim'ring, seem'd to expire,
But that the mourning Loves, as faintly, fan'd the
Fire.*

*A River next, my Guide, divides the Flood;
On either side the croud'd Waters stood.
Come view the Plains, he said, the happy Grove,
Where faithful Hearts swell with eternal Love.
We reach the shining Strand, the Golden Bow'rs,
Where Times no more; no counting Days, or
Hours: No*

*No rousing Years, that snatch our Bloom away,
With change of Seasons, bringing Youth's decay.
Like the first Pair, in full Perfection form'd;
For ever. Charming, and for ever Charm'd.*

*Whilst thus intent, on all the glorious Throng,
A brighter Beauty, sweep'd the Shades along.
New-come she seem'd, new-landed on the Plain;
Caress'd and Crown'd by all the heavenly Train.
Some Garlands brought, and strew'd with Sweets her
Hair;*

*The falling Sweets o're-press the welcome Fair:
Thro' Acclamations of celestial Voice,
They bear her to the Scene of all her Joys.
To her Octavio, who her Heart had fill'd,
For, oh! 'twas Sacharissa, I beheld.*

*Whilst, with unbounded Raptures, they caress,
A Radiant Youth, thus sung their Happiness.*

The Praises of the Dead.

*Strike the harmonious Lyre, and sing aloud;
Sing Sacharissa's Glory to the Croud.
Each Scene she finish'd with so nice a Care,
No Master-piece of Life was ever half so fair.
Most happy Father, who has liv'd to see
A Child, of such unerring Piety.
Bless'd Infants, who from such a Mother came,
You, fair Born Daughters, imitate her Fame; }
As hers may yours, acquire a deathless Name.
Ye happy Sons, tread in the Path she made;
Keep but the Track, your Laurels ne'r can fade.
Honour, that Idol, never yet could see
So fair, and yet so true, a Votary.
When Youth, Wealth, Beauty, all invite to live;
What the gay Court, or gayer Love, could give:*

That part divided, which enrich'd the whole,
 Were Bribes too mean for Sacharissa's Soul.
 Deaf to th' Enchantments of a tempting Age,
 Deaf to those Blandishments which Youth engage :
 Excluded from all Joy, to Grief a prey ;
 The eating Viper gnaw'd his fatal way ;
 Deep sunk in Woe, she scarce beheld the Light,
 Never, O never, tasted of Delight.
 Till Death, so often call'd for, came at last ;
 Death, when intreated, makes but slower haste.
 Sullen and proud, he bids the Wretched stay,
 But snatches the most prosperous in a day.
 These Storms o're-past, the happy Pair unite
 Their Virtues, crown'd with uncontroll'd Delight.
 Fix'd in the highest Orb, they brightest move ;
 The shining Gods such Happiness approve.
 New Constellations they so grace the Sky,
 Look up the World, and laud their Memory.

Astrea. I doubt this is but your Poet's Compliment ; for, as lately as I came from thence, they knew nothing of the matter then.

Intell. That's no Business of his, he cares not whether ever they get there or no ; I see his Flattery has not catch'd your Mightiness's applause nor approbation, and yet 'tis well enough, according to the rate of the present Writers. There are so few in this warlike, illiterate Age, that understand the true Beauties of Poetry, that the happy few that can distinguish themselves (in a just Indignation at its ignorance) are silent ; the Critick is degenerated from his first Original ; 'tis now only understood as speaking of a Person of Spleen and Ill-nature, who professes against being pleased at any thing but his own Compositions, or when he can find fault with

with others; he never applauds, tho' in the right place, but often condemns in the wrong. And these (by Faction and Party) are Leading Men among the ignorant, who are fifty to one, the greater number. This silent Resentment, from the real Worthy, (those that can rescue declining Poetry) gives the greater liberty to the Poetaster to pester the Town, and overwarm it with their Bumbast. A certain Author says, " That he Tasts Verses like Melons, " if they have not something in their flavour " approaching to Perfection, he cannot relish " 'em. I'm afraid he must have resolv'd, had he liv'd now, not to have eat at all, or at least without the *Ben Goust*.

Virtue. My Lady *Intelligence* is wandred from her Subject, she has forgot the dead Lady, and her History.

Intell. But a short Digression, Ladies, 'tis natural to our Sex to Elope. You must know then, that the Lady St. *Amant*, the Poets *Sacharissa*, dy'd for Love; a Love so violent and indigestive, that she cou'd not throw it off at a less price than her Life.

Astrea. That is but what we found in the Essay: Can your Poets here below speak Truth?

Intell. Metaphorically, or by way of *Allegory*. The Lady St. *Amant* dy'd for Love indeed; but for whom? Not for *Monsieur Octavio*!

Astrea. On to the purpose; for we have great Affairs upon our Hands.

Intell. And I have yet very much to show and to inform you of, call'd to so eminent a Station: I shall endeavour to discharge my self as I ought of an Employment honourable and distinguishing.

Mon-

*M. Cook
of Norfolk.
Dedicated
to Mr John
Newton*

M. Cade of N. A. Monsieur Se. l'Amant was Master of a very great Estate; so far the Poet's Character is right; he found the Wife his Mother bestow'd upon him much to his Mind, being neither nice nor enterprizing; he lov'd lazy Pleasures, and therefore never gave himself the Fatigue of Flattery and Dissimulation to the Ladies, without which you seldom prevail with them, unless it be by Dint of Money; and that he cou'd employ more to his Mind in the Revels of *Bacchus*, than the Rites of *Venus*; and that's one more Perfection agreeing with the Historian: But I should be at a Loss to carry the Parallel any further. As to his being a *Patriot*, I never heard of any thing he perform'd that way, dissenting but by a *No*; and encouraging that Party he would fain have it thought he was of, but by a *Tes*. His Pleasure was in his Appetite, I mean good Eating; eminent for the distinction of his Taste, and a nice order'd Table; Wine, and the hotter Liquors were the occasion of his Death; the Physicians vainly forbid him too liberal a use of 'em: He dy'd memorable for nothing, but introducing a Bosom-Friend of his to his Lady's Intimacy and Favour, and lessening his Children's Fortunes to enlarge her Dowry: 'Twas kind and obligingly done of him, he cou'd do no more, but die quickly out of the way, to leave her the richest Widow in all *Atalantis*.

A Donative so much to her advantage, gave her Parents the Alarm; her Mother, like a wise and prudent Woman, after the first Gust of her Sorrow was blown over, read her perpetual Lectures of Widows, that were undone and ruin'd by marrying of second Ventures; her Husband's Family were not at all pleas'd at the
Distinction

Distinction he had made in prejudice to the Children, and probably were then upon the watch, to find what they might have to object against her.

The young *Baron de Mezaray* was of a very *J. D. B.* ancient Family, but the too liberal Excesses of his Forefathers, had extremely impaired the Estate, he could no more maintain it in its former Splendor; there were who love to concern themselves in the Affairs of all Men, that wonder'd he did not seek to better his Circumstances, by applying himself, either to the *Court* or *Army*; probably it was not his Principle, or he did not love the Fatigues of the *Camp* or *Cabinet*.

Monsieur St. P. Amant lov'd nothing so tenderly as he did the *Baron*; he would not by his good Will have breath'd a Day without him; he was the *Zest* to all his Pleasures. *Bacchus*, (as well as he lov'd him) had not his true Flavour when he was wanting; and one wou'd think he cou'd have e'en shar'd with him the Delights of *Venus*, by so frequently forcing him upon his Lady: He would tell her, that if there were any thing she could more oblige him in than other, 'twou'd be in tenderly respecting the *Baron*, who deserved admiration more than all Mankind put together; that this degenerate Age had nothing else to boast of, had not Nature put him into the World; we must have been at a loss to have guess'd at the perfection of our People of Virtue, that were born so many Ages before us; when the World was young in Vice, he was indeed a true Copy of 'em, their shining Qualities all center'd in him, his extraordinary Modesty only kept him from universal Admiration, a Quality in-born

in-born to the most worthy; that when he pleas'd, 'twas but making himself known to receive the first Dignities and Employments of the Empire, tho' the ill-natur'd will tell you, his greatest Merit, according to *Monsieur's* *Goust* agreeable, consisted in being a *bonne Compagnion*, in knowing when your *Crab-fish*, *Soups*, *Olios*, *Terren*, *Fricasies*, and other Elegancies of the Table, were in perfection; which were best for a Preparative, which for a Digestive, Spirit of *Clary*, Tincture of *Saffron*, *Barbadoes-Water*, *Persico*, ou *l'eau de vit*, avec *le Fleure d'Orange*. Madam de *St. l'Amant* had been marry'd so young, that Love had nothing to do in that Affair; he was not at all necessary to a Match made up by Friends; however she grew up with great Inclinations to comply in every thing with a Husband so obliging, therefore we must not think it at all strange, that she so readily obey'd him, in esteeming the *Baron*. He was by freedom of Conversation let into a thousand Intimacies, which gave him Opportunities of distinguishing himself by a more insinuating Behaviour, than was necessary to a Husband at ease, and in full possession of what ever a Wife can bestow. Love, that dangerous Enemy of our quiet, that sooner or later forces every Heart by Experience, to acknowledge him the Master, had a malicious desire to poyson that easie manner of Life, between *Monsieur* and *Madam St. l'Amant*, he trick'd up the *Baron* in all things that cou'd appear lovely to the Eyes of the Lady: Dress'd up his Air with killing Smiles; furnish'd his Eyes from his own Quiver; begg'd some of his beautiful *Mother's* Sweetness, and her best Water for Complection; pilfer'd from every one of the *Graces*, to adorn his Favourite,

vourite, and e'en stole some of the *Ambrosia*, to diffuse throughout his Person, so that nothing appear'd so charming as he to the Lady: I had forgot to tell you, that *Cupid*, tho' he be not very good-natur'd, in compassion to the rest of the Sex, made these Perfections visible to none but her; as to the super Ornaments of the Mind, they were not necessary in this case. What have Lovers to do with Sense and Judgment? Wisdom was never so much as ever made mention of in their Court of Requests; brisk Repartees; some superficial Sparklings of Wit; a well-turn'd Period; an agreeable manner of telling a Story, no matter whether the Story be good or bad; eternal Compliances; incessant Flattery; never-ending Praises; perfect Resignation, and continual Importunities, are their Letters of Mart, and pass better in Love's-Exchange, than fine Understanding.

. Madam *S. P. Anant*, who was no Conjuror in unraveling Mysteries, tho' they were e'en those of Nature, wonder'd what sort of new Guest she had entertain'd; she neither eat nor slept, a sort of languishing Melancholy made her Days and Nights uneasy to her; *Spleen* and *Vapours* were then fashionable Appellations for Distempers they could strickly give no other Name to; if a Lady wanted Money for the *Basset-Table*, and her Lord refus'd her, presently she was troubled with the *Vapours*; if a Set of Jewels to go to the Apartment, or Presents for a private Favourite, still 'twas the *Vapours*; if she was forbid the freedom of a Hackney-Coach, with her Bosom-Friend the Mantua-maker, the *Vapours* were intolerably powerful, and nothing like a Jaunt *incognito* to allay 'em; in short, poor *Vapours* was forced

St. Gertrude.

forced to father abundance of Inconveniencies. Madam *St. l'Amant* had recourse to 'em; she refug'd under the title of *Vapours*, a Distemper all new and perplexitive: *Signior Montpellier* the Women's Physitian, was order'd to sit in judgment upon my Lady's Indisposition; according to his way of rambling, finding it lay chiefly in the Fancy, he began to entertain her with something which he thought very diverting, his own Amours, and the Favours that had been bestow'd upon him. Madam *St. l'Amant* had indeed heard that was his way, but had never prov'd it before; she assum'd the severe Air of a Woman of Honour, shock'd at the extreme Liberty the Doctor took in his buffoon Relation: When he saw he had miss'd of his Aim, and cou'd not divert, he seriously advis'd her Husband to take care of her; she had the height of *Vapours*, which might degenerate into Lunacy; to prove this, he repeated those Stories which her melancholy Spleen had been proof against; and because she was not entertain'd with 'em, and did not burst out into a Laughter at his jests, he concluded her mad; and yet this is the first rank'd Wit of the Age: But since I intend to carry you where your selves shall be Judges of his Conversation, I'll not forestal it by Description.

Still the poor Lady languish'd under this nameless Melancholy; *Monsieur* was good-natured, and made himself troublesomly officious; but all his Kindness but increas'd her Malady; every thing he did was displeasing; she had even a Repugnancy in her Nature at speaking civilly to him; when he would touch her Hand, it redoubled her Distemper, but to kiss her Mouth was *Vapours* wrought

wrought up to Frenzy. She wonder'd more than he did at this apparent Dislike; he began in good earnest to fear the Doctor was infallible, and that she would be mad; when he offer'd at carressing, she wou'd squeak out as if she were possess'd; Love for the *Baron* caus'd her (without her own knowledge) to hate her Husband; she receiv'd him with Frowns; answer'd him perversly, and from the purpose; hated to Eat or Sleep where he was, but when the *Baron* appear'd 'twas the Reverse; she smil'd whether she wou'd or no, mauler her self, her Eyes ran into a Dance of Joy; her Heart rebounded in her Breast, Spleen and *Vapours* were no more, her Conversation took a gay turn; the little affected Arts by which the Fair wou'd insinuate, became natural; she new-stamp'd her very Air and Words; all that the *Baron* said, all that the *Baron* did, was delightful to her; she cou'd sit at Table, nay ev'n eat, so he were but one of the Guest; she cou'd reconcile her self to Cards, provided he made one; nay more, her Husband became tollerable to her, in his company; there was nothing to be seen but Smiles of perpetual Joy, whilst the *Baron* was by, but when he departed all was Sun-set, or worse, rising Mists, and cloudy *Vapours*: Her Husband, without any Reflection to her prejudice) saw that nothing diverted her but the *Baron*, and therefore begg'd him as earnestly as if he were suing for the greatest good, to keep his Wife company till her Health was recover'd; he did not in the least wonder that she shou'd think well of him; he had endeavour'd all he could to raise a Friendship and Esteem in her; and because he himself was never so well pleas'd as when he was with him,

he

he easily believ'd another might have the same Sentiments, and be as well entertain'd with what he found so diverting.

The *Baron* was not so great a Novice in Love-Affairs, but he could guess himself the occasion of Madam's Distemper; whether he prided himself in the good Fortune, is not very material, or how great the Contest was between Friendship for his Friend, and Charity for the Lady, at last he concluded that 'twas height of Friendship to have Charity, for by that means he should preserve, and put out of pain a Creature that was dear to his Friend; but the difficulty lay not in his good Intentions, but the manner of allwaging the Grievs of the afflicted Fair One. She had been bred up in a perfect reserve to all the World but her Husband, the Offers of Love from another might probably shock her to a violent degree, and should she once take a Disgust, it might re-call and fix her wandering Heart to its first Object; he therefore concluded it best to redouble, if possible, his Diligence, and to let Chance determine the rest.

The Season was come for going into the Country, the Lady's want of Health seem'd to require it, but she cou'd not tell how to part with the *Baron's* company; not that she suspected the Foulness of the Infection; she was pleas'd, without knowing what pleas'd her; the flushing Blood, obedient to the Dictates of her Love-sick Heart, wou'd immediately fly into her fair Face and Neck at his approach, a sort of shivering, an alternative of heat and cold would seize her, but still this was but the Lady's friendly Distemper, *Vapours*; but such *Vapours*, that was not in the power of *Sal-Volatile*, *Salmoniack*, nor *Spirir*
of

of *Harts-horn* to cure; in vain did the Gentlemen of the Faculty sit in consultation; the *Baron* had more Vertue than all their Medicines; and because good Nature and Friendship were his Talent, to oblige Monsieur, and serve his Lady, he stirr'd from her as little as he could; but the Husband, who lov'd nothing so well as his Friend, and his Wife, always made a third; the Debauch went round in her company, tho' she would not share in it, which was her own fault, in not believing this Doctrine of her Masters, *That the Bottle was a Cure for all Distempers.*

Still was the *Fair* ignorant of the Evil that tormented her. The *Baron* one Day alone with her, she said to him, What melancholy Hours, my Lord, are Monsieur St. *l'Amant*, and my self, going to pass in the Country, unless you can have the Goodness to go with us? I do not use to ask Favours of any one, but I find you so necessary to my Diversion, from this dangerous Melancholy that has seiz'd me, in pity to my self, I make you this Request. By this fine set Speech, you may guess at the Lady's Innocence; she was not accusom'd to read Books of Gallantry; knew no more of Love than what she had got from *Opera's* and *Comedies*, where unless a Lady be in Love before, she seldom makes application; those of the Sex that have that happy Indifference, go to a *Play* but when 'tis cry'd up and becomes the fashion, and then only because the rest of the World goes; she'll go for Company, to see if any Lady have finer Jewels than her self, to expose her own, and to observe the Modes, &c.

She even spoke to her Husband, to entreat the *Baron* to go along with 'em: He desired no more; he was over-joy'd at the Sympathy

he found in his Wife's Inclinations; he bid her be easie, the *Baron* shou'd go with them; then he fell to teizing the *Beloved*, who did not want half that Courtship as he pretended, where could he be better regaled? Where could he live so well as at *Monsieur St. l'Amant*? Besides, the fair Lady's Admiration and Pain for him, made him resolve to please himself, and oblige her. They were no sooner got down, but the Lady fancied herself much better; the reason was plain, the *Baron* was seldom from her, and her Intervals of Melancholy consequently shorter; indeed, those Days that they went a hunting it went ill with her; then she had nothing to do but to have the *Vapours* in perfection; in short, she declared herself a mortal Enemy to that Diversion, and oblig'd 'em to keep at home more than they would have done.

*Lady Erskine
Erskine*

A young Relation of hers, named *Berimtha*, to divert herself and others, came there upon a Visit, with an intent to pass away the Summer; she was very witty, entirely agreeable, full of *Amusement*, and *Coquet* enough: She would have thought it a great Injury to her Charms, if any *Cavaliere* should not seem to be sensible of 'em; at first she did not give herself thought enough to examine the different Interests of the People she was with. She expected no great good (as to matter of admiration) from *Monsieur St. l'Amant*, who had never been in Love in his Life, unless you'll call it Love to be a good and kind Husband to a Wife, that he had marry'd when he was a Child, and grew up with. Those are tender Friendships, free from the Disquiets, the Hopes and Fears for possession; calm are their Desires; calm are their Joys; they

they may be well term'd discharging ones Duty with a good grace, wearing your Fetters with no inclination to Freedom; but the fierce *Delights*, and *ravishing Sweets* of consenting Love, after *Toils*, *Affiduities*, *Despairs*, and *ardent Desires*, are all foreign to a *Hymen* imposed upon us before we have either Age or Leisure to desire it. But Parents think their Children can never be unhappy, if they do but take care of their Interest, which is the true reason that we so seldom see People of Condition, fortunate in their Marriages. The Men seek their Diversions abroad, and the Ladies often are not more innocent, at best their Husbands Inclinations elsewhere never fails to render them miserable.

Berinthia having small Hopes of being adored by one that preferred *Bacchus* to *Venus*, thought she should have a melancholy time of it, if the *Baron* did not prove more sensible. Your true *Coquet* thinks all Pleasures insipid, that are not mingled with the Pretence of Love; I say the Pretence, for their varying Tempers never know what true Love means. What Pains will such a one give herself, to procure a little Flattery? How indefatigable will they be, to gain the Offer of a vain taudry Heart, which they are sure to despise, if once it becomes their real Conquest? But if a Man of Sense ever be so miserable, she is sure to make him suffer all that *Ostentation*, *Pride*, and Desire of having the World see her sovereign Power, can inflict.

Berinthia, being *Coquet* in perfection, whenever she spoke to the *Baron*, she soften'd the Tone of her Voice, call'd Smiles to her Mouth, and Dimples to her Cheeks; assum'd a dying Sweetness in her Eyes; threw out the Bait with all the

Artifice of a skilful hand; not that she lov'd him, any other Man wou'd have serv'd her business as well; her *Pride* was this, to be admir'd: She mortally hated that Lady, whom she could not rob of her Gallant. Such a Solitude was affrighting to one of her Temper; if the *Baron* had immediately surrender'd, she had chang'd her first Designs of passing the Summer there, and gone to the *Hot-Baths*, where a much more numerous Assembly promis'd her much greater probability of Admiration.

The *Baron*, grateful to the Pains *Madam de St. l'Amant* felt for him, wou'd not give in to the Artifices of the *Coquet*, at least till he had suffer'd her to play all her Tricks over, and was come to the down-right advance, of telling him, that his Indifference displeas'd her, nay, (perhaps inflam'd by his Coldness, the Antiperistasis had really warm'd her) she reproach'd him one Day in the Garden, after so gallant a manner, that he knew not how to defend himself; she told him, 'twas highly unnatural, in a Man of his Age, to let a young Lady pass so neglected; she would not believe that these were Times for Gentlemen to leave their Hearts behind 'em; that shou'd a Beauty (as she did not doubt) have engross'd it whilst he was at *Angela*, he knew better, than not to have it now at Command, since new Places generally produced new Conquests, to People of his Merit.

Nothing could have been said more obliging; he was very near being catch'd with it, at another Time, and in another Place, he would not at all have hesitated; that fair Lady, or any other fair Lady might have commanded him, as far as she pleas'd, at least to the extent of his
Power,

Power, tho' he had ev'n strain'd to oblige her. But he knew very well, that *Coquets* desire nothing so much of the Conquest, as the Reputation of it. 'Twas impossible to have an Affair with any of that Stamp a Secret; they are the first themselves in proclaiming the advantage they have over other Women. He should lose tender Madam *St. l'Amant*, her Virgin-Heart; her appropriated Kindness, for one that had not the least part of her value; so that he did not know what to answer her. *Berlintha* was as cunning as a Witch; by the perturbation of his Mind, which show'd it self upon his Face, and the silence he held; she had her Eyes open'd in a Minute; she recollected with an admirable swiftness of Thought, all Madam *St. l'Amant's* Complaisances to the *Baron*, and his Assiduities to her; she no longer doubted but that was the Mystery, and wonder'd that she should be so long unravelling of it; she was sure that Coldness could not be natural to him. Oh poor *Baron*! continu'd she, with a loud Laugh, I pity you; I see how 'tis with you, you are afraid to make Madam *St. l'Amant* jealous.

Madam *St. l'Amant*, he answer'd, with a severe Frown, is not a Subject for us to trifle with, her Virtue is above being censur'd by the Standard of others; if your Thoughts and Inclinations be gay, you are not to judge of hers by your own. Nothing cou'd have been said more disobliging; it confirm'd *Berlintha* in her Suspicions, therefore to be reveng'd on them both, she was resolv'd not to throw up her Cards, till she had sufficiently perplex'd the Game. She feign'd to be of his Opinion; that what he said he was in the right of, for Madam

St. P. Amant was a Woman of undoubted Honour; what she had spoke was only by way of Railery, to find (if possible) some Excuse, tho' never so improbable, for that excessive Coldness, wherewith he receiv'd the Favours, a young Lady, (not wholly disagreeable) bestow'd upon him.

The *Baron* fell into her Snare; he believ'd what she said, and to confirm her, spoke and did so many kind things, as would have pacified one less acquainted with the World; but she was too cunning, and knew whence they were deriv'd. She hated being oblig'd to another, for what she thought her own due, yet she feign'd to give in to what he said, but violently, (with a premeditated Design) oppos'd him as he kiss'd and pull'd her. He proceeded neither with the Respects nor Transports of a Lover: *Berimba* was not to distinguish, at this time of Day, between the real and the pretended; she had so often acted her self, that she soon discovered the Counterfeit in him. They had left *Madam St. P. Amant* upon a Bed of repose, in a Banquetting-House, in the Garden, to try to get a little Sleep. *Berimba* did not think her self half enough tumbled, but with her little Graces and Affectations, she still provok'd the *Baron* to kiss and teize her, which she resisted as much as her strength would permit: Warm'd by the soft Play and Touches of a young willing *Coquet*, he follow'd her in good earnest, and pull'd her down by main force upon a Bed of Greens, in an Arbor where they were, till he had almost kiss'd and rufl'd her to pieces.

Probably

Probably he had made greater advantages, if *Monsieur St. l'Amant* had not surpriz'd him. Oh, *Gud Cosen*, says the Lady, getting up from the Baron, who did then let her rise, was there ever such a Brute? He's ruder than a Bear! is this your modest Gentleman? I'll never trust my self with him again? Then brushing briskly by 'em, she ran down the Walk, and struck up another that led to the Banqueting-House, all discompos'd and ruffled as she was, and quite out of Breath with running, she flings open the Door in a pretended fright, and throws herself upon the Marble Floor, by *Madam St. Amant's* Bed of Repose, who did not fail very earnestly to enquire the occasion of that disorder. It was a long time before she pretended to have power to speak, at last she told her, the Baron had undoubtedly ravish'd her, if her Husband had not come in and prevented him. What became of poor *Madam St. l'Amant* at this moment, this was the worst *Vapours* of all! her Blood ran to heart, and left her Face pale as the dying or dead. New-born *Jealousie* met with it in its passage, and, by a flush of Rage and Fire, return'd it back in perfect Scarlet: It cover'd her Neck and Breasts, as well as her Face, glow'd all over her Body, and rose to choak her Words, she cou'd not bring out the least Syllable. Lord, *Cosen*, cry'd cunning *Bertha*, (who had done all this to provoke her) are you out of your Senses? what's the matter with you? I'll lay my Life you are sick of a Distemper you don't know: 'A my Conscience you are Jealous, and love the Baron. Here the infallible Lady press'd the afflicted to speak to her, but she cou'd only burst out in a greater

passion of Tears; and then 'twas all like to be well enough; no Woman ever dies of a Distemper of the Mind, when she can once come to cry it out. *Berinth* us'd all possible arts to pacify her, her Insinuations were almost irresistible. *Madam St. l'Amant* was all generous and sincere, far from suspecting artifice in others, she never was herself acquainted with any. *Berinth* had nam'd to her that terrible Disease, which she had so long felt, and yet cou'd give no name to. *Jealousie* had discover'd it to be *Love*, because he never appears in a place where *Love* is not. *Jealousie* confirm'd it to be *Love*; because in a moment she pass'd to an aversion for her Cousin, who before had been very well in her kindness. What shou'd she do? That airy Creature was Mistress of her Secret, and wou'd infallibly divert the Town with it; what cou'd she do? She saw she was in a moment going to lose that long-valu'd Reputation and Esteem that she had been hitherto in possession of; but what most amaz'd her, was, that she cou'd be so many Months ignorant of her own Distemper. She hop'd it was still a Secret to all the World but *Berinth*, that even the Baron himself was unacquainted with it, whose knowledge she more dreaded than her Husbands; he had ever been so extreme respectful, that she had reason to think him ignorant; for few Men but grow presuming, when they believe themselves desirable.

Berinth favour'd her Modesty, and gave her time to set her Heart and Mind in order; for as yet she had not spoke one Word. The *Coquet* had what she wanted, and did not care, upon second Thoughts, to be made a Confident, for
fear

fear it might be some sort of a Tie upon her not to blaze abroad the Secret. Seeing her Cousin had left crying, and was fall'n into a profound *Refuery*, forgetting her late misfortune, as if she had not been like to be Ravish'd, nor no such thing had happen'd; she got up (singing a Tune in the new Opera) to adjust herself at a Glass; but when she saw what a Figure she was, how tumbled and disorder'd, she burst out in a loud Laughter, tho' not able to draw the Lady from her Cogitations. When she had compos'd her Dress, repeating the same Opera-Air, she went out of the Banqueting-House, and left her to herself.

The Baron, who had shifted off *Monsieur St. Amant*, under pretence of taking a little Sleep in that Arbor, to recover his amorous Fatigues, no sooner saw him return into the House, but he arose, and, by a round-about way, got to another part of the Banqueting-Room, wherein the two Ladies were. He listned and heard *Berimtha* very busie upon his Chapter: This was exactly what he expected, but he did not know what to think, whether he shou'd be sad or joyful at her telling her Cousin that she was in love with the Baron, and jealous of her: He heard the poor afflicted Lady's Passion of Tears, the *Coquet's* endeavours to appease, and draw from her the confirmation (by Words as well as Actions) of that dangerous Secret; and, in short, all that pass'd till *Berimtha* went out. He lean'd against a Tree, as if it were to weigh and determine with himself what to do, whether he shou'd leave the Lady to recover her Disorder, by time and reflection, or offer his mediation: He guess'd the worst of her Distemper (if she really

Really lov'd him as he believ'd) must be *Jealousie*; therefore he thought it but Charity to ease her Mind in that particular. He fetch'd a little compass to bring him into the Walk which fronted the Door *Berimba* had left open, because he would not have her think he had overheard 'em. So profound was her Contemplations, that she saw him not, tho' her Face was that way, till the noise he made in entring rais'd her Eyes, which were heavy, and weigh'd down with weeping. He appear'd so lovely to her Imagination, and so respectful to her Sight, that she had no inclination to receive him roughly. In the most insinuating and passionate Terms, he beg'd (without interruption) a short Audience of her; and tho', as he said it was, what no Gentleman ought to do, to betray the advances that were made him by any of the fair Sex, yet he had so ardent a desire to vindicate himself to her, that he would sacrifice his very *Dévoir* to compass it. Then he told of his whole Affair with *Berimba*. *Coquets* do not always appear such to their own Sex, their free-behaviour are generally attributed to Youth and Gaiety, which possibly may be innocent. This is what Madam St. *l'Amant* always believ'd of her Cousin; but when she heard the Baron report of the advances she had made him, and of her telling him that he durst not take advantage of 'em, for fear of making her Jealous, the apparent design she had to get him to tumble her in that manner, only that she might the better draw the Secret from her, by her pretended discovery of the Baron's Rudeness. That Air of Truth with which he spoke, and her own powerful Inclinations to believe well of him, made her no longer

longer doubt any part of the Relation. He durst not take notice to her, that he thought (by her Eyes) that she had been crying, but contented to justifie himself; which, if there had been no *Jealousie* in the case, he wou'd have thought himself oblig'd to do. No Man wou'd desire to be found guilty of such a breach of Manners, as to attempt to Ravish a young Woman of Condition in a Relation's House.

The greatest part of Madam St. *P'Amant's* uneasiness, vanish'd with her *Jealousie*; her Heart assum'd its former Tranquility; if there can be any tranquility in a place where Love resides; and yet undoubtedly there may be a calm, when compar'd to the tempestuous Sea of *Jealousie*. She beg'd him not to disquiet himself for what such an unthinking Creature as *Berinthia* said; she thought she serv'd him well enough to report what she did of him, since he wou'd kiss and tease her against her will; she found it best to turn the Matter into Railery; but did not once repeat what had been said of her self, that was too tender a Point. They walk'd back to the House in a perfect good Intelligence; *Berinthia* met 'em with some Country Ladies that were come to Visit: She swell'd almost to bursting to find her mischief had no better effect, no longer doubting but she was made the Sacrifice, and that the Baron was as happy as Madam St. *P'Amant* cou'd make him. The ill luck she had at Cards that Evening, gave her a good pretence to vent her Spleen and Ill-nature. The Baron won, and did not fail (contrary to the exact Decorum of Good-manners) to insult a little: *Berinthia* cou'd not bear it; there were a
great

great many secret Reproaches thrown out, which were understood by none in the Company but Madam St. *l'Amant* and themselves.

Berinth saw the best of her Market was over at that place, and therefore thought it high time to remove to another; besides, she long'd to be ruining her Cofin's Reputation, and proclaiming her Amour with the Baron. The World is so uncharitable to Lovers, they never will believe that they see one another without Consequences, tho' nothing cou'd be more innocent than Madam St. *l'Amant*, nor respectful than the Baron. *Berinth* soon made it be thought otherwise. The first of these Ladies, warn'd by what she had found of her wicked Temper, had repeated to her Heart those dangerous Proofs of Disquiets and jealousy in the Banqueting-House; because her Tongue had been silent, she wou'd have had it thought, that she was only agitated by a prodigious Fit of the Vapors, so that she knew not what she did. *Berinth* was too cunning a Baggage to let this pass upon her, tho' she had too much Manners to contradict her Cofin. The Ladies parted with a world of indifferency on both sides. 'Twas worse between this and the Baron; he goes a Hunting, and stays at a Country-Gentleman's House two days before she went away, that he might be sure not to see her depart, because of being oblig'd to take his leave of her.

As soon as *Berinth* was got to *Angela*, she said about her very handsomly, in respect to her Cofin's Honour, and not only made a Confidence of her Affair with the Baron to all she met, but even told Madam St. *l'Amant*'s Mother (who was her

her near Relation, and enquired of her why she left her Daughter before the Season was over?) That for her part, she did not love to stay in a place where People grew uneasy; she cou'd not help it, if the Baron thought her younger and more agreeable than her Cousin; but that she thought again she was not over-prudent to publish her Resentment and Concern to all the World; neither did she find it was safe for her to stay in a place where her Honour had been attempted with such Impunity. These Reports were highly scandalous in the Ears of the old Lady, she did not fail to write a large Sheet of Paper to her Daughter, stuff'd full of Reproaches for her past, and Admonitions for a better future Behaviour. Neither did *Berinda's* Malice stop here, so effectually she pursu'd it, that an old blunt Gentleman (highly scandaliz'd at what he heard) by her Agent's instigation, wrote to *Monsieur St. l'Amant*, whose Friend he was, to advise him to take care of the Baron and his Wife.

This fatal Letter found the Husband ill at ease, by the return of a Distemper which, young as he was, us'd to afflict him. He cou'd not believe what he read; the pain of his Body then became little, compar'd to that of his Mind; it seem'd to him as if he awak'd from a Sleep of Popies; he cou'd not but wonder how he shou'd thus long be blind, to what was so clearly seen by the World. His Lady and the Baron, had before employ'd their endeavours to make him return to *Angela*, for better Advice, but this Letter only determin'd him, he shou'd have an opportunity of getting rid of that dreadful Friend from under his Hospitable Roof.

The

The Baron did not fail to accompany 'em to their own Palace, where he took his leave at the Gate, with a Behaviour so tender and respectful, that *St. Amant* almost justify'd him, in his Thoughts. He kept this anguish close confin'd to his own Breast, not without a Million of times accusing himself, for so imprudently pressing his Wife to esteem the Baron, and yet he knew not how to condemn 'em, since herself had been acquainted with her own Distemper; she had more avoided the Lover, and sought her Husband, there was nothing omitted by her that an honest Woman cou'd do in the like extremity; she master'd herself as to those disgusts she formerly seem'd to receive from his Caressees, and declin'd being Entertain'd by the Baron; she prescrib'd herself a perfect Rule of Behaviour, from which she was resolv'd rather to die than depart; and endeavour'd to justify herself to her Mother, by informing her of *Berlintha's* Malice.

Since the Baron knew nothing of all this, he was as assiduous as before, and the World, who knew he was perpetually there, did not discontinue their censure.

Monsieur St. Amant's Distemper redoubled, he cou'd not confine himself to *Wine* and *Water*, or *Tiffanes*, as the Physician wou'd have him, his Troubles of Mind seem'd rather to call upon him for higher Cordials, that he might drown their memory: One day, after a dreadful Fit, he caus'd his Lady to be call'd, and ask'd her, if he had ever fail'd in a tender Husband's Duty? She answer'd him in Tears, that he had not only exceeded all others, but even her own expectations and desert, however partial she might be

he to her self: He then ask'd her, (something abruptly) how she could excuse her self for so ill performing hers? at the same time he gave her that Letter to read, which the old Friend had sent him into the Country: She threw her self upon her Knees, at his Bed-side, and fell a weeping: He ask'd her whether she were really guilty? he cou'd forgive her if she would be ingenuous. Madam *S. P. Amant*, who was bred to hate a Lie, and held it unworthy of that generous Confidence her Husband had put in her, to abuse it, told him all she had suffer'd, from the beginning to that present moment; *Berlintha's* Malice, her own Innocence and the *Baron's*, who had never attempted any thing but what might have been heard and seen by all the World; there's something so persuasive in Truth, that he was convinced: She begg'd him to pity what he could not approve; it was not in her power to master the Passion she had for the *Baron*, but it had been ever so from giving him any Testimonies of it. He told her, he did with all his Heart; and he forgave her; nay, even return'd her Thanks for so well discharging her Duty, when it was so powerfully oppos'd by her Inclinations: He wish'd that he had spoke sooner of it to her, that he might sooner have receiv'd that satisfaction, which he was now afraid came of the latest to him; that he believ'd it had precipitated his Death, which he found coming very fast upon him; but to convince her, that his Esteem was still the same for her, he would have his Will remaining as it was before this had happen'd, that he would ev'n have alter'd it, if it could possibly have been made more for her advantage; but having
left

left her all he could leave her, tho' to the prejudice of their common Children; he begg'd her to be contented with being the richest Widow in all *Atalantis*, without ever bestowing her self or her Fortune upon the *Baron*; not but he eminently deserv'd every thing, but upon the Score, that it would confirm the bad World of those Reports the base *Berinthia* had spread abroad. Madam *St. l'Amant* promis'd him more, never to marry again, tho' it were much to her Honour or Advantage. 'Tis possible he might not believe her in that point, because all Women assure their Husbands of as much. He seem'd only to accuse himself for so indiscreetly introducing a Man of the *Baron's* Merit to his Wife, and dy'd soon after, an eminent Warning to all Husband's from falling into the like Inadvertency.

He was no sooner interr'd, and his Elegy publish'd, but all the Town gave her to the *Baron* for a Wife; they ev'n laugh'd to think how much out of Countenance the Poet would be, when his Mourning, Constant *Sacharissa*, should take the Comforts of a new Bridegroom. Thus they entertain'd themselves at her cost, and *Berinthia* did not fail, in all Companies, to report the Business as good as done.

Poor Madam *St. l'Amant*, Heart-broke with inward Passion, struggling between Love and cruel Decency; full of Veneration and grateful Tenderness to her departed Husband; aw'd and terrified by her Mother's perpetual Remonstrances; rack'd at the remembrance of the *Baron's* Charms, and the Promise she had made *Monsieur St. l'Amant*, forsook the Town, to retire to a small *Villa*, where she gave up her self to perpetual Melancholly; her Health was much impair'd by these

these Conflicts of the Mind. She would sometimes think that she was destin'd by Fate, to retrieve and draw the *Baron's* low Fortune from obscurity, by her abundance; that he was rich enough in Merit to deserve all things. When he came to condole with her the loss of their common Friend, he allow'd much to Decency, and in several Visits spoke nothing of his own Pretensions, but at length, having found the time favourable, he began with an elegant Discourse, of what he had so tenderly suffer'd for her; he pleaded Merit from the Respectiveness of his Flame, and unwearied Silence, to hinder her from those Formalities that might retard his Happiness, he cut her short, by telling all that happen'd in the Banqueting-House, and the knowledge he had of that esteem she had honour'd him with, but appeal'd to her self, if from thence he ever assum'd any merit from it, so as to presume to declare it to her. The Lady, in return, told him, with the same Sincerity, the whole State of her Heart; *Monsieur St. P. Amant's* Discourse; the Promise she had made him, and her Resolution to adhere to it: She begg'd him to see her no more, since it could not be significant to either, but hurtful to both; assur'd him, that as she did not marry *him*, she never would marry any other; but whatever was in her power to serve his Fortune, he might not only depend upon, but command.

Her Mother taking the Alarm from the *Baron's* Visits, never left teizing her, till she fell down-right sick: She was continually remembring her what she ow'd her Children, and the memory of her Husband, to keep her from marrying a Beggar, as she call'd him; how poor and scan-

dalous it would appear to the World; that she would rather follow her to her Grave, than see her in the Nuptial-Bed, with one, whose very acquaintance had been the Death of so dear a Husband, and the only Blot of her own Life. Unable to bear up under all these Disquiets, she was not long in giving the World a very singular Proof of Love and Constancy, tho' the Enemies of the Sex do not fail to interpret it thus, *Cross a Woman in her Will, and you take away her Life.*

Vir. And this has given occasion to the second Elegy. I think the Poet has been mistaken in his Theme; 'twou'd have been something very new, if instead of making her die for her Husband, he had taken the Story as it was, and shew'd her resolv'd upon any Extremeties, rather than be wanting in her Devoir.

Inel. There I must beg your Mightinesses Pardon, for, with submission, Madam, its much a newer thing to have a Lady die for Love and Grief for the loss of her Husband, than at any other thing under the Sun.

Astrea. Tho' what my Lady *Intelligence* has told us in this Story, be entertaining, yet I find nothing in it of use to my Prince, at least not till he be marry'd, unless it be, that he take care before-hand, to make his Wife in love with him, because she will else fall in love with somebody, and so far the Moral may hold good.

Vir. We are far advanced in our Journey: Behold that goodly Temple that stands open: Shall we not go in, and pay our Adoration to *Juno*, to whom it is dedicated?

Inel. The Fabrick is noble: Cast your Eyes upon the elevation, what a majestick height it bears,

Salisbury

bears, it seems to lose its Spire in the Clouds: Mark those curious Images! the Carving, the whole Architecture, is admirable: As you enter you shall pass thro' Columes of Marble-Pillars, numerous as the Hours in a revolving Year: Mark the beauty of the Windows; how various and lively are the Colours; how fanciful are the Works of Mortals! They also are numbred by the Days that *Phœbus* counts in his Solar Course, and to compleat the System, equivalent to the number of the Moons, are the Gates of this magnificent Structure; the Founder was order'd (in a Dream) by *Juno*, to erect this Temple to her Honour, which has a Promise annex'd to it, of enduring till the end of time, that Creation take a new Form, or be no more. The Foundation, (to make it more wonderful) is laid in Water, which is perishable to all things, but this divine Fabrick; there is not above six Foot depth of Earth, all beneath is of the more liquid Element.

Astrea. Methinks I am not half so much satisfied with the Devotion offer'd in the Temple, as with the Temple it self: The High-Priest, *St. of Love*
supine and drowzy, scarce attended to the Duty *Burnett*
of the Place: He has a majestick Appearance; is clad in becoming Ornaments, but still he seem'd to be little at ease, drowzy, and rather fitted for a Bed of repose at home, than his Devotion here.

Intel. That is, because it was not now his time for declaiming to the People, then none more vigorous, fuller of motion, vehement in Speech and Gesture; he is admir'd and follow'd for his Oratory, but the Snares of Beauty, (against which he has not been able to defend himself) Pride, and some other Vices, have dared

to mingle with his Character; the respect I have for all that attend the service of the Altar, makes me chuse rather to conceal than publish their Defects.

Astrea. Methinks little of Devotion mingled among the behaviour of the other Priests; the numerous Train cast their Eyes upon the Fair; they perform'd their Hymns as things they had by rote, without solemnity, as if the Heart, nay the Mind, had no part in it; in short, I am disgusted at the Coolness of their Behaviour; they seem rather to be paid for what they do, than to be pleas'd or affected, I will not say transported, as if the Service were only essential to their Body, not their Soul.

Vir. Night has overtaken us, it will be inconvenient traveling, till *Aurora* return, *Cynthia* is already mounted for her Journey, she is seated in her Car, behold her taking the Reins of Night, and administering to the World in the absence of her Brother. This lovely Walk of Trees, that leads to that House before us; this Arbor and Bench will serve us to repose, till we can re-assume our Travel.

Astrea. I see a Lady with a majestick Mien, beautiful, and her Motions gentile, coming towards us; there is a Cavalier with her, who seems earnest in perswading: They take the next Seat to us; we can at ease hear all that they discourse.

Bar. Why will you force me (my Lord) to give you so fatal a Proof of my Esteem, as must destroy all yours for me? Can nothing else prevail with you to leave me in repose? Must I demonstrate, as well as tell you, the impossibility there is of ever touching my Heart?

Count.

Count. Nothing less can precipitate me into that Despair, that is necessary for leaving you in repose. Quite bereave me, (as you have promis'd) of all hope, make me to see that you merit not to be belov'd, and this Ghost that incessantly haunts you, that gives you such occasion of complaint, may disappear, but till then, permit me to wander on, not utterly void of hope of one Day touching your Heart in my favour.

Bar. 'Tis impossible. I am my self devoted to Despair. Oh, my Lord! let it not be said, that one of so much Merit, as the Count of *Meilliers*, employ'd it only to make an unfortunate Woman more unfortunate.

Count. I renounce any such thought: But, charming *Baroness*! Why should my Love so prodigiously disturb you? Setting our Persons aside, (there I confess, it will be hard, in the whole World, to find an equivalent to yours) my Birth and Fortune may deserve you. In this languid Retirement, you give up your self a prey to black, melancholly, splenetick Vapours, and talk of Despair, which never yet knew how to approach a Lady so amiable as you.

Bar. Alas! How deceitful are Appearances? I must rid my self of your Love, tho' by it I lose your Friendship and Esteem; the Oath you have took to keep inviolably my Secret, will make me discover to you the only important Action of my Life: A Life wasted in Disgusts, and not so much as chequer'd with Pleasures, whilst I am by all thought happy, not deform'd, young, blest with the Smiles of Fortune, yet I find, and know my self a Wretch: Permit me the weakness of a few Tears, and then I will proceed in what you desire.

'Tis needless to report my Birth to you; you know the Reputation my Mother had for Gallantry; she liv'd divided from her Husband; the Baron of *Semes* was reputed her Favourite in the highest manner. He was then past the Flower of his Youth, declining, but handsome for his Age. The first thing I was taught to love, was the Flattery he bestow'd upon me; Flattery, the most pernicious Weed in the Garden of Education! my Mother betimes accustomed me to hear praises of my Beauty, she even bestow'd 'em upon me herself: There is nothing more poisonous for young Maids of Fashion; they are early (by it) taught to believe well of themselves, and contemptibly of others, easily impos'd on in the point of Self-merit, they are betray'd into a groundless Esteem and Desire to make themselves ador'd. How much to blame are Mothers, that heedlessly pass by the first tender Hours of their Children, without a true endeavour to bend 'em to Virtue? Mine manag'd not herself in that Point, she said and did things before me, that young tho' I was, I ought for ever to be ignorant of. I speak not this to accuse her Memory, or to excuse my self; to all others I shou'd defend her, but, my Lord, I wou'd have you believe, that I intend nothing but Truth in my Relation. The Baron ever carry'd himself more regularly in all his Visits, nothing came from him but what was Polite; if he had any criminal Conversation with my Mother, he took the utmost pains to conceal the least appearance of it from me; he was a Man of Letters, had an elevated Genius, refin'd by Courts, where he had perpetually pass'd his time: In short, why do I dwell so long.

long upon his Character to you, that must needs have heard often of him, or at least have admired him, in those Pieces of his Composing that he has given to the World. He took upon him the Business of a Parent, gave me Instructions of Behaviour, Conduct, and, in short, Rules to accomplish a Maid of Fashion. As I grew up, his esteem grew with me, and he resolv'd to divide me from my Mother, whose Education of me he did not approve, tho' he so much admired her. By his Interest at Court he procur'd me an advantageous Settlement about the Queen. Here it was that I display'd in perfection, those first Principles I had imbib'd, the love of Flattery, and a greedy desire of Admiration; I might have prov'd an accomplish'd *Coquet*, had not Love touch'd my Heart in favour of the Prince of *Sira*. I saw him often at Court, *D. of L.* his Employment about my Mistress gave him audience when he pleas'd, but durst not pretend to engage so elevated a Heart as his. My Fortune was to make, and tho' I had a little pretence to Beauty, yet these are scarce times (without a miracle) that Princes (who have as much occasion for Money as other Men) take themselves Wives of Inclination. About this time my Mother dy'd, and the Tears I shed for her, join'd to those new Sentiments my Heart had entertain'd, brought me into an habitual Melancholy. I declin'd all Diversions of a splendid Court, praise nor flattery no longer pleas'd me; I was no more a *Coquet*; so true it is, that a real Passion extinguishes in us that pernicious Humor. I saw the Prince often, but, alas! he saw not me; that is to say, he distinguish'd me not from the rest; I durst not tell him of my
 K 4 love,

love, because he had none for me. After the time of Mourning was expired, much to my surprize, the Baron of *Somes* address'd himself to me as a Husband; he made me an offer to settle his whole Fortune upon me, which was very considerable; by the course of Nature he cou'd not long survive, he was already past that Age that is generally allotted by Nature for the Life of Man, bow'd down by Distempers, and nothing cou'd seem more preposterous, than his desiring a Wife of my Youth. However he represented to me so many advantages to my Fortune, that I consented to it, to the admiration of the whole Court, who did not know the secret hopes I had, to make my self one day, by my Circumstances, worthy of the Prince of *Sira*.

After I was marry'd, my whole endeavours seem'd to be to please my Husband; I evaded giving him the least shadow of Jealousie; I went rarely to Court, and never without him; avoided the *Operas*, and all publick Assemblies, confining my diversion among the Visits of those particular Friends that he did not dislike. I do not know but that my Conduct was generally approv'd of. I cou'd with the greater ease abandon Pleasures, of which I had no Taste, because my Heart only regretted the Prince, that Prince who I every day heard was engag'd with the first Favourite of the Princess of *Inverness*. *Denmark* secretly sigh'd at her good fortune, nor cou'd the guiltiness of her Amour (for she was marry'd) hinder me from envying her being lov'd by the Prince. I did, I knew not what I did, I ran upon my destruction, by making a particular Friendship with her, where I had an opportunity

2. Mordecai
3. Denmark
4. Anna

tunity often to behold that dangerous Prince. After once or twice, methought he receiv'd me with quite another Air; that Face which he had neglected whilst I was a Maid, and no less a price set upon it than Marriage, became his care and admiration now I was Marry'd. It was not long before he found an opportunity to tell me so. I never till then knew the true pleasure of Words! how insipid had my Life pass'd before? The whole extracted to a point, could not have made the least part of that joy I felt by his enchanting Declaration. I had ever a native Sincerity, whether I did not enough endeavour to dissemble, or that my love was too powerful for Dissimulation. The Prince saw I was easily Charm'd, and perhaps seerely condemn'd me for it, not allowing for his own superiour Merit, nor the first wound of a tender Heart, but this last he was then ignorant of. In short, he immediately (when he saw he was so well in my esteem) press'd me for the Effects of it. This he would not have so early presum'd to do, if he had not had an opinion of my Levity, by the apparent Transport with which I receiv'd his first confession of Love. I knew not how to be angry when he spoke, lest he shou'd speak no more; I contented my self calmly to refuse him, without forbidding him to hope that he might one day be successful: he left nothing undone that was necessary to make a Lady's excuse, for yielding to the assiduities of a belov'd Lover; all was pleasing to me that he either said or did; our opportunities were few, and never alone 'twas that he requested; I had the courage to resist all his Efforts; I dreaded the consequence of such a meeting, till
tired

tired with that perpetual constraint I put upon my Inclinations, and weary'd by his Importunities, I promis'd him within two days, and we took our measures not to be disappointed nor discover'd; but the day after this concession, the Baron fell dangerously Ill; I never stirr'd from his Bed-side, gave him all that was necessary with my own Hands; he dy'd soon after, in a perfect good Opinion of me, and, as you know, left me in possession of a Fortune considerable enough to raise my pretensions, even to the Prince of *Sra.* The real Honour and Friendship I had for my Husband, even before he was such, my Duty (which the sweetness of his Behaviour, and extreme Kindness, had made easie, if not pleasant to me) gave me a true Concern for his loss; had not my Heart been prepossess'd for the Prince, I doubt not but I shou'd have been much more inconsolable. All the Court came (as soon as I was visible) to Condole my loss. I receiv'd 'em with a decent Sorrow, without any Salleys of that excessive Mourning so naturally affected by young Widows; and this gave the World no ill opinion either of my Sense or Sincerity. I was surpriz'd and touch'd that I found not the Prince among those who pretended to comfort me. Six Weeks, two Months pass'd, but no News of my Lover. I easily condemn'd my self for that fatal Promise I had made him, which might give him too bad an opinion of my Virtue, tho' I concluded with my self, that it wou'd have been proof against all his attempts. I had in my mind cast about how to regain his Esteem, by an Air of Virtue reassum'd; but his not coming broke all my Measures; I could no longer bear to live in the uncertainty of his Sentiments,

timents, I writ him three Lines to intreat him
 to see me, at an Hour when he knew there wou'd
 be least Company with me. He came according
 to my desire, the Moments were favourable; we
 were alone and after the usual Compliments
 were past, I gently reproach'd him for leaving
 me so long in my Affliction, without attempting
 to alleviate it, tho' he knew that it was in his
 and no ones Power besides, to do it. I found his
 Pride had been a little piqued at my not meeting
 him according to my promise; but I immedi-
 ately clear'd my self, by proving to him how ill
 the Baron was at that time. We were reconcil'd,
 and he renew'd his Pretensions to me, tho', had
 I not been wilfully blind, I must needs have con-
 cluded he cou'd not love me very much, who
 cou'd live so long and not tell me of it: How-
 ever my Heart was for him, and Reason wou'd
 in vain have attempted to have made a Party
 against him. When he press'd for Favours, I
 insisted upon Marriage: He seem'd really fond
 of me, and I was resolv'd not to stoop to him
 upon lower Terms, now I had a Fortune to de-
 serve him. He came over to mine, seeing he
 cou'd not gain me to his. There was no delays
 for a Passion so ardent as his seem'd to be. I
 had been but three Months a Widow, the time
 was indecent, what shou'd we do? A private
 Marriage, in an Age like this, wou'd not long
 have been such: I was afraid of being ridicul'd
 at Court, for one of those hasty Widows that
 secure themselves of a new Husband, before the
 old one is scarce cold. Oh how foolish were my
 Scruples! how much wiser had I been, to have
 risqued a little Tattle, than have lost my whole
 Repose

Repose and my Honour together? The Prince
 was eager for what he call'd Happiness; my
 own desires pleaded for him, a cursed Medium
 was found to prevent the Discourse of the
 World, and undo me; we were solemnly Con-
 tracted by Words and Writing, before a Wo-
 man of my Bed-chamber, who was faithful to
 me; that done, I receiv'd him without scruple
 to my Arms; but long I cou'd not hold him
 there; a Disgust he both gave and receiv'd at
 Court, (of which it is not necessary I shou'd
 inform you) made him resolve to Travel. I
 was all in Confusion (succeeded by Despair)
 when he mentioned it to me as a thing resol-
 ved on. In short, amidst my Sorrows, Swoon-
 ings, Exclamations, unfeigned Tears, and bit-
 ter Anguish, he took his leave of me, with a
 promise to return before my years of Mourn-
 ing were expired. Base and perfidious Hus-
 band! it was not so much from the Court, as
 me, that he ran away. Pierced to the Heart
 by his unkindness! Distracted by slighted Love
 and Despair! I retir'd to this solitary House,
 where Time and Reason, together with his In-
 gratitude, in never writing to me in years, has
 restor'd me a little to my Senses.

The only thing that disturb'd my Tranquility,
 was your Addresses; I saw you as a Neighbour
 and a Friend, you have Sense, your Conversation
 is Polite, I thought my self happy in the Friend-
 ship of a Person of your Merit; you put an end to
 my pleasure, by declaring your self my Lover; I
 was alarm'd at your Assiduities; you did more
 than was necessary to convince me of your Sin-
 cerity: I chose to use you nobly, as you had done
 me, to free my self from the censure of having

so ill a Taste, as to refuse a Person of such accomplishment Merit. I have let you see all my Weakness; I have told you the important Secret of my Life, whilst all *Angela* is seeking in vain for Reasons, why (in my Bloom of Youth) I should retire from the Court, and Conversation, to bury my self here, in Melancholy and Obscurity: You are the only Person that is acquainted with the true Cause of an Action, which by most is condemn'd, and but by few applauded.

Count. Tho' you have told me too much, Madam, have you no more to tell me? or will you tell me no more? 'tis indeed enough to drive me into Despair, but not to compleat your Relation.

Bar. Alas! What can I say more? My own Misfortunes; my Tears; my Disquiets; my loss of Rest, and perpetual Exclaimings, are what I have contracted, for fear of wearying of you with 'em: Of the Prince I can give you no other Account, than what we have from the publick; he made the Tour of Germany, Great-Britain, France, and Italy, and our last Advices spoke him at *Brussels*, possibly upon his return for *Angela*. Oh Heav'ns! Why do I flatter my self with such pleasing Hopes? He that left it only to avoid me! me! who he hates to such a superlative degree, as to live a banish'd Man, an Exile voluntary, from his Country, rather than make happy by his presence, a Wife that adores him: A Wife, whose Heart was never sensible but for him; a tender Wife, who wastes her Bloom in perpetual Solitude, and Tears, regretting his absence.

Count.

Count. And is this all the Relation you think fit to give me of the Prince? How little sincere are you? or perhaps, indeed, you may be ignorant of your Misfortunes.

Bar. What mean you, my Lord? Do you believe I have left any thing material untold? O I perceive you! You know well the Jealousie of my Temper, and would alarm it; you have succeeded, at this moment the Furies are enter'd; my Breast is glowing with Doubts, Suspicions, Jealousies, and horrid Distrust; but since Uncertainty is the worst of Torments, I conjure you, (by all your former Kindness) to relate to me what you have heard of the Prince.

Count. Is it possible you can be ignorant of what Rumour has so confidently proclaim'd—
He is married——

Bar. O Heavens!—— But go on: I wonder at nothing villanous in Mankind: My Solitude, and Resignation to the Gods, has taught me to receive all things with moderation, my Heart is in a moment becalm'd, my Passion sunk into an absolute Contempt, for a Prince so void of *Gratitude, Principles, or Religion.*

Count. I am pleas'd to see you receive as you ought so terrible a Stroke; but you will more despise him, when you know who he has marry'd, and how sufficiently you are reveng'd: 'Tis a Lady without any Advantages, but Birth; past her Youth; never a Beauty; no Fortune, and had been long in vain endeavouring to make her self one, by her Address and Conversation, wherein consists all her Charms, tho' there is neither Judgment nor Depth found in it; a flashy Repartee, a Wit that permits it self to say every thing, must sometimes say something
to

to the purpose, and easily finds Applause amongst the young unthinking Men of Quality, who having in themselves no foundation, never look for it in others. She had in vain (for more than thirty Years together) sat every Night at the *Basset-Table*, at her Aunt's, (who is a Woman of Quality, that holds Assemblies for noble Foreigners, and others of the same Rank of her own Nation) without having the good Luck to engage any to her advantage, till the Prince of *Sira* came amongst them; there are who want to give themselves Reasons for all things, (not considering Men often act without it) and report that the Prince only design'd a Gallantry with her, but was over-reach'd by her, and her two Brothers, and forced to marry her; but I find no other ground for this Story, but the Lady's want of Youth and Fortune: He is excessively fond of her; they are upon their Voyage for *Aralantis*; notice is already given for his return, and 'tis only to your Solitude that I must attribute your Ignorance of an Affair, that has found matter of entertainment for the whole Court; the new Princess, it is said, caresses all of our Nation, whom she meets abroad, and by her Industry and Intelligence has furnish'd her self with the History of all our People of Condition; she pretends only to be show'd a Person, and then immediately to discourse him, with that Knowledge and Address, as if she had been born and bred in the same Family with him; this is all that I find wonderful in her Character, but whether this excessive Curiosity and Address be an Ingredient of Vertue, I leave to others to determine, who perhaps may place a Woman's

Woman's Merit more in her Wit and Tongue;
than her Modesty and Silence.

Bar. Does the Traitor with Impunity dare to think he may live in a Place where he has so potently injur'd a Woman like me——? Help me, my Lord, I am undone with this last Shock: How necessary is a faithful Friend's Advice! Passion misguides me; that Calmness I boasted of is vanish'd; my Heart is upon the hurry; all things are in utmost Confusion and Disorder within; I would keep my Glory, and yet be reveng'd, punish him, yet preserve my Reputation.

Count. Your best way will be to do nothing: You can pretend but to a Contract, which tho' prior, is not so binding as the Ceremony it self: He will undoubtedly oppose your Pretensions, to the prejudice of your Fame; for unless he can wound *that*, he must himself be wounded; the World that are not in Passion, when they are Judges of yours, will condemn you for too hastily believing what you desir'd, and for trusting a Man upon his Promise: There's something unaccountable, 'tis one of the *Arcana's* of Nature, not yet found out, why our Sex cool and neglect yours, after possession, and never, if we can avoid it (and have our Senses about us) chuse our selves Wives from those who have most oblig'd us; 'tis, I confess, the grand Specifick of Ingratitude, but it seems so in-born in all, that I wonder there are still found Women that confide in our false Oaths and Promises, and that Mothers do not early, as they ought, warn their Virgin-Daughters from Love and Flattery, the Rocks upon which the most deserving are generally lost; Chastity is recommended as the
greatest

greatest Ornament of your Sex, as Valour is of ours, because of the difficulty there is in maintaining 'em, tho' I do not think the Comparison equal, because Courage we see in-born to many, whilst Chastity must be acquir'd, because it moves directly against the prior Law of Nature, and has the whole Artillery of *Venus* to contend against.

I count you extremely happy in the midst of your Misfortunes; that your Secret is unknown. What pity 'tis Inclinations so noble as yours, wanted the first Principle to support 'em; that your Education did not enough arm you against the too hasty Impressions of Love: Of Love! 'till Gratitude, and true Merit in the Person that you should be belov'd by, might make your Flame not only warrantable, but meritorious: But these Reflections are of the latest; I much more wonder, (considering your Infancy) that your Errors have been so few, than that you have had any. If you will be advised by me, continue in this Place, but abate of your Solitude; suffer your self to taste of the Diversions that you may find in the Conversation of those Neighbours who are seated round about you, and who have an unfeigned Respect and Admiration for you. Lose your Cares in little Amusements; put the Ax to the Root; use your own endeavours (powerfully) to tear this corroding Anguish from your Heart; go to the innermost Recesses of it; detest Perfidy and Ingratitude in all its Forms, and then you will quickly detest the Prince; have all unlawful Passion in an utter abhorrence, so shall you soon extinguish that, which you feel for one who can no longer be yours, since he is by the most sacred

L

Cere-

Ceremony made anothers ; but, above all things, practice Moderation ; learn Patience in Adversity ; think that the just Gods, who perpetually chequer the Lives of Mortals, lest they should lose in Prosperity the remembrance of their Creation, has given you a gentle Stroke, to recall you to themselves ; fix there your Thoughts ; transfer the warmth of your Passions to their great Originals ; you cannot love too much ; you cannot too much adore them, who are all Virtue, all Goodness, and will give you whatever is necessary for your Happiness ; they have already divided you from a Husband, with whom (his Principles being such as they are) you could never have tasted of any true Happiness.

Astrea. We cannot hear what Answer the *Baroness* gives to the *Count* ; they are gone down the Walk ; see they are entering the House ; her Tears and Sighs, I believe, are her only Language ; methinks, for her sake, I am incensed against the Prince, and could with a very good Will revenge her Cause ; there is something of Ingenuous in her Relation ; what pity 'tis she was so injur'd ; the *Count* must himself have worth, that can so worthily instruct and admonish her.

Intel. He has indeed, the appearance of it ~~■~~ ^{as myc. H. has} ; all this fine Advice tends only to his own Interest ; he does not despair of getting the *Baroness* for his Wife, and can you blame him then for making her vertuous ; her Fortune is convenient for him ; a concealed Mortgage eats up the Profits of his whole Estate ; he will not be long in a Condition to support his Title without a Dowry ; this Lady is by much the richest in all the Province ; she will do his Business, if
he

he can accomplish her, and has let him into a dangerous Secret, if she be wise, she will never marry him after, lest he upbraid her with it: See her Indiscretion, he will be provoked at her Refusal, as she will still refuse him, because she has an Aversion to his Person, and would rather chuse a favourite Domestick for her Master; and consequently he'll divulge her Secret at the expence of the World's Opinion, both of her Conduct and Honour.

Vr. Her seeming Ingenuity has made a Party for her in my Breast; I will do all that is possible to recover her to Virtue; I'll try if the Maxim be not false; That a Woman once departing from me, never returns, till old Age and Wrinkles have fitted her for nothing else. I will endeavour to warm her with my Precepts, and so render her as renown'd for her return to Virtue, as she is for Beauty.

Intel. The Count who declaims so well, keeps two Women for his debauch; he visits 'em by turns; who would believe it! but Hypocrisie is not the least reigning Vice among the Illustrious.

Astrea. I will have my Prince avoid it, as the poyson of all other Virtues; warn him against the Perfidy of the Prince of *Sira*; he has robb'd a Woman of her Honour upon a specious Pretence: He has not been afraid to play with Oaths; how criminal is this! A Man of true Honour would detest such a Practice. I will have my Prince renown'd for his Chastity; I will have him introduce the fashion amongst the Men; let the Reformation begin but there, and the World will be modest, if it were but held a Crime in the esteem of the Great, to

solicit a Lady with unlawful Love, all would be vertuous. Women seldom are, and never ought to be the Agressors; if they were, and sure to be refus'd, with that scorn that they deserve, would it not retort a Blush to the Face of the most Impudent?

Vir. The Morning dawns upon us; let us return to our Travel: Conversation sweetly be-
 quiles the Time, shortens the length of Way,
 and softens the Ruggedness—— See, my
 dear *Astrea*, what a multitude of People are as-
 sembled upon yonder Heath! Alas! they are
 seeing a Criminal executed; they must have a
 Fierceness in their Nature, that can be pleas'd with
 Objects so terrible! Not One in a Hundred of
 these People go for Edification, and true Morti-
 fication, but Pleasure! Methinks they should with
 Abjection of Mind, reflect upon the wretched
 State of Mortals, that like a perpetual Flux sub-
 jects them to Evil. What barbarous Soul can
 find Diversion in such a Prospect! There's a
 Woman nail'd dead to the Gibbet; she seems a
 Person of Condition; dress'd in white, with the
 Veil of white Taffaty over her Face: Who can
 unriddle to us this Scene of Death? Methinks
 I want to be inform'd of what led to this Ca-
 tastrophy. Mistress, you that seem all in Tears,
 returning from this doleful Execution, if you
 can make truce with your Sorrows, pray inform
 us Strangers of what you know concerning
 this Affair.

Country-Wom. With all my Heart. I have a
 little Habitation near at hand, if you please to
 walk in and repose your selves, you shall be obli-
 ged to the utmost of my Capacity.

The Lady who suffer'd was a Gentleman's Daughter of this Province; she permitted herself to be abus'd by a young Soldier of Fortune, (quarter'd near her Father's *Villa*) whom she fell in love with. These Soldiers are the perfect Bane of all Country-Gentlewomen; their fine Words, and their fine Cloaths, bear down all before 'em; they never go to the Temple to sacrifice, not they truly; that's the least of their Business; they mind *Ogling*, as they call it, of the Madams, instead of minding better things. Well! they single out one that seems best to their Fancy; their Rogue of a Landlord gives 'em, at their first coming, the History of all the People in the Parish, and then to work they go, shave and powder, and on goes the Blue, or the Scarlet-Coat, every Day; Cards and Balls are nothing to 'em; they'll squander away their Month's Pay in one Night, when they had better by half be in their Beds, forecasting how to pay their Debts; but no matter for that, they never trouble their Heads about it. 'Ads me! if I were a Gentlewoman's Father or Mother, and had Daughters, they should as soon eat the Fire, as come near one of those deluding *Red-Coats*. They can all sing, Forsooth, wanton Ditties is all they mind; you shall never hear any thing good come out of their Mouths, but Oaths: And then a great many of 'em (this was one of the Gang) can *toot, toot, toot*, it upon a Pipe; they have another Name for it, but the thing is the same; and this ravishes the young Gentlewoman's Ears; then they have Plays, and dying Love-Speeches at their Fingers-ends; these are generally, besides the cutting of a Caper, their whole Estate; if you

look into their Portmanteau (except their Regimental Cloths, you shall find scarce any thing but a durty Plod-Morning-Gown, two or three Pair of Shooes, four old Shirts, and as many Neckcloths; fine they must be, forsooth, out worn (with often Washing) as thin as a Cobweb; for fall out what will, they must have a clean Shirt every day. Some of their beggarly Soldiers Trulls does nothing but Launder for 'em, they'r always at the Wash-Tub, and, I believe, seldom enough paid for what they do.

Then they kiss and complement the Country Milliners, to trust 'em with Sword-knots, and clean Gloves, Ribons for their Sleeves, to hang streaming down, and to dangle their Canes in; and thus fet out, they go a sutoring to some young Gentlewoman or another. But she you saw, yours had sixteen thousand Crowns for her Portion, her Mother was dead; she read Romances (Romances I think you call 'em) and Plays, and was counted to have a notable Wit as any, let the other be who she wou'd, in a great way of her. Her Father's an old cur-mudgonly Cur, and wou'd never let her go to *Angela* our chief City, nor wou'd he give her any of her Portion till he dy'd, or she marry'd to his liking; but yet he never look'd out for a Husband for her. Now my mind gives me, that if he had but let her go into fine Company (as other brave Ladies do) she wou'd not have thought a ranting Officer such a *God-a-mightry*: But he was too covetous for that, least she shou'd treat 'em again when he came to his House. So she was e'en asham'd to go to theirs. The young Esquire, her Brother, is as compleat a Man (tho' I say it) as any the Sun ever shon upon.

on. He was gone abroad into strange Countries, to learn their Linguo, when this Rogue of red and blue Coat, courted her, or else he had never got his will of her; he wou'd have watch'd his Waters for him to some purpose, he's afraid of ne'r a Officer of 'em all. But, the more's the pity (poor Gentlewoman) 'twas not her luck. The Rogue wou'd not Marry her; because he knew her Father wou'd not give her a Groat with him, but bespoke her very fair. He us'd to be let in a Nights at the Back-gate in the Garden, and carry'd up to her Chamber. I know all their Intrigue (poor Soul) you cou'd not have lit upon one that cou'd tell you better. He so be-prais'd her, and invogled her, that, the short and the long on't, in plain, downright Terms, he took her Maidenhead from her, and left her nothing in the room but a big Belly. Well, this pass'd on, no Body perceiv'd it. Our Officer wanted to be gone, and go he did; their Company march'd away, but left I know not how many unborn Bastards behind 'em. Joy go with 'em, I hope they'l never come here again. From the highest to the lowest, a young Girl cou'd not go about her Business, but they kept a kissing and teasing of her. I reckon the poor Soul that suffer'd cry'd her Belly-full, when her lousie Hat and Feather-Fellow march'd off. I know nothing of that, but, as I guess; only this I know, that the Esquire came home just as she was at her Time. He was hugely fond of his Sister; she fell into Labour when he was in the Room with her, but had provided no versal Thing for the Child. She told her Brother she was tormented with the Tooth-ach, and wanted to go to Bed. His Chamber was next to

hers, away he went, and to't she goes; Pain after Pain, Tear after Tear, Cry after Cry. The Esquire heard her, and wondred what was the matter; he came twice to the Door, but she wou'd not let him in, but said she was up in her Shift and almost Mad with her Teeth. Well, to Bed he goes, and after a few more Labour-pains, she is Deliver'd all-alone by her self of a brave Boy. Lest he shou'd cry, she tore out his Bowels in the Birth. 'Twas the Lord's Mercy she did not murther herself by it; but such have best luck, an honest Woman can scarce be brought to Bed without a Midwife. Well, up she wraps Child and Bowels, and altogether, in one of her Gowns, and to Bed she goes; in the Morning she rings for Mrs. *Alice* (that's her Chamber-maid) and orders her to fetch a little Plague-Water, for she was very Ill, and horribly troubled with the Vapours: After a great many Good-morrows, and round-about Stories, she gives *Alice* an old Gown and Petticoat; to be short, makes her swear to be true, and not reveal her Trust, as she hop'd not to die in her Sins, and then tells her all about it, but conceal'd her part of the Murther, and beg'd her to carry the Corps upon the top of the House, and there lay it in a Leaden Gutter, that seldom or never was visited, till she was got well enough to help her to dig a Grave to bury it; for the Maid durst not do it alone. The Girl, with much fear and trembling, did as she was order'd. Some two or three days pass'd on, *Alice* was prick'd in Conscience, or, may be, like a right Chamber-maid, she long'd to tell all she knew; and so she reveals it to *Doll* the Dairy-maid, that was her Bed-fellow. These two Wenches, after this,

this, fancy'd, when they were a-Bed a-Nights, that a cold little Hand strok'd 'em over their Faces; they so corrupted one another with these Figuaries, that at last they believ'd, nay and swore to it, that the Child Walk'd; who, if it had been alive, cou'd not yet have stood. This Ghost frighted 'em out of their Wits; they lov'd their Mistress, and was unwilling to disgrace her, for as yet they did not know of the Murther; but *Doll* had a Sweet-heart, one *Crispin*, a Shoemaker, in our Town, as honest a Fellow as ever liv'd; him she open'd her Mind to. The Fellow smelt a Rat presently, and was resolv'd to discover it to the next Cadet or Judge. Away goes he, makes Oath of what *Doll* had told him. This Magistrate mortally hated the young Lady's Father; a Warrant was granted, the House searched, and the Child found. She was try'd for her Life, and condemn'd for wilful Murther; but died very Penitent. She was a handsome Gentlewoman: I wish all young Women may take warning by her fall,

The loquacious Country-woman had the thanks of her new Guests for the pains she had taken to oblige 'em. She set before 'em Curds new press'd, Cream fresh from the Cow, excellent brown Bread, and desired them to refresh themselves. The two Divinities, (who in all things were resolv'd to appear as Mortals) did not disdain her Bounty. She added to her Entertainment a Basket of Strawberries just gathered, a Pitcher of Wine from her own Cowslips of the Meadow, and Butter fragrant from the Churn. Finding themselves so clean and heartily regal'd, they omitted nothing to express their Gratitude.

After

After they were sufficiently refresh'd, they proceeded in their Journey to *Angela*, which lay not far before them. They were to cross a Meadow where a numerous *Congress* of Coaches presented themselves, Beauties resplendant, both by Art and Nature, *Cavaliers* dress'd 'em *Campaign*, and well mounted, besides a swarm of *Populace* of both Sexes, a ridiculous Medley of Human-kind, fantastically Habited in Fashions of all Ages, and Airs of none: They seem'd to have forgot, or rather to be ignorant, of the King's dangerous Illness, for as yet the News of his Death was not publickly divulg'd. The occasion of that *Bel-Assembly* was a *Chariot-Race*. The Prize consisted in two Gold Goblets, and eight hundred Crowns in Gold. The fair *Mar-*

L. y Whatchioneſſe du Cœur was to bestow it. The Gentleman who inform'd the *Divinities*, was well-fashioned, talkative, and vain: He made 'em remark the number of Priests, that swarm at all Races, and are the formost in the Diversions of the Place: Some mounted upon lean lank Horses, others starch'd up (them of the better sort) in little Chariots, with an appropriated holy Air, cram'd with Women and Infants, Gazing and Betting, and more earnest than any of the Racers themselves. The *Beau* saw these stranger Ladies (for that time they were pleas'd to be visible) gracefully Charming, he had too great a *tendre* for the Sex not to oblige them with all things in his power; he gave himself Airs of Scandal, as well as Gallantry, and affected to appear knowing in all the Intrigues of the Place; he show'd them a Prince of the Empire at ease in a Coach and six Horses, he was one of the Racers, but his Servant was to run. Those days

De la mort.

days are long since past, when the Royal Charioteer thought it Glory, in Person to gain the Goal before his Competitor: Then the Prize was Renown and Applause, not Gold and Jewels. The Gentleman made 'em observe the close and morose Countenance of the Prince; he assur'd them that the Prize would be his, for that was the way now: He had brib'd the Racers to yield to his Charioteers. My Lady *Marchioness* her self must lose to him, tho' she thinks herself safe in her Politicks, because 'has also brib'd, but not so high as the Prince. True indeed, another young Prince startles their assurance of Success, he puts in for the Prize, but will run himself, and there's no bribing in that Case: But the *Marchioness* has a remedy even for that; see he's at her Coach-side, and she entertains him with all the affability imaginable; she has a Battle of *Ratiffa* with her; mark what a pint Glas they give; Oh, brave Prince, 'twill bring you to the Goal indeed! If his Head does not swim with this, and the violence of the Course, my Lady *Marquess* will be much disappointed; but the other Prince will be more, who has paid better for it. He loves Money above all things, unless it be Chastizing his Domesticks; in a Word, he is a Man of a proud, sullen, yet choleric and avaricious Temper; no Body will be pleas'd if the Prize falls to him, and yet he cannot possibly fail of it. They are already started, and are to have three Heats. Charming young Hero! the Prince himself, by the favour of *Ratiffa*, has gain'd it; he is Conqueror for the first time; but see, the second Bout his Eyes dazzle, he has mistook his Ground, and runs of the other side of the Post. This is the

J. Ashmole.

Mar-

Marchioness's Cunning, but she shall not be the better for it; the morose Prince has got the Prize, as I have foretold, and there are but very few upon the Place that are pleas'd at his Victory.

Astrea. Pray, Sir, who is that Lady Marquiss? Her Lord seems to be old; she has all the Appearance of Joy and Ease upon her Face, and something that is sprightly and agreeable.

Gent. The Marquiss himself is one of the most artificial Men of the Age; he loves nothing the plain way, all must be Intrigue and Management where he is concern'd; he has made himself eminent upon that Score, yet far greater are the Party that wonder at his Cunning, than those that approve or esteem his Capacity. His first Lady was a Woman of real Worth and Honour, rich in all the Graces of the Mind, as well as bless'd with those of Fortune, yet he could never affect her, and when this Lady, with her large Dowry, fell into his possession, there were none that knew him, and beheld her Youth and Innocence, but condol'd with her in their Hearts, for those melancholy Hours she was then going to pass; but it has happen'd quite otherwise, my Lord Marquis wanted an Heir to her Possessions and his own, nor did he much matter which way he came by it; whether he distrusted himself upon that Head, as the Report runs; but he gave her so many Opportunities; taught her the Relish of Gallantry, and, in short, made her so entirely Mistress of her Conduct, that it would have been wonderful indeed, if she had mis'd the Censure of the World, in that Miscellania of Company that she kept; her Favourite-Woman had anj Affair with an Officer of the

Ld. Wharton
Wharton

Daughter
to J. Hen. Lee
of Ditchley.

P. Lishim
Daughter

J. Th. Lee

the Court, 'tis believed she drew in her Lady, that she might not have any thing to object against her. The young Cavalier *Bellair* fell passionately in love with the Marquess, as who can resist her, that has the Honour of tasting her easie and agreeable Conversation, then her Person has inexpressible Charms; her Face, without boasting of what you call a regular Beauty, has something so gay, so sweet, so gentle and agreeable, that one cannot defend one's Heart against her; she breaths the Air of nothing but *Love, Pleasure, and Diversion*, the more criminal Vices, *Scandal, Revenge, Hatred, Cruelty, Pride*, with that mixture of *haughty and sullen*, are put so far away from her, that she knows not what they mean; then she is bountiful as *Ceres*, generous as the Deity, when he enrich'd one Man with so valuable a World as this; in short, all that know her, can't but forgive, (let them be never so severe) her little Excursions of Love and Gallantry.

The Gentleman having ended his Relation, they would have took their Leaves of him in an obliging manner, but he was too gallant to part with 'em so; all the Arguments they could use would not hinder him from following them, till by virtue of their Divinity, having made themselves invisible, they left him to wonder at their disappearing.

Intelligence, who neither bore him, nor the Country-Woman any great good Will, for usurping upon her Province, and forcing her to a long and painful Silence, drew away the Ladies to attend the Shrieks and Cries that came from a little House, at the end of a neighbouring Village, the Door was open, and a vast Crowd about

*Dr. Epist.
of the book.*

about it. The sight was pleasant enough, an old thin raw-bon'd Priest, in his Sacerdotal-Habit, combating his Wife, who buffeted him again, and seem'd to be the Agressor: He had not only lost his Hat and Perruke in the Scuffle, but his Face look'd all over besmear'd with something, no body could tell what, but at last it was known to be a piping Hot Apple-Pye, out of the Oven, which she had scalded him with, in a very handsome manner, but was so kind to throw a Pound of Butter immediately after, to cool him again; his righteous Spirit, raised by the smart of the burning, catch'd hold of her Top-knot, to demolish that Fabrick; it was fastned so close to her Head, that he pull'd and pull'd in vain: She shriek'd out as he pull'd, and well she might, for he had tore a piece of her Ear from her Head, which made the Blood run down, and was easier to come off than the Head-Geer, which was so interwove with Pins, Top-knots, *false and true Curls*, that it stood impenetrable like a Rock buffeted by the Waves. *Astrea* assum'd a Visibilty to part the Combatants, which none but her self and her Companions endeavour'd at amongst the great Crowd of People. They knew her too well, and were delighted to see the Scuffle. As soon as they were parted, the *Priestess* flounced out of the House, call'd for her Coachman, and bid him put in his Horses, for away would she go, (in that very Condition) to sue for *Justice*, if there were any *Justice* in the Nation; the poor Fellow durst not but obey her, tho' he lov'd his Master ten times better.

Intelligence was very forward to inform her self about the Combat, the good old Gentleman had

had Water brought him to wash off the baked Mask from his Face. The Gazers dismiss'd from the Gate, (and then after recovering a little vital Air) he begg'd *Astrea* and her Companions to repose themselves, and have pity upon a poor Man, who for his Sins was match'd to a She-Devil incarnate; you see what she is for Person, my good Friends, and new Acquaintance, said the Priest, nothing was ever so homely; her Face is made in part like a Black-a-moor, flat-nos'd, blubber-lipp'd; there's no sign of Life in her Complexion, it favours all of Mortality; she looks as if she had been buried a Twelve-month; neither her Cheeks nor Lips can claim any distinction, they all are of an earthy hne; her Teeth rotten, and sweet as the Grave, or Charnel-house, and yet the Devil was in me, I marry'd for Love: Lord bless us! Love of what? not her good Conditions, I'm sure: But I am an old Man, as you see, and she's a *Wit*, that took me, tho' I understood never a Word of what she writes, or says: Deliver me from a poetical Wife, and all honest Men for my sake! She rumbles in Verses of *Atomes*, Artick and Antartick, of *Gods*, and strange things, foreign to all fashionable Understanding; because she was Ingenious, I thought she'd have been a Help-meet to my Memory, being something decay'd, but she hates her Duty to me, and to the Gods, and never goes to the Temple above twice a Year, and then she falls into counterfeit Fits; the Bottle of *Hartshorn's* sent for, and her self carry'd in a languishing posture home; her Tongue is at perpetual War; her Discourse one continu'd Reproach, derogating from mine and my Childrens Honour; if there be any body present

sent then she's sure to be most virulent ; if I happen to bear it with heroick Patience, she is defeated and undone, falls into Fits, beats her self to be reveng'd on me. She has often kick'd all the Bed-cloaths off, and her own Linnen, till she has been stark naked, when the Under-Priest, the Coachman, and Boy, have been holding of her down, yet I've good reason to think all this but a Sham, I mean her Fits, for if you'll let her alone, she'll quickly come to her self ; but any body that compassionates her, (as People are apt to do till they know her) she'll hold 'em tack from one Frolick to another, for four long Hours, and then, to compleat all, as if nothing had ail'd her, she'll start up of a sudden, and fall a boxing of me couragiously, or her Chamber-Maid, or both ; when she has had her Revenge, she's at ease ; but if by chance she finds my Mind unguarded (against the bitter Assaults of her Tongue) and that I do fall into a Passion, as it is not possible always for me to forbear, then she's pleas'd ; then she's delighted ; and finds her Joy in my Torments ; is this any thing but the Temper of a Devil ? The Day before I'm to sacrifice, she's sure to perplex me all Night long, on purpose to discompose, and put my Mind out of Frame ; I've often attempted, upon such Occasions, to lie in another Bed, but that won't do, I should be too much at my Ease, and that would be her Hell : Up she comes roaring, and stamps her Foot impetuously and incessantly against the Door, till 'tis broke open. She's as strong in her Freaks as a *Granadier* ; then she falls a howling and sobbing ; tells me she can't sleep without me, and either forces me to rise to her Bed, or comes to Bed to me, and

and is sure to keep me awake all Night long with her Scolding, as that's all her End and Design; there's no Intervals; no Truce to be had with her: She has frighted away all my Children, won't suffer one of 'em in the House; had once like to have choak'd my Daughter, that's a Woman grown, by flying upon her, with her two Hands about her Throat, she had stop't her Wind-pipe, till the poor Girl's Tongue hung out of her Mouth, and her Face was grown black, and had certainly kill'd her in a few Minutes more, if I had not come in and prevented her. What safety (think you) can my Life be in with such a Fury? and yet I know not what's the Remedy; she won't go from me, if I were to give her all that I have, (tho' she's sordidly covetous) because she dares not torment any body else as she does me; and yet I keep her a Coach, and four Servants, have a plentiful Income and an Estate of my own, and she had little or no Fortune; I was bewitch'd to marry her: Then she's in love with all the handsome Fellows she sees, but her Face, I believe protects her Chastity, for none sure was ever yet so courageous to assault it. She vents her Passion in Love-Verses and Dialogues of *Clarinda* and *Daphnis*; a pitiful Lawyer's-Clerk was a long time her *Alexis*, and there was Love-Letters and Verses printed, with rattling Epithets, humbust Descriptions, romantick Flights, and, in short, nothing of Nature in 'em, yet these must be printed, with an Epistle to her adored *Adonises*, who I've understood since, was a foolish Apothecary, that us'd to recover her from her Fits, without the help of *Galen*, or *Hippocrates*; then for her Morals, a Lady whom she had invited to stay

at our House that Summer, assum'd the reasonable Freedom to advise her against Passion and Anger, she took it so ill at her hands, that to be reveng'd, she made her self a voluntary Evidence in a Law-Suit against her, of all the Discourse they had had together in freedom, and by adding a great deal of false to the true, made her lose her Cause. I had been abroad to Day about business, and had miss'd my Dinner; coming home, I ask'd for something to eat; she had took care, (after dining plentifully her self) that there should be nothing left for me; one of the Maids whisper'd me, that there was a large Apple-Pie in the Oven to be kept hot for the Gentlewoman's Supper, but I was to know nothing of it. Being pretty sharp set, I went to the Oven, as by instinct, but I drew the Pie, got a Plate of Butter, and fell to buttering of it in happy Security, as I thought, because she had retir'd to her Closet, pleas'd with putting the Victuals out of the way, that I should have nothing to eat; the Devil would not let her rest long without tormenting of poor me; down she comes, and before I was aware, snatches the Pie, and by a dextrous whirl of her Hand, sends it full in my Face and Eyes, the Plate of Butter follow'd, then the Tankard full of Drink, and, in short, whatever came to hand; enrag'd at the Pain I felt, my usual Moderation forsook me; I leap'd briskly at her Top-knots, she squal'd, which alarm'd the Neighbours, and your selves to behold this comical Combat; Tw's Nuts to those Rogues, my Neighbours, who would not have parted us, tho' we had kill'd our selves upon the Spot: But for you, my good Friends, I am much oblig'd to your
 Endeavours,

Endeavours, but I see small Hopes of redressing these Grievances, that lie heavy upon me; were I of another Profession than I am, by a just Indignation, I would assert the Authority of a Husband, but our Talent is expected to be Meek under-Persecution; Long-suffering; particular Scandal often reflects upon the general; my Brethren may be aspers'd for my sake, so that I content my self to sit down under this Chastisement, coming from the Hand of Heaven, as a Punishment for my Sins, in marrying a Wife not above half so young as my self, when I had Children grown up to keep my House, and administer comfortably to my Necessities.

Here the two Divinities, by stroking with their Hands, and applying a proper Antidote, expelled the Fire that had swell'd the poor Priest's Face and Byes in a terrible manner: He return'd 'em a thousand Thanks for their Civility: They took their Leaves very courteously, often regretting the Miseries he seem'd to suffer with such a Fury of a Wife.

Incl. You are now, Ladies, very near *Angola*, but just at hand is the *Prado*, a Place eminent *Hyde Park* for what's either Illustrious or Conspicuous; here the Rich, and the Fair, adorned in their most distinguishing Habits, come to take the Dust, under pretence of Air. If a Lady be new marry'd, and longs to show her Equipage, no Place so proper as the *Prado*; a Beauty just come to Town, that has a mind to be a Toast, exposes her self first upon the *Prado*; the Gamester, after a lucky Run, from no Shoes, and a Coat out at Elbows, steps into a large well-built Coach with Pillars and Arches, glorious Horses,

Horses, and Trappings, with rich Liveries, and where's the Place so proper for admiration as the *Prado*? The Aldermen's Wives come to learn Fashions, and make the Court envy the lustre of their Jewels at the *Prado*; young amorous *Beaus*, that have a mind to ogle the airy vain *Coquets*, whisk to the *Prado*; a Town-Husband would have but an ill Life (these fashionable Times) if he grudg'd his Wife a Chariot for the *Prado*; nay, the very Country-Gentlewoman, (humble in Town, and proud in the Country) when she has got her Husband in the mind, to let her come to *Angela*, thinks she had as good stay at home, if she be not able to have her only Pair of Horses drag her thro' the dirty Roads, in order to carry her to the *Prado*, with her Country-built Coach, and her rustical Airs, to divert the rest of the Company; nay, the very Coachmen here are so refin'd, they shall ridicule a Brother, come from the Country, and find fault with his driving, because it mayn't be exactly *à la mode de Prado*; both the Men and Women, who are not able themselves to keep Coaches, make their Court with indefatigable Industry to those who have, flattering all their *Haughtiness*, *Affectation*, ill *Natures*, and *Vanities*, calling their very *Vices* *Vertues*, to purchase by these egregious *Follies*, a back-place in their Coach, that they may spark it in the *Prado*. Not long ago an honest Gentleman, (whose Father being alive kept back the greatest part of the Estate) suffer'd his handsome Wife, to compound with her Gallant, (who had given her a Settlement for Life) upon such and such Terms, provided he tosd in a Jewel for her Neck, and a Chariot for the *Prado*; and therefore, Ladies, if you have Curiosity,

M. Prad

M. Cesar.

Curiosity, it must be impossible you should not desire to see the Cavalcade of the *Prado*.

Astrea. My Lady *Intelligence* judges of us by her self, that we likewise find Diversion among the most company; tho' I cannot fore-see any great use this will be to my design, yet being an Establishment since I left the World, I am contented to follow you to your admirable *Prado*.

Intel. See there the Prince *Adario*, conspicuous for his Equipage, but much more for his having his Princess in the same Coach with him. She come down deep to his *French Valet de Chambers* for this Favour: My Lady *Vertue*, she is certainly of your Court, and the greatest Ornament of that of *Angela's*; is not her Person graceful, her Air sweet and modest; would not one believe her Charms are sufficient to conquer a thousand Hearts? yet they make no impression upon that only One she desires to touch; her Birth is most illustrious, descended from a Race of Heroes, neither has Scandal, (which scarce spares your very Ladyships) tainted her Character, but when they object, they tell us she loves Cards too well, which was a Diversion she probably took up, to amuse her trouble of Mind from her Lord's repeated Inconstancy: How great and how little is that Man? something so very high, and yet so very low in his Character, even his Generosity is a Virtue too much extended, and borders so intimately upon Extravagancy; that one knows not how to divide em, then the Merit of his Courage is so allay'd by his want of Conduct, that in praising one, it always puts us in mind how much we ought to blame the other; so ambitious in his

D. of L.
D. of B.
Daughter
of B. of B.

M 3

Principle,

Principles; so humble in his Converse; so managed by his Favourites, and so mistaken in his unworthy Choice of 'em; in his Amours only there's no Contradiction, there 'tis all of a piece, Vice without any allay; he has corrupted more Women than a Grand-Seignor; his Pleasure consists in Variety; he leaves nothing undone to compass his Ends, and because Money makes the best dispatch, he is lavish of that to profuseness; the Traders in *Amour* no sooner see a handsome young Girl come to Town; a Citizen marry'd to a pretty Wife; a beautiful Daughter expos'd to the Frowns of Fortune by the death of her Parents, but they run with their Intelligence to his Highness; the *French-Valets* introduce 'em, one is very well rewarded, and the other, by these Services, keep themselves in favour; yet has he this of Magnificent in his Temper, he turns none of his Women to starve when he has done with 'em; there are several, (that sometimes shine in the *Prado*) to whom he has given large Cantons of his Estate; his now favourite Mistress is a Woman of exalted Birth; he purchas'd her of her Mother, (and that was most abominable) by a considerable Sum to her self, and a Settlement of Two thousand Crowns a Year upon her Daughter; the reverend Matron did not blush to sell the Prince's Favour to all that would purchase; (a wretched Principle) she was not asham'd to take sixty Pieces of a poor Poet, (all the Profit that his Brains had ever been able to present him) to make him only a *Subaltern*; the *French-Valets* rejoic'd at her death, because she was very like, during her Daughter's Reign, to run away with their Profit, the Bribes having all found the way to

By the Year
Daughter of
Sir E. of
Oxford

M. Jacques.

to her. When the Prince went to his *Vice-Royalty* in the *Indies*, the Princess, his Wife, was forced to give ~~give~~ an incredible Sum to those rascally Fellows, or she had been left behind; yet had she the new Mortification, to find her Lord so wholly neglectful of her, and of all *Business*, as to shut up himself whole Days, to write long tedious repeated Assurances of Love to his then reigning Mistress; neither was he ever easie till she arriv'd, but those Transports are pretty well abated of their first violence; he has return'd long since to his darling love of Variety; 'tis pity no kind Hand is found to rescue him from this continu'd Vice, to paint on this Lady's suffering Merit, that, if possible, he may, tho' late, do justice to it. He's now no longer in his Youth; 'tis time these Follies shou'd pass away, but I doubt there's small hopes of it, whilst he is in those Hands, that manage him; but by the continuation of his Frailties, and will not, in all probability, so much to their own prejudice, awaken him from that Lethargy he appears so many Years to have been buried in: He's positively good-natur'd, all the Errors of his Life seem not to proceed so much from himself, as his Flatterers, who have cherish'd and encourag'd 'em in him; had his Choice first light upon Men of Honour, and true Principles, how eminent might he now have been? neither is it yet too late, if he strive to redeem his Character, it will appear, as if those ill Habits had been rather acquir'd than natural to him.

Be pleas'd to look into the Coach that follows next the Prince, there sits the proudest Woman in *Atlantis* (if you can tell for what) *Lady Th...* except *Th...*

*A. of N. -
 Dutch! of
 Montague
 Widow to
 D. of Albemarle*

except her Sister, who ran Mad for Pride. A certain Grandee had no other method of gaining her, but by bribing her Women, and carrying the Lady to a Mount, whence they had the prospect of Men making Bricks in the neighbouring Fields. He assur'd her those were his Slaves, the People he held in Captivity, for he was the King of Egypt. This tumbled the Lady and all her Wealth into his Arms, she wanted to be a Queen, but having once possessed himself of that, he shut her up of her own side for a Lunatick; holding a large Estate by her Life, it's thought (by most People) he won't find it convenient for her to die, so long as he lives.

This Sister of hers, that just pass'd us, carries her pretty Daughters to the Opera-Market and Prado, for Husbands; her own has out-liv'd five Brothers of his to come to the Estate, and there's yet one remaining that hopes he shall be the seventh that survives the sixth. The Lady herself, tho' never handsom or distinguishable, (for any thing but Pride) believes so well of herself, she scarce does any one below her the favour to rise when they come in. There seems nothing in her so commendable, as her value for that fourth Person which was with them in the Coach. The Lady once belong'd to the Court, but marrying into the Country, she made it her business to devote herself to the Muses, and has writ a great many pretty things: These Verses of the Progress of Life, have met with abundance of Applause, and therefore I recommend 'em to your Excellencies perusal.

The

The Progress of LIFE.

I.

How gaily is at first begun
Our lives uncertain Race,
Whilst that sprightly morning Sun,
With which we first set out to run,
Enlightens all the place?

II.

How smiling the World's Prospect lies!
How tempting to look thro'!
Parnassus to the Poet's Eyes,
Nor Beauty with a sweet surprise,
Does more inviting show.

III.

How promising's the Book of Fate,
'Till thro'ly understood!
Whilst partial Hopes such Lots create,
That does the youthful Fancy cheat,
With all that's great and good.

IV.

How soft the first Idea's move,
That wander in our Mind!
How full the Joy, how fair the Love,
That does that early Season move!
Like Flow'rs the Western Wind.

V.

V.

*Our Sighs are then but vernal Air,
But April drops our Tears;
Which swiftly passing, all grows fair,
Whilst Beauty compensates our Care,
And Youth each Vapour clears.*

VI.

*But oh! too soon, alas, we climb,
Scarce feeling we ascend
The gentle rising Hill of Time;
From whence with grief we see that prime,
And all in sweetness end.*

VII.

*The die once cast, our Fortune known,
Fond expectation past,
The Thorns that former Tears have sown,
To crops of late Repentance grown,
Thro' which we toil at last.*

VIII.

*Then every Care's a driving harm,
That helps to bear us down;
Which fading Smiles no more can charm,
But every Tear's a Winter's Storm,
And every Look a Frown.*

IX.

*Till with succeeding Ills oppress'd,
For Joys we hop'd to find*

By Age so rumpl'd and undress'd,

We gladly sink us down to rest,

Leave following Crouds behind.

Astrea. The Lady speaks very feelingly, we need look no further than this, to know she's her self past that agreeable Age she so much regrets. However I'm very well pleas'd with the Thought that runs thro'; if she had contracted something of the second and third Stanza, it had not been the worse. I presume she's one of the happy few, that write out of Pleasure, and not Necessity: By that means its her own fault, if she publish any thing but what's good; for it's next to impossible to write much and write well.

Intell. See that beautiful Gentleman at Loll in the next Chariot, born from as beautiful a Mother! he has made a dreadful Havock among the Ladies, I can name you three (all of Rank) that have had dangerous Compliances with him; and yet an indist'd Girl, with four hundred thousand Crowns, has resisted his Charms, and the Grandeur he cou'd raise her to; to bestow her self, (as 'tis thought she will) upon a Person who has more of his Vices, and less of Quality and Estate.

P. of Grafton

M^{rs} Knight

M^{rs} Oakes

How likes your Excellencies that goodly Lady that rolls on next in course? Has not she Fat enough to have prevented any Wife in *Angela* from running inad, thro' Jealousie of her Lord and her? The Wife came in one Day very inopportunately, to visit at a Woman of Condition, where she had the misfortune to surprize her Husband, and the Person before us, in very convincing Circumstances; the poor Lady fell into

L^{dy} An. Murray

L^{dy} Carlisle

into such an ill Habit of Mind, that she could never recover her Peace, but led the Count so very disagreeable a Life, so outrageous and jealous, that unable to bear the continuance, and hopeless to reform her, they are parted, and she has the Mortification of lamenting alone her too warm Resentments, which all prudent Women will dissemble, if they do but consider that Husbands have often been reclaimed by gentle Methods, never by rough, unless they depend upon their Wives Fortune for the best part of their own; and that, I must confess, varies the Case; yet notwithstanding her known Gallantries, an honest Gentleman has lately ventur'd to make a Wife of her.

Gen. "Hervey

E. of Arundel
Nottingham

Look what a grave Seignior comes next, he was once in the Government, and the Head of a Party, but he too much neglected both, to admire a singing Creature at the Opera, whom no body else could admire, and yet he gave her Four thousand Chequins for her Favour, and the like Sum repeated to keep it secret; but as there are few things such in the Prince's Court to whom I belong, you may depend upon Dame Intelligence, for what you hear.

M^{rs} "Hamond

See that gay Lady, that laughs aloud, and lolls upon her Companion; her Eyes by Intervals thrown abroad in search for Gazers; eager to be admir'd; she has lately presented her Husband with a considerable addition to her Fortune, tho' she had a large one before; a Relation has been so kind to die, and leave her the power of such a Compliment, which is no more than is necessary to soften her ill Conduct; at this very minute she receives a Billet from the Orange-Wench, under the pretence of buying that

that Basket of Cherries; *Cogur* as she is, 'twon't be easie to her, unless the whole *Prado* know she is admir'd; at the next round we shall find her reading on't, that the World may see how well things go with her; the Husband of this airy Lady is as great a Libertine as her self; he has always distinguish'd himself by his Humility, and good Nature, in caressing despicable poor Creatures, abandon'd by all things but the Extremes of Vice; these he can with pleasure revel away his Time, and large Estate upon, tho' he be reported to have Understanding; the Lady had an Affair with one of the young Sons of the Sea-green-Deity; handsome, and of an eminent Extraction; Lady *Bertha*, his Sister, was intimate with *Clarissa*, so's the Lady named that we were speaking of; they wou'd often wonder together at the Caprice of the Men; how *Clarissa's* Husband neglecting her, could doat as he did upon the last and lowest of Womenkind; she scorn'd however to revenge these Abuses upon her self, and so to be a sufferer both ways; she knew better than to take up with the solitary Reliefs of Prayers and Tears, there were other Comforts better fitted to her Genius; she would not vainly waste her Youth in Retirement, expecting a Reformation that might never happen, but Dresses, Rambles, Plays, Intrigues, is managed by her Woman, and a Mantua-maker is her chief Favourite. Lady *Bertha's* lovely Brother pursu'd his good Fortune, and was even put into *Clarissa's* Bed, in his Sister's Night-Dress; I believe Lady *Virtue*, they did not consult your Excellence, so much as Convenience, when the fashionable Establishment was made of separate Beds. *Clarissa* us'd to have whole Nights to her self,

L^d BettyL^d Betty
Germel

self, and therefore did not so much distrust her ill Fortune, that she should be disturb'd now; but as she was throwing off her Cloaths, to fly to Lady *Bertha's* Bosom, her Husband comes into the Room, to pass the Night with her; she runs to the Door to stop him, fawns and smiles, throws her Arms about his Neck, and with a Kiss, whisper'd in his Ear, that Lady *Bertha* was gone into his Bed, very ill of the Head-ake, and he should take heed how he made a noise to disturb her. *Monsieur* lov'd the Ladies too well to be indifferent on that Chapter; he could not hear so handsome a one was laid in his place, but he resolv'd he would be paid for his Concession, therefore he tells *Clarissa*, a Kiss he must and would have of Lady *Bertha*, and half a Dozen Hugs, or she must not expect to lie there. *Clarissa* begg'd he would return to his own Apartment; Lady *Bertha* would never forgive her, she did not use to be kiss'd and tumbled; that was all one, she must begin now then, what did she do in his Bed? The Plot thicken'd, guess at their Confusion: As to the Hero in Pinnars, I suppose he scorn'd to tremble, unless it were for the sake of his Mistress; however, he left the matter to the Woman, who are always readily assisted by Fortune, when their ill Conduct precipitates em into Dangers; he only hid himself in the Pillows, and pull'd the Bed-cloaths over him, lest his Chin should not be quite so soft as his Sister's; the Husband threw himself upon her, (as he imagin'd) hugg'd and embrac'd her as she lay cover'd up, endeavour'd to get at her Face, pull'd the Bed-cloaths with all his might, *Clarissa* him, but both in vain, till he rose of himself, and swore Lady

Bertha

Bertha was the strongest Woman ever he met with in his Life; begg'd but one Kiss, and he would be gone; *French Mademoiselle* cry'd Lady *Bertha* would never come again; she was certainly provok'd, and would speak to none of 'em, whilst he was in the Room. *Clarissa* gave herself violent Airs, and ask'd him if he would never have done being a Brute, did he know no distinction? Was a Woman of Quality, (who did her the honour to pass a Night with her) to be us'd in that manner? Fie upon him! he might be asham'd of himself for ever: Thus she taunted the kind Husband to his own side, but not without threatening how many Kisses he would have in the Morning, when her Head was better; and begging *Clarissa* not to let her go, till he had made her pay sufficiently for robbing him of his place; but the Lady durst not stand the Encounter, when he came there to drink his Chocolate by her Bed-side, as he thought, he found the Bird flown: *Mademoiselle Frigory*, the *Servante* told him, Lady *Bertha* was so very angry at his Rudeness, and so afraid of him, that she could not sleep all Night long, lest he should come in, by virtue of his Master-Key, to disturb her, which made her Head ake ten times worse than it did before, and sent her away, at Five in the Morning, to her own House, to recover the Fatigue she had suffer'd that Night for want of sleep.

Your *Provincials* having naturally a regard to the Ingenious, be pleas'd to direct your Eyes towards that Pair of Beaus in the next Chariot; the Equipage belongs to him that sits of the left-hand, by boasting of an intimate Friendship with the other, he has got himself enroll'd

enroll'd among, and in the Catalogue of Wits, not forgetting a very necessary Ingredient, a good Estate; as large as you see him, his Father and Grandfather are both profess'd Sparks, and spruce up in Cherry, and other gandy colour'd silk Stockings; he talks of *Rochefourcade*, *Fonsiuelle*, *la Bruyere*, as his intimate Acquaintance, and ev'n gives the latter the preference; when I can't but find what seems most eminent in him, is but borrow'd from the other two. If a Man of Estate has a mind to be thought to have a Genius, he has but to fall in labour of some little Trifle, a *Prologue*, *Epilogue*, *Song*, or *Flourish to Calia*, and be generous, to the next Poet he can (get his Friend) to advise to dedicate to him, and presently he's *Virgil* and *Mercator* too; the Gentleman looks indisposed at present, his native Fire quench'd in unnatural *Tiffane*, else nothing so gay and so coquet, pardon the Expression, it may not be thought so proper to the Sex, but they of late seem to put in for an equal Claim; he angles not without a Strain of Affectation for Hearts; catches at Applause; softens his Eyes and Voice, gives Snuff to the Ladies upon his Knees, that his fair Person may appear to advantage, with that graceful and submissive Turn; his business, ('till of late) has rather been to make Love than take it; but a certain Military's Wife has had more Darts for him than is necessary; he was too nice to divide her even with her Husband; far from suspecting Partnership with another, and therefore took her to subsist upon his Fortune, which was lavish'd with the prodigality of a new and true Lover; he had a troublesome Place of profit in the Government, a thing quite out of his

My S. John

Mr. Mifflin

his Road; he lov'd writing, indeed, but not that sort; it engross'd too much of the Time he could not spare from his fair Mistress, and the Muses, but to quit it with the better Grace, he took the laudable and singular pretence, of being disgusted, because a Friend of his, who procur'd it him, was discharg'd from an Office upon which his, in some measure depended, tho' the truth is, himself had made such Discoveries against the ill Management of the Minister, that it was but vain for him to hope to keep it after.

They tell you that his Mistress, not contented with all the Love that handsome Person of his could bestow, went in search of other Adventures, the consequence of which, is sending him to the *Doctors* for *Tissane*. They say he loves her even to a forgiveness of that, and all other Faults. I can but smile to think, whilst the height of the Love-sick-Fever lasts, the Women have their turn of revenging the Injuries that are done to others of their Sex. A Person, whilst she is belov'd, can commit no Crimes, for as *Rochefortault*, *As long as we love we can forgive*.

That Friend of his on the right, is a near Favourite of the *Muses*, he has touch'd the *Dramas* with truer Art than any of his Contemporaries; comes nearer Nature and the Ancients, unless in his last Performance, which indeed met with most Applause, however least deserving; but he seem'd to know what he did, decending from himself, to write to the *many*, whereas before he wrote to the *few*: I find a wonderful deal of good Sense in that Gentleman; he has

N

Wit,

Wit, without the Pride and Affectation, that generally accompanies, and always corrupts it.

L. Hy de.

His *Myra* is as well celebrated as *Ovid's Corinna*, and as well known. How happy is he in the favour of that lovely Relation? She too deserves Applause, (besides her Beauty) for her *Gratitude* and *Sensibility*, to so deserving an *Admirer*. There are few Ladies, when they once give in to the Sweet of an irregular Passion, care to confine themselves, even to him that first endear'd it to 'em; not so, the charming *Myra*, she loves the Pleasure but in regard to the Lover, not the Lover for the sake of the Pleasure.

*J. of Nantes
Newgate
Hollis.*

Would you believe that Weather-beaten Equipage, of two Years standing, belongs to the richest Prince in *Atantis*? nay, almost as rich as all the Princes put together, with as narrow a Soul; nothing seems to me to be a truer Emblem of it, than the Entrance into his own Palace, the large magnificent Gate is entirely made up, there's no Passage that way; you go in by a small Postern, or Back-Door, an exact Resemblance of that narrow Channel by which Generosity is convey'd to his Heart; a certain Poet had occasion to name him in a Panegyrick, not doubting of a very good Reward, presented one of 'em to his Highness: He order'd two Pieces for a sorry Gratuity, but before it could be receiv'd, the Poet was oblig'd to leave a Receipt with the Steward, for so much in Silver, Gold not happening to be in the *Treasury* at that time. I would fain know if there's to be found upon the *File* at any other *Princes* in *Europe*, a Certificate of that Nature?

That

That opulent Heiress, his Daughter, makes *Lady Inger*
 the *Princess* smile, whom I serve; she will give her
 occasion, in a little time, to make use of her
 thousand Ears, and her thousand Tongues.

Behold the Reverse of what last pass'd us;
 see that magnificent, young and graceful *Prince*, *P. of B.*
 the *Duke de Beaumont*, his Horses are, in their *Beaufort.*
 kind, almost as well cast as himself, and all
 from his own Breed: He claims a Descent from
 a long Race of Kings, and an untainted Loy-
 deriv'd from his glorious Predecessors: He is young
 you see, just step'd upon the Stage of the World;
 his Inclinations are adequate to his Birth; he
 will show what it is to be a Prince, that is,
 what a Prince ought to be, Magnificent, Hu-
 mane, Sedate, free from all those Vices that
 ruffle the Calm of Youth, and cost the best part
 of their Time to reform from, if ever they re-
 form; he's an encourager of the real Ingenious,
 not fond of Applause, nor yet with Pride and
 Sullenness rejecting it from those who know
 where to give it; he will imitate his illustrious
 Grand-father in his practice of all the *Virtues.*
 Oh *Astrea*! We must lead you to his *Palace*, where
 both your Divinities will be satisfied, will be
 charm'd, to find so perfect a Resemblance of
 your selves.

Does your Excellencies behold who fills that
 large handsome Coach? People that seem to be very
 merry, and infinitely at ease, but many a Heart-ake
 has gone to the forming of that Equipage; a no-
 torious Gamester, who for his Excellency in
 that Faculty, has a Mock-Title given him; he's *S. B. & Co.*
 call'd *Monsieur le Chevalier*, by those Fools he's *James of*
 has cheated out of their real Estates; no body *the Duke*
 lives

lives greater than he does; luxurious Dinners; Quails, Hortolans, Terrene, Pheasant's Eggs, China-Birds-Nests, Hermitage, Champaign; whatever is to be bought or procur'd. The jolly Woman on the left-hand passes for his Wife, tho' the Lady, I have the honour to serve, not only whispers, but speaks aloud, notwithstanding her Demureness; her appearing in all Places of Credit; haunting the publick; visiting, and being visited, she has a lawful Husband alive. Observe *M.^r Porshal.* but the Widow on the right-hand; because he loves Niceties, he has got her to live in the House with 'em; she's a Lady of the best Intelligence in the World; she knows what's done at all the Assemblies; who goes to the *Chocolate-House* for Letters; whence they come; what Answers are return'd; who wins at the Races; who loses at *Hazzard* and *Basset*; when such a Lady granted the Favour; how long before 'tis probable that such a one may be brought to do the same; she's very near being one of the youngest Grand-mothers in *Atalantis*, and yet she's older than she looks for; that artificial Face of hers is still the same, for how can that be said to wear out, that's made new, or renew'd every Morning? She's handsome by Nature, but loves Mōney too well; her Admirers are infinite, has been the fashion these twelve Years, and that's a long time in this varying Age, especially when *Maug.^r K. & Dof Kent.* we consider *Le Grand Maître du Hostel-Royale* furnishes great part of her Expence, and upholds her Chariot for the *Prado*, where this *faux Prude* set at gaze, scorns to own the least Acquaintance in publick, nor will return a civil Salute to those, whose lesser Vices are not crown'd as eminently with Fortune's Favours as her

her own, tho' she make no scruple in private at Cards, to manage 'em out of their Money. As to the *Chevaliere*, by Whim and Custom so call'd, he rose, (if it may be call'd rising) from the very Dregs of the People, a Waiter at a *Bowling-Green*, from the most abject Slavery, to the greatest Profusion of Wealth and Pleasure; had either of your Divinities assisted his Ascent, it would have been Glorious, but in his practice he has nothing to do with *Justice*, or any other of the *Virtues*: *Fortune* only is pleas'd to show how preposterously she can work, to make the gaudy Gamester shine in the *Circle*, whose original Place was among his Livery-Companions, at the Gate, she makes 'em acceptable to, and Companions of the greatest; those eminent both for Quality and Beauty, hug these Scoundrels to their Bosom, set 'em glaring in the Face of Day, for the well-managing a Die; but if a Man be but once Master of Money, this complaisant Age never scruples how they came by it.

Vir. Who is that alone in yonder Chariot? *N. T. S. 1st Edition*
his Equipage is handsome, but his Person needs no setting-off, he appears much a Gentleman, his Eyes are continually in the next Coach, which is adorned with a wonderful gay Lady: She either sings well, or fancies she does, for I've observ'd, that still as she came round, she was humming an Air; sure she was at the Chariot-Race; he seems to steal his Glances, and be upon the reserve.

Intel. I must take leave to answer your Migh-
tiness, (without power) by a Leer, and a mal-
licious Smile, because I am infinitely pleas'd at
your Query, it borders so much upon my be-
loved Diverſion, Scandal, and lets me into a

very ample Theme: 'Tis the *Chevaliere Bellair*, of an ancient Family, and a considerable Estate, yet fond of Honour; he has list'd himself under *Bellona*, and most part of the Year exposes himself (that fine Person of his) to the Fatigues of the Campaign, the rest of his Time he devotes wholly to the Lady you see in that Coach; at first he was as happy as Love and Opportunity, with the help of the favourite Mantua-maker, (for those People are now mightily the fashion) could make him, but the Lady soon grew inconstant, and has left him to wait whole Days together at the *Chocolate-House*, in expectation of the happy Moment for her calling of him, according to her Promise, whilst she drown'd in the looser Revels of Wine, and new Love, forgets that he is upon Duty, impatient, and fretting at her Delay: One of his Rivals is a Person of Poetical Dignity, he first made her a Muse, and she in return made him a Fortune; his Bounty was imaginary, hers substantial; his beautiful Youth of Quality, whom I have already shown you in the *Prado*, is another, but still the *Chevaliere* is the standing Dish, and may very well go down, when in the Country, where her Husband is going to confine her, their *Villa's* are not far distant from each other: Her Lord has what he wanted, an Heir, to deprive the next Successor, whom he mortally hates, and thinks it high time, by banishment, to put an end to her publick Indiscretions.

The *Prado* empties apace; 'tis almost Night; the King's Decease has put all things out of Frame; at another time you should have seen twenty times the number of Coaches. View that beautiful black Lady, she has the killingst Eyes

in

L. Martin

M. Vanbrugh
John

J. Gifford

P. Ranelagh
Ranelagh

1st No 67

M. G. V. O.
V. Chamber
Lake.

M^r Laurence himself: *Laurentia*, a young *Courtezan*, who owes her Birth to the free-born Joys of Love, has had the good fortune to captivate him in such a manner, that he renounces the whole Sex for her sake, and 'tis thought he may be such a Fool as to marry her, which is more than ever her Mother could persuade her Father to do for her, tho' she be a Woman of an intriguing Brain, but having profited by her own Mistakes, she instructs her Daughter in the Art of Management; this seems to me a sort of lengthning of Life, or of living one's time over again; at this rate a *Courtezan*, (the Daughter of a *Courtezan*) must be much too cunning for any Man in the World: She joins her Mother's Experience to her own Youth and Charms, and so set out, might pretend to out-wit the Devil himself, if he once appear'd in the shape of a Gallant.

M^r Ryder. *Laurentia's* Mother affecting Quality-Airs, in all what she says or does, drew in a pretty Boy to marry her Girl, while they were very young, the Boy had Friends at Court, that might have provided very well for him, but this unlucky Marriage put 'em out of Hopes; they sent him among the *Marines*; in a little time he grew in so great Dislike of what he had done, but was either kill'd, or else he dy'd, so soon after, that she was left a young Widow, and a moot Point whether not a Virgin; so the Mother would have had it believ'd, by all that were not likely to make Experience of the contrary, their Circumstances were very low, something to better 'em; she could not refuse the privilege of her House to a declining *Coquet*, who was her intimate Friend, and had made her many Presents. This Lady, after a long Run of Love and Gallantry,

M^r Large

lantry, having rather increas'd than diminish'd the Fortune her Father left her, found a young Gentleman Fool enough to marry her, tho' he had a pretty Estate in hopes, depending on a pretended Uncle, or a real Father, one would have thought it was an Obligation to her, to prove a good Wife, but like the *Cat*, metamorphos'd into a *Lady*, she must run at the *Mice*, tho' she were sure to lose her Preferment by it, and be turn'd into a *Cat* again; so Cards and Gallantry were not things so easily renounced, but because she had something more to manage than before she was marry'd, she met her Lover *incognito* at this House, 'till at last *Laurencia's* Mother, by her Artifice, and extolling her Daughter's Charms, drew the *Chevalier* to consider 'em; he became false to his old Mistress, and as 'tis suppos'd, paid his price for his new. Then was the Girl seen in a Gold-watch, that had scarce before a Shoe to her Foot; thus was she introduc'd, till from one degree to another, she arose to the honour of pleasing this Gentleman, who has One of the best Estates, beneath the Nobility in *Angela*.

He parted with a very considerable Employment for ready Money, to put his Mistress into repair; from a narrow Compass, and poor Education, she is risen to the height of Expence and Delicacy, nothing almost is nice enough to please either her Mother, or her self; the *old Ones* discourse trolls all upon *Virtue*, that her Daughter would sooner die than do an ill thing; she can answer for her Daughter's Honour: I wonder some *Macilente* (when he hears her thus exclaim) does not ask, whence then are deriv'd these fine Lodgings, Wax-Lights, Card-Assemblies,

blies, nice Eating, and rich Cloaths? we live no longer in an Age when *Fairy Kings* and *Queens* bring Riches to Mortals: People are seldom seen to change into such Extremes, without a visible *Wherefore*. The Spark, I think, does not pretend to dissemble, or else whence comes those passionate Raptures? that he'll never love another Woman, *Laurentia* will never suffer another Man: they have made a reciprocal Vow, not to kiss, touch, or scarce to come near any of the Sex but themselves; hence I suppose it is that that we find him reading in the *Prado*, for fear he should be thought to take a pleasure in looking at any Woman but his Mistress.

M. J. J.

M. J. J.

That disagreeable Woman, that whisks away next, is always dirty, when she's set out with Jewels; she loves Cards better than any thing but Money, and for the sake of Money she loves Cards: Being first upon the Place appointed, the Day that she was going, (within the Year) to bestow her self in second Marriage, she told the Gentleman, she hop'd 'twas lucky, for so it happen'd with her other Husband, who fortunately dy'd first, and left her very rich: One would have thought this Compliment would have disorder'd the Bridegroom; but he wanted nothing of her but her Money, and therefore made her this Report; the Omen was not less auspicious to him, for exactly so it happen'd with his other Wife, who more fortunately for him, dy'd first, and left him the possibility and honour of becoming her Husband.

J. W. A. A.

She lets a Brother of hers want Bread, in a common Prison; 'tis true he has lost to Gamesters an incredible Sum of Money, and a very great Estate; but still, let one's Relations be never

never so abandon'd, I think they ought to receive bare Subsistence from so near a one as a Sister, especially when it is so much in ones power, as it is in hers.

O let me ease my Spleen! I shall burst with Laughter; these are prosperous Times for Vice; d'ye see that black Beau, (stuck up in a pert Chariot) thick-set, his Eyes lost in his Head, hanging Eye-brows, broad Face, and tallow Complexion, I long to inform my self if it be his own, he cannot yet sure pretend to that: He's call'd *Monsieur Le Ingrate*; he shapes his *M^r Steel* Manners to his Name, and is exquisitely so in *St. Richard* all he does; has an inexhaustible Fund of Diffimulation, and does not bely the Country he was born in, which is fam'd for Falshood and *Wals* Insincerity; has a world of Wit, and gentle Repartee; he's a Poet too, and was very favourably receiv'd by the Town, especially in his first Performance, where, if you'll take my Opinion, he exhausted most of his Stock; for what he has since produc'd, seem but faint Copies of that agreeable Original, tho' he's a most incorrect Writer, he pleases in spite of the Faults we see, and own; whether Application might not burnish the Defect, or if those very Defects were brightned, whether the genuine Spirit would not fly off, are Queries not so easily resolv'd?

I remember him almost t'other Day, but a wretched common Trooper; he had the luck to write a small Poem, and dedicates it to a Person whom he never saw, a Lord that's since dead, who had a sparkling Genius, much of Humanity; lov'd the Muses, and was a very good Soldier; he encourag'd his Performance, *Lord Alb.*
took

took him into his Family, and gave him a Standard in his Regiment; the gentile Company that he was let into, assisted by his own Genius, wip'd off the Rust of Education; he began to polish his Manners, to refine his Conversation, and in short, to fit himself for something better than what he had been us'd; his Morals were loose; his Principles nothing but pretence, and a firm Resolution of making his Fortune, at what rate soever, but because he was far from being at ease that way, he cover'd all by a most profound Dissimulation, not in his Practice, but in his Words, not in his Actions, but his Pen, where he affected to be extreme religious, at the same time when he had two different *Creatures* lying-in of base Children by him. The Person who had done so much for him, not doing more, he thought all that he had done for him was below his Desert; he wanted to rise faster than he did; there was a Person who pretended to the great Work, and he was so vain as to believe the illiterate Fellow could produce the *Philosopher's Stone*, and would give it him; the Quack found him a Bubble to his Mind, one that had Wit and was sanguine enough to cheat himself, and save him abundance of Words and Trouble in the pursuit: Well, a House is taken, and furnish'd, and Furnaces built, and to work they go; the young Soldier's little ready Money immediately flies off, his Credit is next staked, which soon likewise vanishes into Smoke: The Operator tells him, 'twas not from such small Sums as those he must expect perfection, what he had had hitherto was insignificant, or minute, as one Grain of Sand, compar'd to the Sea-shore, in value of what he might assure himself of in the noble Pursuit of Nature;

Nature; that he would carry him to wait upon a Gentleman very ingenious, who had spent more than ten times that Sum, in the Hands of the ignorant, yet convinc'd of the Foundation, was ready to join with him for the Expence to go on with a new Attempt; accordingly *Monsieur* is introduced to One, who was indeed a Friend to the Quack, but did not absolutely confide in his Skill, tho' he still believ'd there was such a thing as the *Philosopher's-Stone*; yet hearing how illiterate this pretended Operator was, he could not imagine he had attained that Secret in Nature, which was never yet purchas'd, if ever purchas'd at all, but with great Charge and Experience: This Gentleman had an airy Wife, who pretended to be a sort of a Director in the Laws of Poetry, believ'd her self to be a very good Judge of the Excellencies and Defects of Writing; she was mightily taken with *Monsieur's* Conversation, pray'd him often to favour her that way; being inform'd of the narrowness of his Circumstances, she gave him credit to her Midwife, for assistance to one of his Damsels, that had sworn an unborn Child to him; the Woman was maintain'd till her lying-in was over, and the Infant taken off his Hands, *par la sage Femme*, for such and such Considerations upon Paper; he had no Money to give, that was before-hand evaporated into Smoke: Still the Furnace burnt on, his Credit was stretch'd to the utmost; Demands came quick upon him, and became clamorous; he had neglected his Lord's Business, and even left his House, to give himself up to the vain Pursuits of Chymistry: The Lady who had taken a Friendship for him, upon the Score of his Wit, made it her business to inform her self from

from her Husband, of the probability of their success; he gave her but cold Comfort in the Case, and even went so far as to tell her, he believ'd that Fellow knew nothing of the matter, tho' there was a great City-Hall taken, and Furnaces order'd to be built, that they might have room enough to transmute abundantly: The Operator had perswaded the young Chymist to sell his Commission, which he was very busie about, and even repin'd that he met not a Purchaser as soon as he desir'd, for he thought every Hour's delay kept him from his imaginary Kingdom; but it was to be fear'd, when he had put the Money into the Doctor's Hands, to be laid out in *Mercury*, and other Drugs, that were to be transmuted into *Sol*, (as small a Sum as it was) he would give him the Slip, and go out of the Nation with it: The Lady was good-natur'd, and detested the Cheat; she begg'd her Husband that he would give her leave to discover it: He advis'd her against it, it might do 'em both a mischief; but she insisted so much upon it, that he bid her to do what she would; the Lady was then in Childbed, among a merry up-sitting of the Gossips, *Monsieur* made one his Genius sparkled amongst the Ladies, he made Love to 'em all in their turn, whisper'd soft things to this, ogled t'other, kiss'd the Hand of that, went upon his Knees to a fourth, and so infinitely pleas'd 'em, that they all cry'd he was the Life of the Company; the sick Lady was gone to repose her self upon her Bed, and sent for *Monsieur* to come to her alone, for she had something to say to him; vain of his Merit, he did not doubt but she was going to make him a passionate Declaration of Love,

Love, and how sensible she was of his Charms; he even fancy'd she withdrew, because possibly she was uneasy at those Professions of Gallantry he had been making to others; he approach'd the Bed-side with all the Softness and Submission in his Air, and Eyes, all the Tenderneſs he well knew how to assume; the Lady desir'd him to take a Chair, and afford her an uninterrupted audience in what she was going to say; this confirmed him in his Opinion, and he was even weighing with himself, whether he should be kind or cruel, for the Lady was no Beauty, but lay all languishing in the becoming Dress of a Woman in her Circumstances. She entertain'd him very differently from what he expected; in short, she discover'd the Cheat, and advis'd him to take care of himself, and to withdraw from that Labyrinth he was involv'd in, as well as he could; he was undone if he sold his Commission, all the World would laugh him to scorn, and he would hardly find a Friend to help him to another: A Thunderbolt falling at the Foot of a frightful Traveller, could not more have confounded him than this did our Chymist: What! all his Furnaces blown-up in a moment, all evaporated into Smoke and Air; he could never believe it, the Plumes (all elate and haughty as he appear'd before) sunk upon his Crest; who would have believed there could have been such a shrinking of the Soul? such a contractedness of Genius; such a poorness of Spirit; so abject a Fall from so tower'ing height; he was not able, in half an Hour's time, to speak one Word; his Address was departed, he knew not what to say, only begg'd leave to retire. 'Twas necessary that he must go thro' the Chamber where

where the Ladies were, to go to the Stairs; he pull'd his Hat over his Eyes, without seeing 'em, and away he went. The Lady was satisfied with doing the friendly and honest part, let him receive it how he would; the *Coquets* fell upon her with violence, and ask'd her what she had done to *Monsieur*, what she had said to him had certainly bewitch'd him; never was such an Alteration, for they had easily seen his change of Countenance and Air; she defended her self as well as she could, and they were forced to conclude the Entertainment without him.

The young Chymist was so base, (as he afterwards told the Lady) to believe this only an Artifice of her Husband, to keep the learned Doctor to himself, and deprive him of his share of Philosophical Riches, in this Thought he mortally hated the Discoverer, but his Eyes being open'd, and his Sight clear'd, he quickly saw the Fallacy as plain as the Sun at Noon; he was already undone, or very near it; they had contracted abundance of Debts; the Doctor was a sort of an insolvent Person, the Creditors knew that, and did not trouble their Heads about him. *Monsieur* was forc'd to abscond, all he could preserve from the Chymical-Shipwreck, was his Commission: This Lady engag'd her Husband to serve him in his Troubles, and sent him perpetual Advices when any thing was like to happen to him; she prevented him several times from being persecuted by the implacable Midwife; he us'd to term her his *Guardian-Angel*, and every thing that was Generous and Human.

But Fortune did more for him in his Adversity, than would have lain in her way in Prosperity,

city, she threw him to seek for refuge in a House, where was a Lady with very large Possessions, he marry'd her, she settl'd all upon him, and dy'd soon after. He re-married to an Heiress who will be very considerable after her Mothers decease, has got a place in the Government, and now as you see, sparks it in the *Prado*.

The Lady who had serv'd him, lost her Husband, and fell into a great deal of Trouble; after she had long suffer'd, she attempted his Gratitude by the demand of a small Favour, which he gave her assurances of serving her in; the demand was not above ten Pieces, to carry her from all her Troubles to a safe Sanctuary, to her Friends, a considerable distance in the Country; they were willing to receive her if she came, but not to furnish her with Money for the Journey: He kept her a long time (more than a Year) in suspense, and then refus'd her in two Lines, by pretence of incapacity; nay, refus'd a second time to oblige her with but two Pieces upon an extraordinary Exigency, to help her out of some new Trouble she was involv'd with.

It is not only to her, but to all that have ever serv'd him he has shew'd himself so ingrateful, the very Midwife was forc'd to sue him; in short he pays nor obliges no Body, but when he can't help it.

Astrea. I think you have dwelt much too long upon so bad a Subject, we may find perpetual instances of Ingratitude, but very few Specificks against it. A Man, whose Principles are corrupted by Hypocrisy and Covetousness, can never be either good or grateful; it is a great misfortune to the Generous; they judge others by themselves, and are never undeceiv'd till at their

own cost, and when it is too late to remedy it.

M. Marley

Intel. There's a demure Lady in that Coach, and of Quality too, who had a comical Adventure happen'd to her some Nights ago; her Gallant she has chose is neither Young, nor Rich, nor Sweet, nor Handsom! all she cou'd find to induce her must be his Impudence, and the reputation he has of pleasing the Lady that favours him; besides, he's a Drunkard, and in his sleep tells all that he does, and acts over again the business of the Day. This old Stallion of the Senate-House, had a Note sent him by the Lady that her Husband was gone into the Country, and wou'd not return that Night, consequently she invited him to pass it away with her; he sent her word he wou'd not fail to obey her Commands, but stay'd too long at the Bottle after Supper, believing the Dose wou'd heighten his Spirits; when he came to the Lady it was two Hours beyond the time she had appointed him, Gay, and fluster'd with Drinking. He's one of those that intend ever to be Young tho' in despatch of time, let his Looks contradict his Tongue never so much; this last depends upon him, and that will always be youthful. Whilst he was pacifying the Lady's Choler, justly rais'd against him, for baulking her of two Hours Diversion, her Husband with Authority knocks at the Door, the Lovers were in the dressing-Room over the Bed-Chamber, she begg'd the Senator to stay there in the dark; her Husband us'd to fall asleep as soon as she was in Bed, and then she wou'd come up to him, for 'twas impossible to get out now, whilst their People were about, orders the Woman to blow out the Candles, and

and down she goes into the Bed-Chamber. Th Husband was return'd sooner than he design'd, and very weary, so to Bed they went: She waited but the sound of his Nose to rise and go to her Lover, who by this time, being in the dark, and the fumes of the Wine beginning to work, was fallen asleep himself. He put his Hands upon his Cane, and resting his Forehead upon his Hands, resolv'd to take a little Nap; there was a Couch and easie Chair in the Room, but he wou'd not indulge himself there, lest he shou'd sleep too long, and the Lady finding him in that posture might be scandaliz'd at his second neglect. In his sleep he fell into a fit of talking, and acting over again what he had been doing at the Tavern whence he came; it seem'd (according to custom) he had been quarrelling with the Drawers, who knew him so well, till he had call'd and knock'd twenty times, they never car'd to come to him. Being thus agitated in his sleep, he baul'd as loud as he cou'd, *Ricardo, Tomasio, Willielmus*, and knock'd with all his might with his Cane over the Husband's Head, never waking himself with all that Action; the Lady immediately hear'd him, and was frighted out of her Wits, she cou'd not think what he shou'd knock for, in that dangerous place, unless he were a dying. Nothing, no not even giving up the Ghost, shou'd have forc'd him to make a Noise there; whilst she was making these Reflections, he redoubles his Efforts, he dreamt himself very angry at the Fellows for not coming, and knocks and calls again; this quite awaken'd the Husband, who had heard the first attempt imperfectly, he starts up in the Bed feels for his Night-gown to rise, and see what

was the matter. Thieves were in possession of the House, and were knocking down the things over head. His Lady cling'd to him, not in a pretended but a real fright, and begs of him for the *Lud's* sake not to expose himself; they wou'd shoot him dead upon the spot, for they were apparently Masters of the House (just at that instant the knocking and bauling was repeated) they were calling of their Rogues together, and they shou'd be all kill'd. At the same time she rung her Bell for her Woman, who was gone down Stairs for something; when she was come into the Chamber the Senator renew'd his Battery over-head, which was information enough to the Chamber-maid how things went; she pretended to let fall the Candle in her fright, the Husband animated with the sight of the Light (notwithstanding his Wife's Efforts) was got half out of Bed; the Woman pretends to be bereav'd of her Senses with fear, runs out and double locks the Door after her, goes to the noisy Gallant, wakes him, and tells him the Mischief he has done; there needed not many Arguments to induce him to withdraw, which he was so lucky to do, before the House rose; the Woman had the presence of Mind, to throw open the dressing-Room Window which answer'd upon a Garden, and conveying away her Lady's dressing-Plate, and some small Jewels that were left upon the Toilet, ran and call'd the Footmen, and other Servants, telling 'em there were Thieves in the House; mean time her Master made a terrible battery to burst open the Chamber-door; the Lady rung the Bell incessantly, the Family came together, the House was search'd, but no Thief; the things miss'd, and the Window

dow found open. It was not doubted but at the hazard of their Neck, being disturb'd, they were gone that way; the Lady had opportunity to sell or bestow, as she pleas'd, her Set of Plate and Jewels, for her Husband presented her with new: However, she tells her Woman, it ought to be a warning how People make choice of a *Debauchee* for their Lovers, for if all were like hers, they can neither keep Counsel awake nor asleep.

The next departing Coach brings us the famous last Years Toast (a modern Title for a reigning Beauty) her Health was drunk by the Name of the *Blossom*: She had pass'd all her Life before in her own Country, without any such reputation of Charms, they even distinguish'd her not at all; but after the prodigious *eclat* she had made here, Heav'ns! how they there throng'd to admire her; they could scarce believe they had ever seen her before, or any thing so beautiful; accus'd their own blindness! Sure they were infatuated! and a thousand such Exclamations; so true it is, that we often borrow from others, even to our very opinion of Things and Persons.

I see but two Coaches remaining; the last is a History, and therefore to be told at leisure.

If your Divinities please to remove a little out of the Dust they have rais'd; the Moon begins to dance upon the Water in the Canal, we will repose our selves near the Bank, and then I'll tell you, That the last Coach but one holds a young Lady, whose Mother had something particular in her Fortune. Her Husband was a *Chevalier*, but under some Circumstances that had impair'd his Estate: He resolv'd to absent

M^r Newing

S^r J. Lawrence
Laurin

Lee Warner

himself till time had redeem'd the Misfortune; his Lady knew little of the Matter, or so pretended: She had a young Son and a Daughter by him. The *Chevalier* had made a slight Acquaintance with a Gentleman of so considerable an Estate, that few (who are not Noble) had better, and even many of them not so good. He takes his Wife and two Children with him some sixty odd Miles into the Country to this Gentleman, under pretence of making him a Visit: The Gentleman, whose Name was *Ramires*, entertain'd him according to his Temper, not only with Hospitality, but Generosity; his Soul was large, he lov'd Expence, and to live up to that mighty Fortune he possess'd. After a while, the *Chevalier* takes his leave of him, and begs that his Wife and Children may remain there till his return, which you may be sure he told 'em shou'd not be long. His Lady was not handsom, but had a prodigious deal of Wit and Management. Some think she was let into the Secret by her Husband, or at least could not but guess at their indifferent Circumstances. She apply'd her self with all possible Artifice to gain *Ramires's* Esteem, knowing that a Friend of his Capacity could do her no harm. As much a Country-Gentleman as he was, he lov'd Magnificence, and a well-order'd Table. The Lady *Laurentina*, that is her Name, had a very good Genius for that, and every thing else; she knew one certain Maxim, That to be well receiv'd, it is indubitably necessary, to make our selves useful to those we wou'd recommend our selves to; no matter whether to their Business, or their Pleasure, so we be but useful. *Ramires* wou'd often say, He had never known the Elegan-

gancies of Life, if he had not known *Laurentina*; without her he had been ignorant of the true use of an Estate, and dead to all the Charms of Wit and Conversation: She it was that had put new Spirit into him, had refin'd him, from a Brute into a Man: In short, she had put something into him that he was unacquainted with before; that little Devil of Love was got into his Breast, from whence the Lady took care it should not be frightened. Mean time they heard nothing from the *Chevalier*, nor *Ramires* did not desire she shou'd; tho' amidst all his Passion, he cou'd not help wondring, what he meant by leaving his Lady and Children so many Months in a place intirely strange to them, and almost so to the *Chevalier*; but he was mistaken in him, he knew what he did; in the small time of his Acquaintance he had study'd him thoroughly; generous and open Tempers are much easier seen to the bottom than others; the *Chevalier* knew the Charms of his Wife's Conversation wou'd quickly compensate, in *Ramires's* Esteem, for the Charge of their Subsistence; which was a Trifle he despis'd in comparison to the Company he lik'd, even when Love was not in the Case. The Lady pretends (and it might perhaps be really true) that she knew not what to think of it; however, as she had always been obedient to her Husband, she was willing to expect his return in that very place, because he had commanded her not to stir till he came to fetch her. In short, one Year, two Years, and several Years past on, but no News of the *Chevalier*; still she was entertain'd with as much, or more Respect than at first: Care was taken that the best Masters should be had to educate her Children,

who were both very handsom, you saw the Daughter, and I can assure you nothing is more agreeable than her Son. *Ramires* paid her a most profound Respect; she manag'd the whole Family with the same Air and Authority as if it were her own; the best Apartment was hers; the Servants plac'd or displac'd as she pleas'd; her own and Childrens Expence (even to their very Cloaths) defray'd out of the Estate: *Ramires* never was so easie, as when he saw her so; neither cou'd there be any thing that he heard was the Mode, either for Dress or Living, but what he caus'd to be presented to her and *Mamoisel Margerita* her Daughter. *Ramires* was a young Man, all his Friends prest him to marry for an Heir to preserve his Name; he told 'em, he was very much at ease for that, an Estate seldom wanted an Heir: He caus'd his Sister's Son to be brought to his House, and made him take his Education with *Laurentina's* Children; they were now grown up to an Age, wherein the Inclinations begin to distinguish themselves. *Laurentina* had so well pack'd the Cards that she was almost sure of the Game. *Ramires*, at her instigation, order'd his Nephew young *Rinaldo*, to make his Court to *Mamoisel Margerita*, and endeavour to please her; the Youth was one of those, that without being very ill-natur'd, had nothing benign in his Temper: He was come from a Mother who detested Lady *Laurentina* and all her Works; they look'd with utmost prejudice upon her, blackned her Reputation, tho' all her Behaviour, if she were criminal, was so well manag'd, that not one of the Servants, tho' all Servants are Spies, cou'd ever discover it. Young *Rinaldo* had no very strong Head;

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prejudic'd by his Mother and Uncles, he hated *Margerita* and my Lady, not considering *Laurentina* wou'd not have consented to the Marriage under less advantageous Circumstances, than his being declar'd *Ramires* Heir, but that he look'd upon himself as design'd for, without being oblig'd to marry *Mamaifel Margerita*: The surly Youth oppos'd her in all her little Desires; thwarted her at their Exercise, whether in Dancing, Singing (for she had a very pretty Voice) or any other Diversion, there was nothing but perpetual Complaints of *Rinaldo's* rudeness to *Margerita*; his Uncle reprimanded him in vain, his perverseness was displeasing to him till he sent him off to the Academy to perfect his Studies, and prepare himself for something less than being his Heir.

Mean time certain News arriv'd, not from himself, but others, that the *Chevalier* was well and in the *Indies*; else it is not doubted, but *Ramires* had persuaded Lady *Laurentina* to marry him; but that being no longer practicable, his Friends rais'd such a clamour against her, that he saw wou'd infallibly ruin her Honour; he must resolve to marry, or part with her out of his House, where she could no longer stay with Reputation, but under the umbrage of a Wife: her Choice directed him to a Lady of a very passive Temper, easie, provided she had no trouble given her, she was sure to give others none: Her Dowry was forty thousand Crowns, which tho' inconsiderable to what a Man of *Ramires* Estate might expect, yet it was counted a great deal for a Wife to bestow upon a Husband, whose Heart was in possession of another. They were marry'd, and Lady *Laurentina* continu'd her former

mer Empire; the Bride was as complaisant to her as the Bridegroom, because she was naturally good, and the other only artificial: But *Ramires* did not so easily relish this new change of Life; all his Estate could not make him happy, since he had not his former freedom to talk whole days apart with *Laurentina*: He fell into a languishing Distemper, of which he dy'd about six Months after he was marry'd.

He so far resented *Rinaldo's* Contempt of *Mamoiſel Margerita*, that he struck him out of his Will, leaving only a small Legacy in comparison, and call'd his Brother's Son to the Estate, tho' he had at first design'd it for his Sister's) a new Name being to be assum'd by the Possessor (that of the Family) it was of no importance what they were before. When they came to examin the Cash, they could not find how forty thousand Crowns cou'd have been consum'd in six Months, besides his own large Income, and no Debts paid; they cou'd account for none of it, neither as to Plate or Jewels, and not above two thousand Crowns was found in Specie, so that it is not at all doubted but he gave the whole to Lady *Laurentina*. Her Husband is not yet return'd; she lives in a very handsom manner, and which is wonderful, *Rinaldo* (come back from the *Academy*) fell passionately in love (as much as his Soul cou'd love) with *Mamoiſel Margarita*; those that pretend to divine, seem to think, that it will one day be a Match, tho' it does not appear to be either of their Interests, unless the Lady draw out some of her conceal'd Bags, if she have any; but she'll scarce do that while she lives, or till her Husband return, lest she confirm the opinion, that *Ramires* Lady's Fortune was empty'd into her Lap. Ri.

Rinaldo is perpetually with *Margerita*: Her Charms drew some time ago the Vows of a young Gentleman, Nephew to the Favourite; they hop'd he wou'd marry her, but that is not yet done, and therefore not probable, if they stay for the consent of those who will never be brought to give it. *Ed. F. Colley. Nephew to D. Marlborough*

Astrea. The Moral that may be drawn from this Story is, that the two Sexes ought never to meet in such dangerous Intimacies, where the Consequence is forbidden: Perpetual Conversation with the Ingenious, Habitude, Friendships, Tenderness, easily rise to love; to defend themselves against such Arms, they must have supernatural Aids; 'tis not to be purchased from below, under the forfeit of their Instincts. The Punishment fell as it ought, upon him, who could make the Holy Tie of Marriage subservient to his unlawful Passion. We may also see in *Rinaldo* how deprav'd is Human Nature; when it was his Duty to love, he hated *Margerita*; when he knows not well how to attain, he loves her. But pray my Lady *Intelligence* proceed, the Moon aids us to view a beautiful, tho' limited Prospect; 'tis better passing a Night in your Conversation, than otherwise; nothing can be better understood than what you say in your Discourse; I see the World without going into it, and hear so much, that I do not desire to see it.

Intell. Yet will your *Excellence* be much better inform'd from your own Observation. I pretend to morrow to have the honour of conducting you to the *Imperial Palace*; there you shall behold our graceful *Empress*, whose Heart is intirely Upright, were she but to judge all things *2. Anne*

by her own Eyes and Ears, all things would be administred with the same Impartiality and Justice, as if your self held the Balance. But, alas! What defence is there against the Corruption of Favourites, and the by-Interests of Ministers? 'Tis impossible a Prince can come to the knowledge of things but by Representation; and they are always represented according to the Sense of the Representator; either Avarice, Revenge, or Favour, are their Motive, and yet, how is it possible to prevent it? A Prince knows not how to distinguish by the out, and are seldom let into the inside; all appears fair to 'em, if he be a good Man; who so forward as the Atheist in affecting Piety, the Debauchee becomes regular, the Covetous and Revengful, generous and calm; the most Cholerick knows nothing else but Smiles: not that they have in reality exchang'd their Vices, but the appearance of 'em. There are few honest Men found at Court; they care not to furnish at the expence of their Sincerity, wherewith to maintain the Post of a Favourite; none serve there but in prospect of making, advancing or preserving their Fortunes. 'Twou'd be very hard to deny a Prince the Prerogative of every little Breast; the Joys of Friendship to a generous Mind, the greatest Sweetness of Power, is in doing good; and how natural is it to begin with what most affects us? Therefore, till there can be found upright Ministers, and dis-interested Favourites, Grievances there will be, and (since the Price runs so high) I fear hard to be redress'd, or not till the last general Conflagration.

St. Malherbe From the Empress's side, you must be pleas'd to pass to the Favourites, where if it is to be a pub-

publick Day, you will find her very intimate with a Woman that has a beautiful Appearance, adorned with every thing that's Splendid and Ravishing! sweetness in her Eyes! invitation in her Looks! She is call'd by all, that but superficially behold her, *Virtue*; she deceives People at the first view, but then with a very little acquaintance, we find 'tis only *Virtue pretended*; but of late she is become the Idol of the Court, the *Favourite* (tho' their acquaintance be not of a long standing neither) has introduc'd her. She has borrow'd from her Highness here an exact imitation, tho' with a little examination we find something in her Air very constrain'd; uneasie till the appearance she have assum'd be dismiss'd, and she return to her native Vice, which is ever in the Cabinet, at their *Couchee*, and in familiar Conversation. Her assistance is only requir'd upon extraordinary occasions at Council-Audiences, times of great Festivals or visiting Days, and then her two fashionable Maids of Honour are perpetually prompting her, for fear she shou'd be out in her part. These are Beauties very much admir'd, nam'd *Artifice* and *Flattery*. The Mother of the Maids is call'd *Hypocrisie*, and is very busie in keeping all under her Charge in exact *decorum*. They have the *Lares* and *Household-Gods* in *Angela*, as in Old Rome, the *Favourites* is the *God of Riches*, set upon a shining Altar within an *Alcove*, but she lets none have the Key of it but her self; there are found kneeling upon the Steps three Figures, inscrib'd, *Corruption*, *Bribery*, and *Just Rewards*; the two first perpetually furnishes Diamond-Rings, Chequins of Gold, and Bank Bills; the other insignificant Presents, which are hardly accepted, Ribbons, Gloves,

Gloves, Cordial-Waters, rich Wines, and Rarities for his Mightiness's Table; but these he looks down upon with Contempt, ev'n Plate and Jewels are but coldly receiv'd, as knowing they are valu'd by the giver at the prime Cost, but when they are sold will not come up to above two thirds, therefore ready Gold is the only thing current in his Empire. Behind and at a little distance, seem a long train of Merchants and Artificers with Bills in one Hand, and Rewards in the other, to pay for the Signing of those Bills; curious Clocks, repeating Watches, Jewels, Silver Stuffs; fine pieces of Linnen and Lace. On each side of the Altar are crouds of Petitioners suing for Places, either in the Army, Navy, Government, or Household, with their Bribes dispos'd in very regular and decent Order, but not any are found so weak as to pretend to Preferment in that Court without one.

L. Fitzdingle Having seen what's most remarkable in the Favorites apartment, I pretend to conduct you to a handsome hospitable Lady that keeps a Bank, and Cards, for all idle and avaricious People, either to sling away or improve their Mony, as their Humours are different, and all extraordinary; I won't forestal your Entertainment, which I may be positive is new to your Eminence, for I dare to swear, *Astrea* was never yet at a Basset-Table.

Whilst the Lady is busie at her diversion in one part of the Room, you may glance your Eyes and Ears and find her Lord no less employ'd at his; he pretends to brightness of Understanding, to determin *De Bell Lettres*, who writes insufferable; which intolerably; pardon the
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the Tautology, 'tis his own Phrase, which with a mediocrity, but none excellently, except it be the Cabal, of which the Lord *Giraldo* has the Honour to be an eminent Member: They produc'd, indeed, one taking Comedy, and let an inferior Person try for the reputation of it, tho' the Town was not so complaisant to give it him. The next that came out, was too studied, it smelt of the Anvil, 'twas neither Tragedy nor Comedy, tho' so call'd, thro' the whole it cou'd not force a Smile; yet cou'd he magisterially, from his Throne of Criticism, condemn and look down with Contempt, upon all that did not think as well of it as the Fathers who begot it. The Lord *Giraldo* is indeed a Man of Wit and pleasant Conversation, and wou'd much more deserve Praise, were he less Partial; he takes too many things upon Trust, and often condemns a Book for the Author, as if either Genius or Expression were always the same, they that generally creep may sometimes soar; at least it seems to me to be an Injustice to believe the contrary, till they have prov'd it: a later Author has produc'd two very diverting Volumes, and promises us two more; I doubt not but if he had carefully conceal'd his Name, they wou'd have been applauded from the Lord *Giraldo's* Quarter, but having a prejudice to the Man, they condemn the Work, and without reading, cry they wou'd not give two *Chequins* for whole Reams of his Writing, tho' it be never so correct. If you ask any one their Opinion of such a Poem, Play or Book, they immediately answer, 'tis cry'd down at the Lord *Giraldo's*; they don't like it at the Lord *Giraldo's*; what shou'd you see it? what shou'd you buy it for?

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'tis condemn'd at the Lord *Giraldo's*: Not that this so much quoted Lord *Giraldo*, can be suppos'd to spare so much time from the Publick, and the Duties of his Charge, to read all those Books whose Reputation he destroys; but his *Levee* is too open to little under-Criticks, even to the very Women-Wits, who saves him the labour, and gives the detail according to their Prejudice, or mistaken narrow Understanding; and then his Lordship does them the Honour to report it as his Sense, tho' in a thing he knows nothing of; and at that rate how shou'd the Author avoid being cry'd down at the Lord *Giraldo's*?

When you have sufficiently diverted your self there, for I can't pretend your Excellency, if you wanted it, wou'd gain much Instruction from that Quarter, I'll lead you to the *Council-Board*, and the *Senate-House*; it wou'd take up a great deal of time to report you the several Histories of each particular Member, that of the Nobles and others, but I shall have care to omit nothing that has happen'd extraordinary; together with their Foundation, Institution, real and pretended Interests: The Arts of Government, which are here elegantly display'd to the Sight of a nice Observer; Reasons why a place of no seeming Profit shou'd have so much Money expended in the pursuit of it; by what means they find their Account in this Lottery of Fortune, where (as 'tis now manag'd by the Wise) none but Fools draw the Blanks.

You shall see the *Arsenal*, the *Stores*, and management of those that preside over the *Marine* Affairs, the abuses and unheeded detection thereof; from thence I'll conduct you to the Army,
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into the very Tents of their General; report to you how much he has done, and how much might have been done; shew you the Interests and Inclination of the Officer, the wretchedness of the Soldier, and the debauchery of the whole; their incessant Endeavours to prolong the War, their Arts to prevent or retard a Peace, which will level the Power of some, and annihilate the exorbitant Expence of the whole.

For a change of Scene, it may not be amiss to take the Tour of the *Opera* and *Theatre*, you'll find the same Injustice in their little Commonwealth as in greater: The favourite Poet (in concert with the Master) has of course the reading of all new Pieces brought to him for his approbation, which he is sure never to give, to what seems more meritorious than his own, lest he should put their Reputations upon a level. Hence the poor Poet is forc'd with infinite Patience and Humility (tho' he be deem'd in the beginning) to dance attendance for two or three Years together; they refer him to one, then to another, so to a third, till they have run the whole round with him, and then dismiss him with an, *It won't do*, when they have already plunder'd it of all that was either new or well express'd, to dress up their own Collections; you may judge there's no appearing for him, if they would permit it, when his Market has been so forestal'd.

The very Women are not encourag'd and paid according to the merit of their Performance (certainly their value consists in well Speaking and true Action, in a just imitation of Nature, a capacity of varying and representing the Passions; and those other Excellencies appropriated

to the Character of a true Comedian) but the whim and liking of the Superiour advances his own Favourite to the Profits that are due to others; for if she have the luck but to please him, no matter what becomes of the Audience; he pays those for Speaking who never knew how to Speak, even to the imitation of a *Parrot*. If this had not been obvious, they wou'd never have suffer'd, by their Injustice, the admirable *Bracillia* to leave 'em, who in some things cou'd be only excel'd by the incomparable *Berenice*, in most but by her self, and in all, was the usefullest, as well as the most agreeable Women, of the Stage.

inn.

Bracillia

Barry.

The Park

If you shou'd have any further inclinations to Gallantry, we will make the *Tour* of the *Tulleries*, where Vice and Vanity appear in their own Kingdom! I wonder the Women of condition do not leave to walk there, since it is become so profess'd a Market for the Bad! it will raise at once your Pity and Indignation, to see so many very handsome, young, well-fashion'd Women, abandon'd to Destruction: They come to be bought after the most detestable manner, for an Hour or a Day, or as the Customer pleases; and when once their Folly and Poverty has reduc'd 'em to such an ebb, they are pollution to all that touch 'em, not only in regard to their Health and Body, or loss of Chastity (which is not strictly numbred among the Virtues) but their Souls become a sink of Abomination, a harbour for Lying, Revenge, Jilting, Deceit, Slander, Theft; Money is their Deity, Interest their Heaven; in their acquaintance is the destruction of all Principles, the bane of Conversation, and something of more Wickedness

ness than is to be found in any other Specie of the Creation!

But that the City may not complain *Astrea* does not visit there, we will lead her to the *Bourse*, to see at once the magnificence of their Building, and the deceit of the Merchant, the whole mystery of Artifice and Trade, the immensity of their Riches, and the means by which they have acquir'd 'em, the opulency of the whole, and the parcimony of the particular, some great Ones excepted; where are to be found the Vices of the Court with a worse Air, and more Ostentation, the Citizen's ambitious Wife, giving those Laws in her Drawing-Room she has taken from above, with a lame imitation of that Splendor, Luxury, Cards, and Gallantry, which seems appropriated to the Great, and but forcibly ravish'd, and never can appear natural to these.

You may likewise have a view of the City-Physician, who neglecting the favourable Inclinations of *Esculapius*, runs mad after *Apollo*, who as carefully avoids him, forbidding the smallest of his Rays to glance that way, and even warn his *Daphne* from bestowing a branch of her Laurel upon one who so little understands his own Interest or Talent; had he contented himself indeed with Writing, not much, but well, or only given a Specimen of what he cou'd do, in his Episode of the Creation, we had lamented the future silence of an admirable Poet; but to prescribe in Verse, to Eat, Drink, Sleep, Walk and Ride, has jaded his Muse, and sent him back to *Galen* and *Hippocrates*, sufficiently humbl'd, one wou'd think, and convinc'd of his Error, when he prefer'd the airy praise of *Parnassus* to the substantial Fame of being a good Physician.

J. A. Blackmore

Dr. Garth. Not so his Brother, *Signior Mompelier*, who wrote not much, but well, he seems to understand the difficulty to maintain an acquir'd Reputation, and is therefore wiser than to hazard the losing of it by a new Attempt.

*D. Montague
E. of Roch.
Granville.* These Degressions have carry'd me from my first Subject, I shall conclude 'em with but advancing one Curiosity more, and that seems to be where *Astrea* is principally concern'd, the Courts of Justice: What would you say, to see as I have done, two People (eminent for Dignity and Fortune) contending Years together, for an Estate, to which neither of 'em have a right: One pretends to a Will, another to a Deed, when, in truth, the lawful Heir dies a Prisoner, tho' under the specious pretence of assisting him; the Suit is prosecuted to the height, till both Parties pretty well tir'd, lay down their Animosities, and conclude the Peace, by dividing the Estate between themselves, leaving the Heir, and his Children, to seek their Bread where they can get it.

What would *Astrea* have said, to have seen in one Cause, and at one Tryal, seventy Witnesses go away perjur'd, most of them so well manag'd, as to believe themselves in the right? Would she not have exclaimed at the Impudence, as well as the Injustice of Mortals? And yet the Redress they pretend to give us for the Grievances of the inferior Courts of Justice, is in its Nature the highest Grievance. We have an Appeal from written Statutes, and known Laws, made by the wisest of our Legislators, prov'd and confirm'd by the Senate and Sovereign; but what is the Appeal? why truly to one Man's Opinion, whether influenc'd by Prejudice, Revenge,

venge, Avarice, Love, Ambition, or any of those Passions, that byass the Breast of Mortals; and this is call'd the *Perfection of Justice*; there have been but few, very few, that have born this great Office uprightly. A certain *Chevalier* seem'd to understand Mankind perfectly well, when he refus'd to sue for a great Estate that was detain'd from him, whilst the *Grand-President*, that then was, officiated; he knew he mortally hated him, and could not enough confide in his Principles, to secure himself from being oppress'd by his Resentment and Power; therefore he let the Cause sleep till he was remov'd, and a new one put in his room, by which means he is possess'd of the Estate, and the late *President* bears yet his Animosity unfated.

The last Coach that we beheld in the *Prado*, belongs to the second Wife of one that was *Grand-President* in the Reign of *Seigismund* the Second. I will acquaint you with some Passages of his Life, before he enter'd upon that exalted Dignity.

Volpone, the elder, was possess'd of a large Estate; he had two Sons, *Hernando Volpone*, who was afterwards *Grand-President*, and *Mosco* the younger. *Volpone* was of the Party opposite to the Court; an old *Debauchee*, given to irregular Pleasures, not such as the Laws of Nature seem to dictate: After marrying *Hernando* to a Wife he hated, and *Mosco* to one that had been his own Mistress, he dy'd suddenly in the midst of his Excesses; whether it were that he were so covetous, or could not spare so much from his own Expences: He did not bestow a liberal Education upon his Son, but bred him to the practice of the Law, in that manner that is the

least generous, and most corrupt, but *Hernando* had natural Parts, that surmounted all those Inconveniences, together with a good paternal Estate, that his Father could not hinder him of; all the great Successes he has met with, is due to the brightness of his own Genius, he ow'd much more to his natural, than acquir'd Parts; his Memory was good, so was his Luck; to these were join'd a great deal of Wit; a volubility of Tongue; ready Sentiments, and a most plausible Address; Religion in pretence, none in reality; he held it lawful for a Man to attain by any Methods, either Pleasure or Riches; he was violent in the pursuit of both; quitting his Interest for nothing but Pleasure, and his Pleasure, for nothing but Interest.

A Man compos'd of such Elements, wanted nothing but to be known to be advanced, but because he was yet too young to possess those Employments and Dignities he aspired to, he suppress'd his tow'ring Thoughts, and was contented to plod on, in the necessary Tracts that all must follow, who aim to be one Day considerable by the Gown.

M^r. Cullen.

There was an *Orphan* left to his care, her Fortune not large, but her Person very agreeable: *Hernando* was amorous; he hated his Wife, tho' he liv'd civilly with her, and had the Art of dissembling so natural, that it cost him nothing to appear a good Husband. *Louisa* was the Name of his beautiful Ward; she was brought-up in the House with his Lady, who had a great kindness for her. *Hernando* had none of those terrible Conflicts, I before described in the Case of the Duke, and *Mademoiselle Charlot*; he was not acquainted with those violent Airs of Honour,

nour, nor scarce in his narrow Education convers'd with any who travell'd that Road; however their precise Party, held it a violent Scandal for a marry'd Man to corrupt a young Woman, especially under his *Ward*, therefore care was to be taken that it should not be known, and then it would be as it were undone. Her Mind had taken a natural bent to Orizons and Devotion; his Lady encourag'd the good Spirit in her, and laid the Foundation of a Virtue not easily shaken, tho' *Hernando* was indefatigable in his Pursuits, yet he would rather have had it in *Ambition* than *Love*; he did not care how easie he came by his Pleasure, nor how dearly he paid for 'em, as appear'd afterwards by a Taint he receiv'd, the usual Present that lewd Women bestow upon such, who do themselves the injury to converse with 'em.

Mademoiselle Louisa found nothing so obliging as her Guardian, what ever she requested was granted; what ever she but seem'd to wish, she enjoy'd, but was at a loss how to begin with her, if by a formal Declaration, it was teaching her to deny. My Lady had instructed her in all that was necessary to make a young Maid set a value upon her Chastity; she seem'd to bear an incorruptible Desire of preserving hers; their daily Conversation, nay Diversions, roll'd upon nothing that was loose or amorous; all Appearances were against him, and yet, in spite of Appearances, he resolv'd to proceed, and undermine that seemingly invincible Chastity; it would be a sort of Triumph over his Wife, whom he hated, as well as over *Louisa*, whom he lov'd, but how to attempt her first was the Point; he saw nothing of an amorous Constitu-

tion; nothing of the native *Coquet*, all was regular, all was cool and innocent; how much to blame was he to make her otherways? Are there such violent Desires that Reason cannot suppress? Is Love such an irresistible Tyrant? Will he trample upon all Obstacles? Are the most sacred Ties of no obligation in his Sense? O no! for if it were but *true Love*, 'twould seek the good of the Person belov'd; but *Hernando* was in his Temper a Friend to none but himself; amorous, and convers'd every Day with a young handsome Woman, which was impossible for him to do, without desiring of her. The little Freedoms that were permitted inflam'd him; he could not pass near her without trembling; when he did but touch her Hand, his Blood flush'd in his Face; sometimes he would ravish a Kiss, in the way of play, but then he was lost in pleasure; he took all occasions for those pretty Liberties; her Bed-side was not refus'd him when he us'd to view her there in a Morning, he would fix his sparkling wishing Eyes, cross his Arms, and sigh in such a tender manner, that *Louisa* must have been very ignorant, not to have discern'd a Mystery in such a Behaviour; he would alway affect to sit near her, to take the Place she had quitted; to touch what she had but touch'd, and when his Lady was not present, her Glove, her Handkerchief, was Extacy to him; yet with nothing of a fullsome Address; he had a native becoming Gallantry. *Louisa* thought her self oblig'd by these Distinctions; they even created a sort of Gratitude, that warm'd it self to Tenderness. She was pleas'd to see, to hear him; his Company seem'd more diverting than others; she knew no harm in it, she thought no harm.

At

At that time there was a young Gentleman *M^r Sunkin* from the Country, a Relation of *Hernando's*, Lady that fell in love with *Mademoiselle Louisa*; his Circumstances were advantageous for her, and his Person very agreeable. *Mr. Wilmot* begg'd the honour to wait upon his Cousin, and the young Lady to the Opera. *Hernando's* Blood flash'd in his Face; he immediately guess'd that *Mr. Wilmot* was engag'd; he thought it now high time to declare himself; he had fool'd too long; there was an audacious Lover, by the Rites of Marriage, going to pretend to take her from his very Table; he confess'd 'twas advantageous to her; he was his Lady's Relation; she lov'd *Louisa*, and would not fail to press it to oblige both; nay *Louisa* her self might approve of him, he was handsome, he was young, he was amorous: She was innocent and unengag'd; nothing oppos'd *Wilmot's* seeming Happiness; but all things seem'd to be against his; these things revolv'd in an instant thro' his Mind: He saw 'em rise to the Opera, with a concern he was not able to support. *Wilmot*, by the Laws of Civility, was to lead the Lady *Volpone*, to put her first in the Coach, *Louisa* was preparing to follow; *Hernando* catch'd her in such a Transport, that was highly favourable to his Eyes and Air, he never look'd so handsome as then: No *Mademoiselle*, says he, *Wilmot* shall never touch this Hand whilst I am alive; they were too near to say more. *Hernando* agreeably surpriz'd his Lady, when he step'd into the Coach to 'em, and said he would go to the Opera. 'Twas known he had appointed business of mighty consequence, that would suffer by being delay'd, like a good Wife, she did not fail to represent it to him,

him, for fear he should have forgot it, that was all one; no business could come in ballance with *Louisa*; he saw that must be the time to defend her Heart from the first Impressions of a young assiduous Lover. He sat over-against her in the Coach, and without knowing what he did, press'd her Knees with his, till he pained her; she wonder'd at the Excess, because 'twas what he was not us'd to; but she durst not complain, for fear of his Lady. The Story of the *Opera* chanc'd to be of a Woman that had marry'd a second Husband, her first yet alive, tho' unknown to her; after seven Years absence he returns, the second Night after their new *Hymen*; discovers himself to her; she knows and owns him; falls in to extreme Despair at the Misfortune; runs mad, and in her Lunacy stabs her self: The Play was wrought up with all the natural Artifice of a good Poet, *Louisa*, who did not often see such Representations, became extremely mov'd at this: Her young Breasts heav'd with Sorrow; the Tears fill'd her Eyes, and she betray'd her Sense of their Misfortune with a Tenderness that *Hernando* did not think had been in her; he was infinitely pleas'd, and employ'd a world of pains to applaud, instead of ridiculing, as his Lady did, that sensibility of Soul; when they came away, he took care that her Hand should fall to his share: As they were going home, he sat over against her, in the same manner as before. At Supper, the Play was their Subject: His Wife was reasoning about the Accident of the double Marriage, and said it was necessary the Poet should dispatch her out of the way, for loaded with such a Misfortune, 'twas impossible she should live without being infamous, and con-

consequently detesting her self. *Hernando* was not of the same Opinion, and upon that Head, in his eloquent manner, introduc'd a learned Discourse of the lawfulness of double Marriages; indeed, he own'd that in all Ages, Women had been appropriated, that for the benefit and distinction of Children, with other necessary Occurrences, Polygamy had been justly deny'd the Sex, since the coldness of their Constitution, the length of time they carry'd their Children, and other Incidents seem'd to declare against them; but for a Man who possess'd an uninterrupted Capacity of propagating the Specie, and must necessarily find all the Inconveniencies above-mention'd, in any one Wife; the Law of Nature, as well as the Custom of many Nations, and most Religions, seem'd to declare for him; the ancient *Jews*, who pretend to receive the Law from an only God, not only indulg'd plurality of Wives, but an unlimited use of Concubinage; the Children were bred up together without distinction, as being all the Sons of one Father, nay their *Land of Promise* was divided by equal Portions among a Mans (whom they call *Jacob*) twelve Sons, tho' some of 'em were born of his two Concubines, and the rest not from one Wife, but two, living at one time in and of the same Family. The *Turks*, and all the People of the World, but the *Europeans*, still preserved the privilege; that it was to be own'd, their Manners in all things were less adulterated than ours; their Veracity, Morality, and Habit of living less corrupted; that in pretending to reform from their Abuses, *Europe* had only refin'd their Vices; Pleasures that were forbidden had a better *Gusto*, and tho' they had ty'd

ty'd themselves out of Policy to one Wife, to make particular Families great, and maintain distinction; yet there was scarce a Man (but himself) that had Capacity to uphold his Pleasures abroad, but went in search of 'em; that; true, he condemn'd a promiscuous pursuit, because it was irrational and polluted, but if one or more Women, whether marry'd or not, were appropriated to one Man, they were so far from transgressing, that they but fulfill'd the Law of Nature; it was agreeable to the practice of great *Jupiter* himself, and therefore could only in a political, not religious Sense, be accounted infamous; that the loss of the World's Esteem was very well recompenc'd, by the true and valuable Joys of Love; that a young Lady ought never to oppose those good Inclinations she might find in her self towards a marry'd Man, because she was gratifying at one time, both her Passion and her Duty.

You may be sure this Harangue did not relish very well in his Lady's Ear, but it was not for her he intended it. *Hernando* appeal'd to Mr. *Wilmot*, if he had said any thing but what was rational; he, who did not know the other's Design, and like a right Man, was for upholding the Sex's Charter, did not fail to applaud it, tho' it were but an ill Mode of making his Court to a Lady he pretended to marry. *Louisa* very well observ'd it, in being his Wife, she found she must prepare her self for the Mortification of one or more Rivals, and that he would plead Custom, and bring Presidents for it; this disgusted her extremely of that side; she presum'd that no unmarried Man ought to advance such Doctrine, before a Woman he lov'd;
 'twas

'Twas only to be look'd upon as the Husband's refuge, when he was so unfortunate to meet with a Wife he did not like; and how firm soever was the Foundation, should not be built upon but in Extremity.

Next Morning *Hernando* beg'd the favour of his Lady, that she wou'd take *Louisa* down with her to their *Villa*, near six Leagues from *Angela*, and endeavour to divert themselves, as well as they cou'd, for two or three days, at which time he would be sure to wait upon them; this was to send her out of *Wilmot's* way; he cou'd not rest while he thought another pretended to her. Their departure was so sudden, that the Lover had not time to interest his Relation in his Cause; he wou'd ev'n have follow'd em, but *Hernando* gave him such a cold reception, and told him, his Wife, fatigu'd with the Hurry of the Town, retir'd to avoid Company, and wou'd very well spare the extraordinary Complement, that he resolv'd to delay it till their return.

Mean time, *Hernando* weigh'd with himself how he shou'd declare himself: Paper is never out of Countenance, and tho' he did not use often to blush, yet the natural Timidity of a Lover, taught him to despond when he was near his Mistress: He knew many things were lost, not because Men cannot attain to 'em, but because they don't attempt 'em. He did not well know whether a Letter wou'd escape his Wife's hands, and fall into *Louisa's*; nay, ev'n whether *Louisa* wou'd not her self expose it; he thought the hazard was too great, and therefore resolv'd to depart that very Night, within two Hours of Twelve, when he was expected of none. He had a Master-key that open'd all Doors and Gates

Gates; he took no Servant with him, but mounting his Horse, he flew away with the speed of a Lover, little at ease till he be with his Beloved: A *Surtout* and riding Periwig sufficiently disguis'd him; he alighted at the Garden back-Gate; the Moon was at the full, and lent him more light than he had occasion for. 'Twas then past Midnight; he knew *Louisa's* Chamber was on the Ground-floor; two large folding-Windows open'd into the Garden, which the extreme Heat of the Weather might possibly cause her to keep open: He believ'd the whole Family was (if not asleep, at least) in Bed; his Lady's side was on the other part of the House; avoiding the Gravel, for fear the Noise shou'd discover him: He fetch'd a compass by the grassy Walks, to come to *Louisa's* Chamber; where he found the lovely Maid, in a melancholy Posture, leaning with her Arms upon the Window, and gazing at the Moon: His Heart beat violently at the sight; he was afraid of showing himself, lest he shou'd frighten her, and in her surprise she shou'd cry out; neither was he sure her Attendant, was dismiss'd, for the Lights were still burning; but Boldness being ever a Friend to Love, he advanc'd, and calling softly *Madmoiselle Louisa*, charming *Louisa*, are you alone? The Tone of his Voice was sweet and particularly softned; *Louisa* only started, but did not cry out: She ask'd him in a Minute, having presently known him, When did you come? How long have you been here? Have you any body with you? Dear *Madmoiselle*, he interrupted: No, she said, all the House is in Bed; I've just sent away my Maid, am all undrest, even to my very Night-gown; not being dis-

dispos'd to go to Bed, nor in the least sleepy,
 I thought it was cruelty to keep her up; but
 I'll call her to bring Lights to let you in, and
 wait upon you up to my Lady's Chamber: Hold,
 hold, *Madmoisèl*, and with that he gave but one
 jump into the Room, and then another to catch
 her in his Arms: She fell a trembling, and ready
 to sink as he held her, being taken with a
 Passion of Fear and Surprize; she fear'd, but she
 knew not what: *Hernando*, with all the submission
 of a Lover, taught by Nature more than
 Education, fell upon his Knees close to the
 Chair where he had plac'd her; dear *Madmoisèl*,
 I must beg you to recover your Disorder; what
 are you apprehensive of? Are you afraid of so
 submissive a Lover? He stop'd here to see how
 she would receive the Declaration, but her trem-
 bling and fright continuing, he saw she was just
 going to have a fit of Swooning; he had heard
 in those Cases, that the best Remedy was to lay
 her at her length; so that taking her without
 resistance, in his Arms, he carry'd her to the
 Bed, and slipping off her Night-gown, with as
 much Modesty as the Circumstance would per-
 mit, he threw the Bed open, laid her in, and
 cover'd her up very handsomly, then cast him-
 self down upon the Bed-cloaths, his Face to hers,
 where he could not resist the Pleasure of paying
 himself in Kisses for his pains; this, and what
 was done before, recall'd the young Beauty; she
 remov'd him gently with her hand, and turning
 that way, Oh Sir, says she, what are you about?
 Do you mean to ruin me? I mean to love you,
 Madam, to adore you, to die for you, I mean
 to marry you, if you will make me so happy:
 Dreams, answer'd the Lady, are not you mar-
 ry'd

ry'd already? Oh, Madam, if you did but love me with but a grain of that Passion I have for you, it would be more than a Dream, 'twould be reality; but that is my Misfortune, all I ask of you at present is, that you will dismiss your Fears, for upon my Faith and Honour, I engage you shall have no occasion for 'em; all wild as I am, with extremity of Love and eager Desires, you shall command me as you please; I will not so much as pretend to the liberty of a Kiss without your leave; let me have but one of your fair Hands, that I may protest upon it my never-dying Passion; I have long and desperately lov'd you; I believe, smother'd by Pain, I should have dy'd rather than have reveal'd it to you, if that Country-Booby's Pretension had not alarm'd me, and gave me Courage to speak. For you only I am come hither alone; for you only I shall return solitary and dying with Grief, at leaving my better part behind; 'tis too dangerous a Secret to be shar'd with any but our selves, upon the Road I would have given my Life for this fair, this silent, happy Opportunity; don't make it of no effect by groundless Fears; reassure your self, *Madmoiselle*; banish, Madam, that treacherous Enemy to Love; Oh that you would but permit me to give you only a Taste of what I feel; that you would once but admit of so much Curiosity in my Favour, to prove but a glimmering of that Delight, that mutual Lovers bestow upon one another. Here he sought her Lips, and prest 'em so tenderly, and so respectfully, that he could not fail of insinuating, by that dangerous Contact, something new and tender into the Breast of the unexperienc'd Virgin; he pursu'd her so artfully, that she

she consented he should stay there till Morning ; and before they parted, promis'd to hear him again upon the Article of Marriage. She confess'd, she preferr'd him to all Mankind ; she wish'd he were single, she should never like another so well, but her Honour and Chastity were above her Life : The Battery was renew'd against that piece of Fortification ; he told her, 'Twas only a Dream, a Notion, that scarce any Lady who had been so happy to love, had any more of it than the Pretence ; good Management and Conduct were Honour and Vertue too ; he was pleading for nothing criminal ; she was un-engaged, un-marry'd, and had a despotick Power in favour of any one she had a mind to make happy ; then he urg'd Arguments innumerable, all to the same purpose as the Night before, to perswade her to the lawfulness of Poligamy, he found that must be the Mine that was to blow up her Chastity : She listned, she enquir'd, and where she doubted, made Objections, which with his Sophistry he immediately answer'd ; till at length he almost convinc'd her, that the Law of Nature was prior, and ought to take place ; one was ordain'd by the Gods, the other instituted by Man, and therefore the first was undoubtedly to be preferr'd : He begg'd she would permit him to see her in the same manner every Night ; there was no danger of a Discovery ; he would pretend the great Heat made him desire to lie alone, and have his Bed made in a low Room in the other Wing, answering to the Garden, as that did, by which means he might get out of his own Window, and come into hers.

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When once a young Maid pretends to put her self upon the same Foot with a Lover at Argument, she is sure to be cast: *Louisa* had no very strong Head; his superficial Reasons might quickly take place, especially when they were seconded by Inclination: Unknown to her self she lov'd him, else all his Attempts would have been insignificant; he show'd her she was a Woman at liberty, had her own Fortune at command, and his with Advantage: What could she expect in another Husband that was not to be found in him? Why truly the Opinion of the World; but that not being a part of her Duty, might very well be exchange'd for those incomparable Delights, that are seldom or never found in mercenary Marriage; since she already lov'd him, she could contract none with any other Man, that would not be so; therefore all they were to fence against was, lest it should be discover'd: It was not necessary she should lose Esteem, as long as she could preserve it; but in these repeated dangerous nightly Conversations, Love had arm'd her with Fortitude, she was become bold, as to Opinion, contented with in her self, that she did nothing against the Laws of God and Nature, which he had taught her, it was her Duty to fulfil.

Having, with a world of pains, fix'd this immoveable Principle in her Breast, she consented to marry him; she could admit of *Poligamy*, but would not hear a word of *Concubinage*; whether the difference be so material I leave to the *Casuits*; but the difficulty was, how they should be marry'd unknown. *Mosco* (*Hernando's* Brother, much about the same pitch in Devotion, and

and very well match'd for their Morals) was
 engag'd in a sort of an Amour very like this,
 only the Lady seem'd rather to be the Aggres-
 sor: He was call'd to Council. *Hernando* told
 him, he could not care for his Wife, the Rites of
 Love were nauseous to him; and since it was a
 folly to pass away that idle time of Life with-
 out Pleasures, he had sought it with ease and
 safety in *Louisa's* soft Bosom: But because she
 would not condescend to make him happy with-
 out a Priest, he did not know how to procure
 one that would be secret. *Moses* answer'd, that
 he suppos'd all that he pretended to by mar-
 rying the Girl, was to please her; and since that
 might as well be done by a false, as a true
 Priest, their best way was, to let him procure
 the Habit, and officiate to their Content: By
 that means *Hernando* should screen himself from
 her Persecutions, when he was grown weary of
 her; as that would be no wonder, to his know-
 ledge, for he was sick at heart of young *Zara*,
 and did not know how in the World to get rid
 of her. This was applauded as a notable Ex-
 pedient; he gain'd the Lady by it; and should
 she ever take a fancy to put in her Claim, 'twas
 impossible for her to find the Priest, and there-
 fore 'twould be in vain to pretend it: They only
 demurr'd, lest she should know him, maugre his
 Disguise, or suspect the Tone of his Voice: As
 to that, they did not doubt but the Dress, to-
 gether with another colour'd Wig, would make
 him quite another thing; his Voice should be
 alter'd with a Bullet, or Plum-stones in his
 Mouth, and speaking *a la Francoise*, he might
 very well pass for a Refugee, a People that are

to be found in swarms thro' all Parts of *Europe*, especially the *Islands*.

Hernando would not have it deferr'd; he caus'd her to come to *Angela*, upon a slight Pretence: His Lady remain'd in the Country, they durst not share their Secret with any other, few of the Servants being in Town, and those that were, sent out of the way. After Supper, this pretended Priest comes upon a visit to *Hernando*; he took care there shou'd be but little Light in the Room, the Ceremony being only to quiet the Ladies Conscience (who thought she did no ill, so thoroughly had he wrought upon her) there was no Witness requir'd; so marry'd they were; the false Priest receiv'd his Fee, made his Legg, and brusht into a Coach that waited for him.

The new marry'd (I mean the Bridegroom) was very impatient to go to Bed, the Lady as Dutiful as Obliging, did not let him wait long; when the Servants were dispos'd to their rest, he was introduc'd into her Chamber, where he pass'd the guilty Night, I suppose, to both their satisfactions.

The next Day they return'd into the Country, but *Hernando* was too much in Love to pass a Night without the Joys of his young Wife, the Invention of the Window still held good; but what shou'd they do when the Season call'd 'em to *Angela*? when they shou'd be forc'd to abandon that dear *Villa*, a thousand blest Opportunities presented themselves, which they cou'd not find elsewhere; they lost none of 'em; the conscious Walks and Gardens all witness'd to their Passion. *Louisa* cou'd not enough Love a Husband
so

so very amiable; she devoted all her Thoughts and Wishes, her whole Days and Nights to him; the same unaccountable thing that cools the Swain, more warms the Nymph: Enjoyment (the death of Love in all Mankind) gives Birth to new Fondness, and doating Extasies in the Women; they begin later, with-held by Modesty, and by a very ill tim'd Oeconomy, take up their Fondness exactly where their Lover leaves it.

This was sufficiently prov'd by the young *M^{rs} Stone*
the Quaker
at Hertford
Zara, a very pretty Girl, whose Mother liv'd in the same *Villa* with *Hernando*, but so great a Bigot, that *Zara* had seen nothing but their own forbidding Crew of Sectaries: Her self was born with genteel Inclinations, and had something *jantie* in her Mien and Conversation; they did nothing but teize her for not conforming her self enough to their Manners. Her Fortune was considerable for one of her rank; she had eight thousand Crowns in her own Hands, which was more than three times as much to Ladies that dress and live in the World. Her Father was dead, and she went often to *Hernando's* and his Brothers to converse, which were the principal People of the *Villa*. *Mosco*, who never saw a Woman he cou'd not have bestow'd some of his Favours upon, let her be handsome, or indifferent, was mightily taken with pretty *Zara*; he had not the command of Mony as his elder Brother had; all things mov'd in a much narrower Sphere than at *Hernando's*, his Lady had been his Father's Mistress, and his Mother never forgave him his Marriage with her, it wou'd be no
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disadvantage to him to have the command of *Zara's*: The young Creature took a fatal Passion for him, which was not in her Power to conceal, not even from his Wife. If she were at the Table at dinner with her, and he return'd unexpectedly, her Surprize and Joy were usually so great, that all the World might read in her Face the disorders of her Soul. The Lady did not love her the less for it; she believ'd her sick of a Distemper she cou'd not help; and did not imagine it wou'd arise to any guilty Commerce between her and her Husband. Mean time she put all her little Matters in *Mosco's* Hand; he it was that dispos'd of her Fortune, and made what waists or improvements he saw good, when she had affairs at *Angela*; if he were there, she took up her constant residence at his House; perpetually put her self in the Road where she might meet him: He saw this *Empressment*, and was not at all displeas'd with it; his Soul was almost as Amorous, and his Person almost as handsome as his Brothers: I've already told you their Principals were the same, tho' perhaps quite so much may not be said of his Address and Natural Parts; however he had a great deal of Wit and Attempt; understood very well his Business, but had not the good Fortune to be born an elder Brother.

By the pretence of Business, he cou'd often see *Zara* at her Mother's House: Those opportunities were not lost; she was of an Opinion that Cohabitation makes a Marriage; she wou'd have given ten times her Fortune, if she had had it, that *Mosco*, as he sometimes gave her hopes, wou'd leave his Wife and cohabit with her,

her; not that he ever intended it, but Men do not use to say disagreeable things to those that they came to be happy with; he cou'd have been very well contented if she had lov'd him something more discreetly, her fondness began to be very tiresome to him. She was one Day at dinner at *Hernando's*, *Mosco* arriv'd unexpectedly; she was forc'd to withdraw to the Air of the Window in the next Room, or she had swooned away; tender *Louisa* follows to assist her, she even leaves her dinner to administer what was in her Power towards her recovery; they got together into the Garden, where, having no Witnesses but themselves, *Zara* no longer restrain'd her self, but gave way to a great Passion of Tears: when that was over, and *Louisa* had intreated her to let her know the cause of her Afflictions, and assur'd her of secrecy. She began thus,

You see here, my dear *Louisa*, the most lost undone Maid that ever liv'd. I love *Mosco* to that height, that nothing but his Love can satisfy me! alas! that's a thing impossible to gain from so unconstant a Person! yet has he a thousand, and a thousand times persuaded me, that his Passion was mutual! I cost him none of those Cares and Troubles, by which other Women are brought to oblige their Lovers; the Work was all done to his Hand; I even lov'd him before he distinguish'd me: I was the Aggressor! I am the Sufferer! how dear am I going to pay for those few Moments of Delight I have pass'd with him? Those charming Pleasures are no more! I cannot bear to live without him! Doubtless, *Louisa*, you wonder to hear me en-

certain you at this rate ; but it is not with us, as with you ; we think mutual Love and Consent makes a Marriage ; we stand not in need of the Priest's Ceremony ; when once we give our Faith, it is inviolable ; it wou'd be a mortal Crime to swerve from it : And tho' *Mosco* was marry'd before, leaving his Wife to cohabit with me, (as he has a thousand times promis'd) is sufficient Ceremony ; all that we require to make a Marriage and render *Zara* happy : but he's cool'd ! his fainting Ardors retain nothing of their first Sweetness ! he ev'n avoids me ! whilst I love him to that transporting height, I am not Mistress of my self ! You saw it was not in my Power to suppress those Disorders his presence gave me. What must all the World think of my Folly ? am not I mad ? 'tis impossible I shou'd live under this Disease of Soul ! I must put an end to all my Uneasiness : But alas ! that is not to be done without putting an end to my Life.

Louisa hearing a Story so very parallel with her own, wept in Consort ; she was afraid of the same Inconstancy, tho' *Hernando* was still kind and Generous. *Zara* had Beauty, Youth, and Fortune ; yet were not these any Articles towards her Happiness : The capricio of Men carry 'em above all consideration ; *Louisa's* Love-sick Heart was languishing with the same Distemper. *Zara* had found out a Confident who lov'd as much as she, and therefore was not like to give her any good Advices towards her recovery : however, she said and did all that was in her power to comfort her, she ev'n advis'd her to absent her self from *Mosco*, if it were

were true, that he was really become unkind, a generous Disdain ought to be her Cure; but probably she might mistake, Business, unlucky cross Affairs, might make her misinterpret him; Men were not always dispos'd; Love seldom was consider'd in them after a time, but as a leisure Employment, an unbending of the Soul, a sweetning of fatigue, and 'twas Wisdom in Women to give way to those Cruel Hours, and wait with patience for the Tender.

Hernando and *Mosco* appear'd in the same Walk; *Zara* beg'd the favour of *Louisa* to entertain the former, whilst she got a moments Discourse with the other; this was a Service no way disagreeable to her, nor *Hernando*, but 'twas not the same with *Mosco*, he wou'd have his Brother not to leave him to be baited by *Zara's* fondness; he laugh'd, and told him he had much hurt done him, now he had an opportunity to entertain *Louisa* he wou'd not lose it, let him look to himself as well as he cou'd. Thus *Hernando* and his Mistress, having both the same design, quickly struck into another Walk, and left that to the disconsolate *Zara*. She came up to her Lover, who inquir'd of her Health, and what had occasion'd her sudden illness? As if you are a Stranger to it, Sir, there are some Persons who so wholly possess our Souls, that we can't hear their very Name without Perturbation! their sight, unexpected, influences 'em as yours did me: But what shall I say? alas! I give you none of those Disorders; if all be not calm within you, it is because Hate, and not Love, disquiets you: Why did you encourage the Follies of a Maid that might have been happy, had she never seen you?

you? Alas! I was Innocent! I knew none of those Arts by which, I am since inform'd, the Women of the World prolong and heighten their Lover's Passion! I thought it was a Merit in me to love what seem'd so meritorious: I shou'd have believ'd it a fault unpardonable to have dissembl'd it: I was bred in the plain road of Sincerity my Heart corresponds with my Manners: I know nothing so base and guilty as dissimulation; therefore, speak to you for the last time; things are come to that height, I can't bear to live and not possess you all. Will you do as you promis'd? Will you live with me? Shall I have that Sanction for my Passion? my Fortune may be wholly at your disposal: I will ev'n do all that's necessary to please my Mother, in whose Power it is to double it; she will no longer oppose my Inclinations, when she finds you give me that proof of yours. You have but to cohabit with me to make you Master of hers, as well as mine: I am asking you no new thing: 'Twas but what your self, first, propos'd; the Artifice by which you drew me to give you the last Proof of my Love, and without which I shou'd have believ'd that Concession highly criminal. Persons of our Persuasion, promise nothing but what they are sure to perform; you well know their very Word to them is a Law; I was never use to converse with any Deceivers, therefore you need not wonder I took so little precaution against you: Upon the whole, if you acquit your self as you ought, there is none I wou'd change Conditions with. You have screw'd me, by your delays, up to the very height; you must now stop, or I break and fall

fall to pieces: To morrow carries yours, and your Brother's Family from our *Villa* for the whole Winter. I can't support your absence, unless you'll totally destroy my hopes: Tell me you hate me, that I may cease to love you. Restore my Affairs to the posture they were, when I first engag'd with you; give me back my Writings and my Effects; let me see that you will have no further Correspondence with me, and I will endeavour either to be easie or die. To this long Speech, *Mosco* return'd as long an Answer; Stufft with false assurances of Love, and performance of his Promise; he wou'd but put his Affairs in a posture, not to fear his Wife's anger, and then he'd devote himself wholly to her; mean time he'd often take opportunities to see her, they were discharging their own Lodging, and he wou'd henceforth take up his at her Mothers.

By this, the other (as fantastically married) People had join'd them, *Zara* became a little less Splenetick; she stay'd late that Night, because it was the last, which neither *Hernando* nor *Louisa* thank'd her for in their Hearts; because they were apparently going for a long time, to take their leaves of meeting in the same Bed together.

Louisa prov'd with Child, which alarm'd 'em both; she grew apparently big; *Hernando* bid her not disquiet her self, he wou'd take a House for her, and she shou'd be accountable to none but him for her Conduct.

This

This Lady undone with Love, consented to the Proposal; she valu'd not the World's Opinion which she was going to lose, nor being abandon'd by all the good, to shut up her self in Infamy, to devote her self to a Passion, that possibly might quickly meet its dose in too full Possession; but she doating on to the extremety, found Fame and Honour, Riches and Content, in his Arms.

Mr. *Wilmot* renew'd his Addresses; he had engag'd his Cousin to propose him to *Louisa* for a Lover. She had been much surpriz'd at her intended Separation, nor could imagine what a young Creature should take a House to live alone by her self; she fancy'd some Mystery, but far from the right; however, having, to speak in favour of Mr. *Wilmot's* Passion, she came softly and unexpectedly to *Louisa's* Chamber, there was no body there; she heard some talking in the little Dressing-Room, which being upon the jar, she saw her false Husband upon his Knees, kissing *Louisa's* Hand, and heard him entreat her, that she would admit him to her Chamber when the House was at rest; he would pretend to lie alone, and tho' there was not the same conveniency of Windows, as at the *Villa*, yet something ought to be hazarded for so great a Happiness: *Louisa* was apparently consenting, when Lady *Volpone* made a third; you may guess how acceptable was her Company: She lost her usual Moderations: Tears, Grief, Rage, Reproaches, all that could agitate a Wife jealous and convinc'd: She upbraided *Louisa* of breach of Hospitality; of violating the Laws of Friendship, she that had been as a Mother to her; 'twas

'twas more than Adultery, 'twas Incest, and Paracide; she not only seduc'd her Husband, but would murder her, since 'twas impossible she could survive the loss of his Affection.

Fernando would not suffer *Louisa* to reply, least the *Eclaircissement* of the double Marriage should be a double Scandal to him: But taking her by the Hand, he bow'd to his Lady, and told her his *Ward* should wait upon her at another time, when her Temper was better, and she more sensible of the Honour she receiv'd by so deserving a Person's Conversation. So leading her down Stairs, he went with her into a Coach, and dispos'd her to her satisfaction, in a Friend's House of his, 'till her own was fitted-up.

Throughly convinc'd of the Doctrine he had taught her, that Plurality of Wives were lawful: She manag'd her self no more as to the World's Opinion, forsaking that, before it could abandon her. She lay-in at her own House, and no longer pretended to keep her Commerce with *Hernando* a Secret: She consider'd her self as his Wife, and persisting still in her beloved Opinion, indulg'd the enchanting Poyson, which destroy'd her Fame, and intoxicated her Reason.

Mean time the afflicted *Zara* wrote several Letters to *Mosco*, to summon him to the performance of his Promise; she fatigu'd; she persecuted him; he heartily wish'd any favourable Accident would transport her to a more happy Region; neither her height of Passion, Youth, nor Beauty, could restore lost Appetite, or prevent a loathing. She perpetually talk'd of dying, but he knew that very few deceas'd of that Distemper. The Flower of Beauty apparently faded,

faded, neither the Rose nor Lillies retain'd their native Colour: Her Dress she neglected; Diversions were no more; Sorrow, nay Despair, were her inseparable Companions; all she hoped and wish'd was, that they would quickly terminate her pain. In this manner she entertain'd those who pretended to comfort her: They found her deplorably Melancholy, but could not divine the Cause, and vainly strove to divert her, but that was beyond their Sphere. She argu'd with her self, that could she see him but once more, to know his final Resolution, it would determine hers; to obtain that satisfaction, she resolv'd to write again; but whether to move him, by her submission, to compassionate her Sufferings, or to threaten him into a compliance; the former method had not been successful, therefore in Words that resemble these, she resolv'd upon the latter.

*T*h'd out with Love and Disdain, too cruel Friend
and Husband, I have resolv'd to suffer no more
in private, but will proclaim my Woes, and your De-
lusions, even to the Woman the World believes your
Wife, tho' I only am such, and will not fail to make
my Claim within two Days, at Angela; if before
that time be expir'd, thou dost not comfort and re-
lieve thy affectionate, and most despairing,

Z A R A.

Mosco could by no means relish a Visit of that nature; he rais'd not any great Ideas of delight from such a Scene; he had too much Wisdom to let it work up to that height, there-
fore

fore since he saw Promises were no longer a Specie that would pass current with *Zara*, he resolv'd to undeceive her, tho' it might possibly take her Affairs out of his Hands, and with it inconvenience his; yet her Persecutions were more intollerable, and he would be at rest from so troublesome an Amour. 'Twas in vain to wish that he had not engag'd her so far; these are among the things, which when once done, cannot so easily be repair'd, he took Horse, and arriv'd the same Night at the *Villa*. She was all Joy, and new Transport to see him; 'twas as if she had never been in pain. She told him he must lie there that Night: He said nothing to contradict her. They sup'd with her Mother, who afterwards withdrew to order the Linen for his Bed. All the good Nature he was Master of could not force him to shew Tenderness where he had so strong an Aversion. He ask'd himself whence it came, that a Person of her Youth and Charms, with all that's endearing in the Sex, excess of Truth, and excess of Love, could not in the least sway his obdurate Heart to a return? He found the fatal Secret, he had been happy, and that prevented him from being still so; Satiety and Loathing succeeded; his Reason could not preside over his Appetite; he could eat no more however delicate was the Banquet, and therefore it must be remov'd: 'Twas hard to tell a Lady so that had oblig'd him, but it was ten times harder for her to suffer in continual torture. Therefore having summon'd all his Resolution, he ask'd her if they should take a Walk by the River-side. The Servant was above ordering his Bed, but he was afraid

afraid what he had to say would make her so outrageous, that the Family would hear her, and he, in the first Gust of her Passion, should be exposed as well as her self. *Zara* consented to every thing that was agreeable to him. They began their Walk by the pale Glimm'rings of the Moon, and the agreeable noise that arose from the gentle Dashes of the Water. Leaning of his Arm, which she eagerly press'd, with the Raptures of a Passion over-joy'd, Thou shalt never, my Dear, says she, forsake me again: I have told my Mother of my design to take you for my Husband: We will begin this very Night to co-habit together; my Despair and Melancholy has drawn her at length to consent: Do but utterly forgo that Woman you call your Wife, and we require no more for making mine, (in our opinion) a lawful Marriage: We are above the little Censure of others; the Law nor Magistrates do not frighten us: I make you absolute Master of my Fortune, only upon these Conditions— My Dear! Why do you not speak? Thou art not come here to disappoint me: I beseech you to answer me. Alas! beautiful *Zara*! What can I answer? nothing, I fear, but will be disagreeable to your Expectations. You don't know the World; you are ignorant of Mankind: 'Tis in our power to marry our selves but once, that is a fundamental establish'd Law, as long as that Wife shall live; I did not doubt but you knew this, and when I first gain'd the Pleasures of your Love, said the contrary, only to allow your Virtue that pretence for yielding; but we must be both utterly void of common Sense, to go to pass such a Marriage upon the World;

World ; me to abandon a Lady by whom I have
 so many Children, and other Benefits, to ruin
 my own Reputation and yours, for an airy No-
 tion, by which we make our selves obnoxious
 to the Laws, and hated by Mankind. You will
 object the Promises I made you, it would be
 much greater Madness to perform 'em, neither
 did I think you seriously expected it ; no wise
 Woman reckons upon the performance of those
 extravagant things that are said to gain her :
 Be contented with my Love ; there's nothing I
 shall omit to please you ; I will lose no Oppor-
 tunity to entertain you with it, provided you
 are discreet, and do not expose us both : He
 was going on, when *Zara* not able to hear any
 more, sunk upon her Knees, and catching hold
 of his Coat, with both her Hands, interrupted
 him thus, Kill me upon the instant ; I have some-
 thing more than the Pains of Death upon me ;
 whatsoever are call'd the Pains of Hell and Dam-
 nation, I feel yet more, Words cannot express
 'em. O ! if ever you intend to meet Mercy,
 (as certainly you'll one Day stand in need of it)
 have mercy upon me, a Creature undone by
 Love (agoniz'd by Passion) and tortur'd by
 Despair : Kill me, or comply with my Request.
 I shall never live, I cannot live to see another
 Day : Pity me, pity the lost the expiring *Zara* ;
Zara that adores you ; *Zara* enchanted by your
 too powerful Magick ; *Zara* that even now dies,
 and can be no more without some kindness. Here
 her Sobs choak'd her Words. He striving to
 get loose from her ; she grasping to retain him,
 Spleen join'd his Aversion ; he saw he could
 not bring her to Reason, and therefore since

R

they

they must quarrel, the breach had best be made in the open Fields, where no body could hear 'em: He would take the pretence, and burst from her, never to be plagu'd with her Importunity again. You would do well, Madam, says he, aiming to unlock her Hands, to leave me in peace, and go home to compose your Brain, by sleep: You happen to be amorous, and fantastically mad, and I must be the sufferer. True, you have oblig'd me, I promis'd to make a Marriage after your fashion, by Cohabitation: I do not think fit to perform it; what of that? Are you the first Woman that have gone upon a wrong Principle? My Family and Reputation are not to be staked for Trifles: Be more moderate, or assure your self I'll never, from this instant, see you more. Here he threw abroad her Hands, and broke from her; she fell her length upon the Ground, then getting up as fast as she could, strove to follow him, but he was at too great a distance. Revenge and Despair work'd her up to the height of Lunacy: She tore off her Hood, her Coif; her Gown that hung loosely about her, trampling it under Foot, and calling after him, Turn, turn but a moment; turn and see what Love and Rage can do; return and behold what *Zara* can perform: Frantick, lost to Hope, and Love, lost to Life; Ruin, Despair, Destruction, Death, eternal Misery, overtake me: Heaven, Earth and Hell revenge me; Heaven, Earth and Hell are conscious of my Wrongs. I devote my self to Misery eternal, in view of returning in the most affrighting Form to haunt this Barbarian: Let me mingle among all the

Traitor's

Traitor's Pleasures; let him attain to no Honours, but what may be blasted by the remembrance of *Zara*; let him reproach himself; may the World for ever reproach him; let me, a Ghost, pursue the Traitor with never-ending Reproaches: Receive me, Oh hospitable Flood! into thy cold Bosom; receive a devoted Wretch whose Flame thy Waters can only quench— Here she flounc'd, with all her strength, into the River, to the last moment persisting in a desire of speedy Death: She held her Breath, and was immediately stifled, without swallowing any of the Water. 'Tis very much a Question if he did not hear the fall of the Body; possibly not believing a Woman's Love could work her to such a prodigious height of Frenzy and Resentment. He had made the best of his way to his Lodging; or take it for granted that he both suspected and heard her Destiny; it was scarce safe for him to return, unless he could have propos'd to have flung himself in soon enough to save her Life, which the consequence has assur'd, had been impossible, for she was stifled in a minute, even before a Gulph of Water could be swallow'd.

Next Morning the Body was found down the River, where the Stream had carry'd it, and *Mosco* upon the Road, in his return to *Angela*: The Truth hath been thus reported by many of his Friends, without finding Credit, because the World oftner condemns than acquits. Hers have advanc'd, That he had the Improvement of her Fortune in his Hands, which amounted to a considerable Sum, and was not known to any but her self: That his Affairs wou'd not then permit

him to restore it; which, if she had liv'd, and they had become Enemies, he must have done; and therefore to appropriate that, and rid himself of a troublesome Amour, in conjunction with two more of his Friends, they had first strangled, and then thrown her into the River.

But we cannot see a swifter instance of Divine Vengeance, than in the Punishment that here on Earth befell *Zara*, for bestowing her guilty Affections upon a Person marry'd to another.

By this time *Louisa* had two Children: nor can she be call'd much more happy than *Zara*; for tho' she did not survive her Lovers Kindness, she suffer'd by it: Neither her Charms, nor the Obligations she had laid upon him, could confine him wholly to her Arms: He got but an ill Present among some of his Women, which not knowing himself tainted, he imparted to both his Wives. The first (recover as she could) was not to be made acquainted with it; her Temper would never suffer her to live easie with him afterwards: But for *Louisa*, all Remedies were vainly apply'd; she was Heart-broke at his Inconstancy; and tho' by her Brother's Death she was become a considerable Heiress, yet her Melancholy would suffer her to take no Pleasure in Life: Not that she ever had any Remorse for abandoning her self to a marry'd Man, because *Poligamy* was an unshaken Article of her Faith; but in her Taste of Love she was nice and delicate; for as she had wholly devoted her Heart and Person to him, she believ'd his, both by Merit, and by Promise, were wholly due to her; but

but having receiv'd so fatal a Proof of his wandering from both, she took it to Heart, which joining to an ill Habit of Body, carry'd her from this Life, a Martyr of that Passion to which she had been devoted; persisting to the last moment in an Opinion, that in regard to *Hernando*, she had done nothing but her Duty.

His first Lady, ignorant of her Distemper, yet longer surviv'd: But when it was come to a *Crisis*, and that Death was apparent, he seem'd to atone for all his former Irregularities by an exact Behaviour: One would have thought that he had been inconsolably afflicted; he saw no Company but in her Chamber; he receiv'd that little Sustenance that was absolutely necessary for Life, by her Bed-side: Whether he really had, or only seem'd to have Remorse, he said and did things that was necessary to approve himself a tender Husband; and departed not from that Behaviour, till her Death most obligingly set him free, and left him at full liberty to pursue, without controul, his Amours and his Ambition.

These two Brothers, renown'd for their Ascendency over the Ladies, have this in their Character, That they only desire to be heard: In their Tongues there is such Delusion, that 'tis impossible for any Women they attempt, not to be enchanted and undone by 'em.

Hernando made a Truce with Love, and apply'd himself more closely to Business: He pass'd all the Preferments of the Long-Robe, till he had attain'd to the greatest; when once *Grand President*, by an infinite Natural Capacity, and but a superficial Knowledge of the Laws, he

ac-

acquitted himself with Applause. That Lady who last left the *Prado* (though but an inconsiderable Fortune) he marry'd amidst all his Grandeur; the Charms of her Wit and Conversation attach'd him to her. She had the good fortune to fix, as well as to survive this wandering Star; though it must be own'd, That there are Follies like some Stains, that wear out of themselves, among which, Love is generally reckon'd to be one.

F I N I S.



M. Belcurres

SECRET
MEMOIRS
AND
MANNERS
Of several
Persons of Quality,
OF
Both SEXES.
FROM THE
New *ATALANTIS*,
AN
Island in the *Mediterranean*.

*Written Originally in Italian, and Translated
from the Third Edition of the French.*

THE SECOND VOLUME.

L O N D O N.

Printed for John Morphew near Stationer's-Hall, and
J. Woodward in St. Christopher's Church-yard; in
Thread-needle-street: 1709.

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Utopia

To the most Noble PRINCE

HENRY

Duke of BEAUFORT,

Marquis and Earl of *Worcester*,

Earl of *Glamorgan*, Baron *Herbert*,

AND

Lord of *Chepstow*, *Ragland*, and *Gower*.

My LORD,

THE First Volume of
the New Atalantis flourish'd under your Grace's
auspicious Sun-shine! unknown!
A 3 unfriend-

The Dedication.

unfriended! an obscure Original, a nameless Translator, no Party interest'd in its Favour, or ready to prepossess others: Its whole Hopes and Merits sum'd up in the Great Name of BEAUFORT in the Front: An Attempt in me (I confess) so daring, that, like a Hera who has gain'd an almost impossible Victory, I scarce believe the Conquest, but still trembling look back with Wonder at my own Ambition, how it durst put it self to that imminent Tryal, which was mightiest, your Grace's unequal'd Goodness, or my unequal'd Presumption!

As then, my Lord, I implor'd your Most Noble Protection, now let my kneeling Adorati-

The Dedication.

ons embrace the Opportunity of expressing Gratitude! The customary Manner of barely inscribing this Second Volume to Your Grace, was too faint, too cold a Method, to speak my Duty, and my Thanks: Let me loudly tell the World how truly conscious I am that all its Success was owing to your Grace's Favour. It had the good Fortune to please You; which as soon as I was assur'd, I became no longer solicitous, nor doubted of the rest: You led me on to a certain Victory, to that Renown which I prophesied to my self from so great a Leader's Approbation. Fortunate Event! Oh laudable Ambition! Is not Ambition the Spring of the Great-

The Dedication.

est Actions? What raises a Private Soldier to a General, a Common Seaman to an Admiral, but the Desire of Glory? This Motive made Rome the Mistress of the World; 'till her Sons Battering the Love of Praise for Luxury and Love of Money, she became an easy Prey to every barbarous Invador. This gave me to be known! nay to be applauded! to be rewarded! by the ILLUSTRIOUS BEAUFORT.

The New Atalantis seems, my Lord, to be written like Varonian Satyrs, on different Subjects, Tales, Stories and Characters of Invention, after the Manner of Lucian, who copy'd from Varo. In my Opinion, nothing can be

The Dedication.

be added to Mr. Dryden's learned Discourse of Satire, in his Dedication of Juvenal. He observes thus, 'What is most essential, and the very Soul of 'Satire, is scourging of Vice, 'and Exhortation to Virtue. 'Satire is of the nature of Moral Philosophy: He therefore 'who instructs most usefully 'will carry the Palm. And 'again, 'Tis an Action of Virtue to make Examples of vicious Men. They may and 'ought to be upbraided with 'their Crimes and Follies: Both 'for their own Amendment, 'if they are not yet incorrigible; and for the Terror of 'others, to hinder them from 'falling into those Enormities, 'which

The Dedication.

‘ which they see are so severe-
‘ ly punish’d in the Persons of
‘ others. The first Reason was
‘ only an excuse for Revenge.
‘ But this second is absolutely of
‘ the Poet’s Office to perform.

*Were not the Scene of these
Memoirs in an Island with
which those of ours are but little
acquainted, I should, my Lord,
say something in the Defence of
them, as they seem guilty of
particular Reflection, defend-
ing the Author, by the President
of our Great Fore-fathers in
Satire, who not only flew against
the general reigning Vices, but
pointed at individual Persons, as
may be seen in Ennius, Varro,
Lucian, Horace, Juvenal, Per-
sius, &c. What would have be-
come*

The Dedication.

come of the Immortality they have deriv'd from their Works, if their Contemporaries had been of the TATLER's Opinion? Who tho' He allows Ingratitude, Avarice, and those other Vices, which the Law does not reach, to be the Business of Satire; yet in another Place he says, these are his Words, That where Crimes are Enormous, the Delinquent deserves little pity, but the Reporter less. At this rate Vice may stalk at Noon secure from Reproach, and the Reformer skulk as if he were performing an inglorious as well as ingrateful Office. Ingrateful only to the Vicious. Whoever is with-held by the Consideration of Fear, Danger, spiteful Abuses,
Re-

The Dedication.

Recriminations, or the mean Hopes of missing Pity, has Views too Dastardly and Mercenary for lofty, steadfast Souls, who can be only agitated by true Greatness, by the Love of Virtue, and the Love of Glory !

I have taken a Liberty with my Author, which I hope Your Grace will however think Pardonable ; a sort of Paraphrase upon the Palace of BEAUMOND, to draw it nearer the Comparison I wish'd of Badminton. Once more let me throw this Second Volume into Your Sacred Arms for Protection. May it have the Power to divert, for a few Moments, that dangerous Grief, which I dare not so much as touch upon ; but like the Artist

The Dedication.

*tist in Iphigenia, who when he
came to Agamemnon's Mourn-
ing, finding it beyond Descrip-
tion, cast into a Shade what he
could not represent.*

I am,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

Most Obedient,

Most Devoted

AND

Most Oblig'd,

Humble Servant,

ERRATA.

PAge 4. line 17. for *it*, read *is*; p. 5. l. 10. r. *Eviellez*; l. 30. r. *chance*; p. 7. l. 34. for *trembling* r. *terrible*; p. 14. l. 2. r. *propos*; p. 19. l. 6. for *joining* r. *jarring*; p. 28. l. 9. r. *seem'd*; p. 31. l. 16. r. *pain'd*; p. 43. l. 15. for *provided* r. *if*; p. 58. l. 31. for *fix* r. *fit*; p. 77. l. 3. for *this* r. *these*; l. 32. for *our* r. *there*; p. 87. l. 1. for *was* r. *were*; p. 125. l. 16. for *successively* r. *successfully*; p. 126. l. 21. for *liv'd* r. *lives*; p. 156. l. 14. r. *Medicin's Affections*; p. 158. l. 29. r. *distinguish*; p. 198. l. 12. dele *and*; p. 225. l. 15. dele *eagerly*.

In few Days will be Publish'd, The
Third Edition Corrected, with
large Additions, of the First Vo-
lume of these MEMOIRS.

Astrea.]

O ! Great *Jupiter* ! (from what I have lately heard of the Force of Love) permit *Astrea* to expostulate, why thou hast given this soft Passion strength to triumph over the Endeavours of the most accomplish'd Mortals ? This *Goad* to Pleasure ! this fatal Sweetness ! this irresistible Desire ! so temper'd with the humane Clay by thy wise All-creating Hand, as if it were a *necessary* and *inseparable* Ingredient of it !

O ! thou bright *Original of all Things* ! Did'st thou not foresee the Mischief it would occasion ? Could'st thou not have given another kind of Constitution, another Cast of Mind, a better Idea ? So to have made what now appears to be Temptations, none ? Or, to the brittle Frame have added *Fortitude*, to resist the enchanting Delusion ? Or not have crown'd the unlawful Pursuit with such Profuseness of Joys, that be the Dangers never so imminent and many, the Obloquy so notorious, the miserable Consequences so inseparable ; yet is the Ballance always on the side of Nature ! as if *Venus* only held the Scale : That she alone presided over the *Affairs* as well as the *Heart of Mortals*, and *Jove* with all his *Attributes* subsided.

Will it suffice to say, thou hast made 'em subject to Passions to try Obedience, and re-

B

commend

commend Virtue, that thy *Elysian* Joys may not be a promiscuous Crown of Rewards to adorn the Brows of the Undeserving, as well as the Deserving? For if they lay under a natural Necessity of doing *Good*, there cou'd be no Merit in that *Goodness*; no *Conquest* where is no *Opposition*: And tho' by this *Oeconomy*, the Number of the Happy be incomparably thinner; yet are the *Meritorious* only rewarded. This may indeed be *Justice* to the *Worthy*, but alas! (thou Parent of the whole) what becomes of *Mercy* to the *Unworthy*? How populous of Mortals must be the Court of *Plato*! how solitary that of *Jupiter's*? Better! O better! for the unhappy *Race*, that *Creation* had never been, this Glorious World in its first *Chaos*, the Seeds of Things buried in their *Pristine Obscurity*, the jarring *Atomes* asleep in their *Native Bed*, and the uninform'd *Clay* guiltless of *Pain*, and *Pleasure*, of *Rewards* and *Punishments*!

Virtue.] What do I hear? Cou'd I have once imagin'd that the Divine *Astrea* wou'd have taxed great *Jupiter* of an Error in *Creation*? Or from the *Wickedness* of *Mankind*, have arraign'd his *Mercy* to *Mankind*? Is it then nothing to animate wretched *Clay* to the Degree of *Godhead*? To make it in their Choice! to give 'em Power and Capacity to share with *Angelick Natures*, *Immortality*, and *immortal Bliss*? And by a Method so enviting and so easy, that all who have their Reason about 'em, wou'd prefer the *Law* to *Liberty*; the Precepts of *Jupiter* to those of *Nature*; the easy, happy Possession of his own Wife to the turbulent guilty pursuit of others. Were *Marriages* not the Result of *Interest*, but *Inclination*! were nothing but *gene-*

rous Love! the Fire of Virtue! the warmth of Beauty! and the Shine of Merit! consulted in that Divine Union, guilty Pleasures wou'd be no more. But *Avarice!* contemptible *Covetousness!* sordid Desire of Gain! not only mingles with the more *Generous Native Sentiments*, but have quite extinguish'd the very Glimmerings of that informing *Light*.

Hence War! Murder! Desolation! have their Origin; Friends and Friendships are customary Terms, no more; and only understood as of those they have not yet found an Opportunity to injure, so as to advantage themselves by it! Or as of others, necessary to their Interest, conducive to their Pleasures, Companion in their Riots and Injustice, fearless of the avenging Deities! bold to attempt and please! full of that Simpathetick Evil which indears 'em to each other.

Where shall we now find vertuous Friendship? A *Theseus* and a *Perithous*, a *Damon* or a *Pythias*. Not that the Laws of Friendship are more impossible than of Old, they are still the same, and so is *Virtue*; but the Taste of Mortals are more and more degenerated, scarce the least Relish remains of Original Sweetness! they do not so much as use their Endeavours to be Good. But that cannot arise from a defect of *Jupiter* in their Composition, because there have been many eminently so, and wou'd still be such, did not too many of the Guilty Learned make it their Business (like Foes to Humanity) to ridicule and destroy the Apprehensions of Rewards and Punishments. The *Sect* of *Epicurus* is revived in a more dangerous manner; he allows you Gods, almighty in their Indolence! in

everlasting Ease! undisturb'd by the Affairs of Mortals, who are govern'd only by that fortuitous Chance to which his World ow'd its Original. These Moderns destroy not only the Effects (like him) of their Attributes, but disown the very being of a *Deity*. Whilst others no less impious (under other Pretences) advance a *System* no less dangerous: And by their human Inventions, and diabolical Arguments, they endeavour to prove *Man* (as they call it) *wholly Mortal*; the *rolling Stone* and *Vultures*! with the whole Regiment of *Rewards* and *Punishments*! *Radamantus*! and the *Elysian Fields*! the Invention of *Poets*; the Dreams of *Enthusiasticks*, and the *Craft* of *Priesthood*! The Soul guiltless of Futurity, sleeps and moulders in that House of Clay which is inhabited, to awake indeed, but at a Time so distant and uncertain, that it encourages the fearless Mortal to sin on; since his Day of Account is so far lengthen'd, that it may possibly be no Day at all. Not considering that were they to sleep ten thousand Years (there being no time to the Dead) they wou'd awake but as it were from a Moment's *Repose*, and their ten thousand Years be but as a Grain of Sand to the unbounded Sea-shore of Eternity.

Others more modest (in Appearance) who have not entirely thrown aside the Vail (but wear it upon what Occasions they please, that they may the more dangerously and surely insinuate what they advance) wou'd represent us still in the State of *Nature*, and that every Man may be his own Priest, and every House a *Temple*; so to destroy our *Veneration* to those appropriated to the Service of the *Altar*, rend'ring them *Useless*

to Mankind. And tho' it is not possible to rob Humanity of their *Frailty* but with Life; they would reject these, because they are not more than *Men*, and above all *Frailty*. See you a Priest venerable by the *Gravity* of his *Mein*, his Aspect *Graceful*, his Demeanour *solemn*; him they treat as a confirm'd *Hypocrite*, proud and *sullen*, impatient of *Empire*, and solicitous to govern not only the *Spiritual*, but *Temporal* Affairs of *Mortals*. If more *Eveliez* or *Debonair*, in whose Composition the Sanguin prevails over the Phlegmatick, they fearlessly accuse of giving open *Scandal*, and being a leading Example in Disorders; as if to be Chearful were to be Criminal, and a benignity of Temper (a Blessing from the *Gods*) incompetent with the Service of the *Gods*. The *Dull* and *Heavy* (as sometimes such there may be, because we do not see an equal Distribution of Parts to all) they *unpitifully despise*, ridicule their *Stupidity*! expose their *Ignorance*! and condemn the *Function* for the *Man*. But on the other side, how are they truly alarm'd, and press in Consultation, against the growing Eminence of a rising Genius? How endeavour to obscure the *Brightness* of his Parts? How throng the *Audience*? Not to *admire*! but to seek Matter from his own Mouth to condemn him! wresting both his *Meaning* and his *Terms*, to what may most *expose* and *ridicule* him! If he chanc'd not to fall by their ignoble Endeavours, but have Strength and Fortune to stem the Tide of Opposers, and can wade through their Sea of *witty Criticisms*, which make after his growing *Reputation* (as the rolling Waves rise one upon another to pursue with sure Destruction the destin'd *Shipwreck*) they more seriously

ously, with dreadful Warnings, point at *Him*, as a Man dangerous to all *Communities* but his own ; full of *Design* and *Craft*, capable of pursuing the Methods of his *Brethren* ; who all aim at the Subversion of *Royalty*, and *Empire* in *Empirium*, the enslaving of the rest of Mankind, and only liberal in exchanging with 'em a promis'd imaginary *Heaven*, for the Certainty of their *Earthly Possessions* !

But granting the *Priests* and *Druids* had those Designs, which these explore ; is it not better that the generality of Mankind shou'd still reverence *something*, than *nothing* ? How very few (if it were a *Deceit*,) can bear to be *undeciv'd* ? How *Libertine* ! how at large wou'd they live ! if not with-held by fears of an after *Punishment* ? Who in this *Age* wou'd serve without Reward ? Who put on the Old unprofitable Robe of *Innocence* and *Vertue* ? Or cross their darling *Delights*, when they are not to suffer for *Indulging* of 'em ? This for the least *mischievous* of the *Race*, those who are only fir'd by *sensual Pleasures* ; but for such who may be animated by *Revenge*, *Cruelty*, *Ambition*, *Ingratitude*, and *Covetousness*, nothing cou'd with-hold them from committing whatever Crimes their Appetites call loudly for. Nor is it sufficient to say, that Temporal Laws take notice, and punish detected ones. Did every Man's Conscience permit him to sin, but as far as he durst ; those Laws wou'd soon by mutual Consent of the strongest be trampled upon and overthrown ; or if not, there is still Latitude enough to undo the *World*, if every Breast followed but their own Native Dictates to *Evil*. How wou'd *Revenge*, *Oppression*, *Lust*, *Murders*, and all the Train of *Furies*, remount

remount that Throne from which *Religion* has dispossess'd 'em? So that granting what these refin'd Wits have pretended to discover, still is it better for the Generality to be *deceiv'd*, *Priestcraft* in all its Forms being sure a less dangerous *Monster* than what wou'd succeed the Contempt of it. Infomuch that I dare engage were it possible (did their new Doctrine obtain) for these new Discoverers to mount *Olympus*, and overlook the *Globe*, soon wou'd they sicken at the *Anarchy* it produced; and cry out with a just and generous Indignation, *O RACE! UNWORTHY OF THE TRUTH! NOW MAY BE SEEN THE BENEFIT OF RELIGION!*

Intell.] Whilst your *Eminences* are declaiming a Length beyond my Understanding, give me leave to get what Information I can of that new Adventure before us; and if I am not mistaken a very uncommon one. What can that Coach of Hire do here at this Hour of the Night? 'Tis very unusual to take the Air by Moon-Light, especially in so remote a Place. It stops under those large Trees before us, let us draw nearer, we shall make some Discovery. O Fortune! what can this Adventure mean? The Driver is the Prince *de Majorca* himself: There's the Order of the *Golden-Fleece* upon his Cloak, the King of *Spain* bestow'd it upon him: I know his Face and Air perfectly well. He spreads his Cloak upon the Root of the Trees: See! he takes a Lady from the Coach into his Arms, and lays her gently upon it; she groans in a trembling manner. I beg your Divinities to tell me if I am invisible, that I may fearlessly draw near and observe the Conclusion of this Affair.

Astrea.] My Lady *Intelligence* is at her Wits end, 'till she has wherewith to inform Prince's *Fame*. Let us oblige her and our selves by a nearer View; invisible as we are, there is no Danger of giving them any Interruption, or our selves being discover'd.

Lady.] Ah, my dear Lord, I'm rack'd! I die in Agonies! but Love and Glory be witness for me, my greatest remorse in Death is in leaving you, and thinking what you will do with my unfortunate Body. What Sepulcher! ah what Repository for my ador'd Reputation? There I shall be wounded even after Death! O haste and fetch the Midwife. I'm surrounded with Horror, the Rack of Nature is upon me, and no kind assisting Hand to relieve me. Bury me unknown. O cou'd you but annihilate me, & preserve my *Fame*!

Prince.] My *Angel*, support your self if it be possible 'till my Return. Take my inviolable Oath, that if you die I will not survive. What is *Fame*? What is *Glory*, to the Dead? Here shall they find me stretch'd out by this dear Side, a voluntary Martyr to my irreparable Loss of thee——O loose me, that I may be gone——your Pains redouble——you will be lost for want of help——I'll return in less than a quarter of an Hour, with all the Expedition the Horses can make——My Life——my adorable Queen——let me snatch this Interval of Ease——I dare not stay a Moment, though to protest to thee, that without any heightnings, my Agonies are greater than thine!

Intell.] Pray your Divinities be pleas'd to follow me to a convenient distance, out of the hearing of this miserable Woman lest we
more

more afflict her, and confound her Understanding with Humane Voices and seeing nothing——
 I burst! I sound with Impatience! This young Lady is *Harriat*, Daughter to the Baron *de*——
 O this *Prince*, this successful underminer of *Virtue*! I'll tell you their *History*.

Virtue.] But first will it not be necessary to offer our assistance to the Lady in pain? Charity forbids me to enquire too nicely into the Circumstance, whether this be her Lord or no, all things have an appearance to the contrary; but *Mercy* weighs nothing in comparison with it self. Shall we not appear, and offer her our assistance in her Misery? Her crys and groans pierce my Heart.—O Love what art thou? that ev'n these Pains are supportable, since occasion'd by thee?

Intell.] If your *Mightiness* please to hear me; I know the Lady so well, her Spirit is so haughty, and her affectation of Vertue so high, that should she see us, it would certainly cost her her Life, in apprehension of being discover'd.

Virtue.] My Lady *Intelligence* finds Reasons why her Story is not to be deferr'd: Is Scandal so bewitching a thing in your Court, that you cannot delay divulging what you know, tho' at the expence of Danger?

Intell.] Alas, your Excellencies! is it Criminal to expose the pretenders to *Vertue*? those who rail at all the World, and are themselves most guilty? Did I wrong the Good! accuse the Innocent! That indeed would be blameable; but the *Libertine* in Practice, the *Devotee* in Profession, those that with the Mask of *Hypocrisy* undo the Reputation of Thousands, ought pitilessly, by a sort of retaliation, to be expos'd themselves; and which I
 beg

beg leave to appeal to the Divine *Astrea*., whether it be not *Justice*?

Astrea.] Something very near it ; but I am not satisfied however at not assisting the Lady——O *Lucina* be propitious ! well did the unhappy Fair term it the Rack of Nature ! Can any thing be more exquisite ? O ! how piercing are her Cries !—The Coach returns. I hope there is necessary help, that we may not put her to the Confusion of seeing us.

Intell.] There's the *Midwife*, I know her, she that brought a certain Lady to Bed with her Mask on. Let us observe a little ; by the extremity of her Pains it can't be long before they be over, and then I'll tell you the rest. Mrs. *Nightwork* your Servant ; pray what sort of an Adventure have you been engaged with, at a place so very unfit for one of this Nature ?

Mrs. *Night.*] O, my good Lady *Intelligence* ! your Ladyship's most obedient Servant ; upon my word you are extremely diligent in your Imployment ; so soon at the Heels of an Adventure ! at this rate all *Angela* must ring of it before Sun-rising. But excuse me that I can't expatiate at this time upon your Ladyship's Perfections ; you see I have my Hands full of a young Stranger without *Swadling Cloaths*, or any thing to cover him, but my own under Petticoat ; he may at present be truly said to be in the State of *Nature*.

Intell.] Pray Mrs. *Nightwork* do you know who are his Parents ? The Lady made short work of it, methought, after once you were come.

Mrs. *Night.*] For that matter, I assure your Ladyship I understand my Business, few better, though I say it ; they seldom are long in Pain, after

after I once came about them. I have not been a Midwife upwards of twenty Years for nothing : But of all my Adventurers, and I have had my Share (including the place, and want of all Conveniencies) I never met so hazardous a one as this.

Intell.] Do you know the Persons concern'd ?

Mrs. Night.] Not in the least. I was call'd out of my Bed by him who drove the Coach ; I thought indeed, it was something abrupt, because there was no Body in it ; but the Coachman seem'd so civilized, and so encourag'd me, that I had not leisure to require or reflect. To perswade me to make the more haste (though of course, I am used to shuffle on my Cloaths in these Cases as fast as I can) he toss'd me a Purse of two Hundred Ducats in Gold, which I took care to leave behind me, lest he should have it in to his Head, when my Work was done, to borrow 'em of me again, with or without my Consent : But when he had me once in his Coach, he drove as if he design'd to break my Neck. I repented me a thousand times of not bringing my Daughter, or our Maid along with me, especially when I was got off the Stones, and that I saw he design'd for the Country ; but was itruck, with still greater Confusion, at his turning up to this place ; bringing me to the Lady in Pain, and bidding me do my Office.

Intell.] It was enough indeed to confound any Body who had less presence of Mind.

Mrs. Night.] You saw the Affair was soon dispatch'd ; the Lady is gone without any thing comfortable to take. I heard her say she must set dress'd at Dinner to Morrow, tho' it cost her her Life !

Intell.]

Intell.] And do you believe Mrs. *Nightwork* that it will be possible for her to do it?

Mrs. Night.] As a celebrated Author has it, *There are daily performed Things dangerous to Life, and disagreeable to our Tastes, and even Interests, to preserve that Idol of the World, Reputation*; the only Rival that Love can have, though mighty as he is, he does not fail always of getting the better hand on't. When *Sigismund* the Second was first Married, his beautiful Mistress was made one of the Ladies of the Bed-chamber to the *Queen*, they were at one of the favourite *Villa's* in the Country: The lovely Dutchess fell in Labour, when it was her Week of Waiting; her Indisposition took her in the Circle, which she was forc'd to quit for her own Lodging and a Midwife; all things were done with the utmost Privacy. The Coach-Man carried away the Child under his Cloak, as I heard her Eminence say, and that he liv'd long enough with her, to bear away five more in that same Manner: Whether he had any other share in them, I can't determine.

Intell.] You are admirable Company, Mrs. *Nightwork*. I'm afraid you are taking my Province from me, and ingrossing all the Scandal to your self.

Mrs. Night.] Your Ladyship knows that we are a kind of *Rear-Guard* to the Princess you have the Honour to serve; we *Midwives* don't fail to come in upon the *rebound*, to make good what her Highness has before reported; nay, sometimes we are before-hand with her, according as your Ladyship is slow or forward in your *Intelligence*.

Intell.]

Intell.] But is not that something against Conscience? I thought Mrs. *Nightwork* you had been sworn to Secrecy.

Mrs. *Night.*] *Directly*, but not *Indirectly*; as for Example, I must not say I deliver'd my Lady such a *One* of a lovely *Boy* in such a *Place*, and at such a *Time*; that is, being directly forsworn. But I may say, I did such a sort of a Lady (describing her Person as well as I can) the good Office, but can't for my Life imagin who she is. This is all under the Rose; and without this *Indirect Liberty*, we should be but ill Company to most of our Ladies, who love to be amused with the Failings of others, and would not always give us so favourable and warm a Reception, if we had nothing of Scandal to entertain them with; not but that I'm extremely tender of an *Oath*, and would not break it for any thing but *Interest*. I never was so puzzl'd in all my Life, as in the Case of the Lady you know with the *Mask* on; I went to two *Divines*, and they could neither of 'em resolve me; at length a *Casuis*t set me at rest, and shew'd me that as I had by Virtue of my first *Oath*, took the Ladies Money and done her the *Service* required: The second *Oath* (which was forceably impos'd upon me) oblig'd me to take her *Lord's*, and reveal all I knew touching the *First*.

Intell.] You are improving as well as diverting Company, Mrs. *Nightwork*. But have you not forgot the lying-in *Dutchess*?

Mrs. *Night.*] I beg your Ladyship's Pardon, I have a thousand things in my Head; but to come up to what I advanced of the Hazards People daily run to preserve Reputation. The

Queen,

Queen, by some officious Fool, that had a Mind to make their Court *mal a pro pro*, was told of the *Dutchess's* Adventure, she could not believe it, having seen her without any remarkable *bigness*; but to bring it to the Proof, her *Majesty*, a little in the *Spleen*, and consequently *Vapourish*, order'd the Court to remove within two Days. The *Dutchess* then in waiting was oblig'd to rise and *Dress*, and be in Her *Majesty's* Coach. She had hitherto excus'd herself upon the Pretence of the Headach; but here it was of no use to her, because she had secret Advice (as *Favourites* never, Madam, can want some of your Ladyship's kind *Intelligence*) that the Orders were express for her, and regarded no Body else; so that up she was forc'd to get and make her Appearance. But to bring it to the last Test, the *Queen* alter'd her *Mind*, would not go in her Coach, but order'd all the Court to mount with her on *Horseback*.

Intell.] That was something *Ill-natur'd* and *Cruel* in her *Majesty*; why did not *Sigismund* forbid it?

Mrs. Night.] That would be speaking the thing too plain; his *Majesty* was not yet grown so very a *Husband*. Neither can it be call'd either *Cruelty* or *Ill-nature* in the *Queen*; there was no absolute occasion, *Well* or *Ill*, for the *Dutchesses* attendance; it was but taking off the Mask, and owning herself *Indisposed*; (*Confession* enough) and liberty would be left her to perform her *Quarantin* at leisure; but if she had a mind to run the hazard of her *Life*, to conceal a thing that all the Court already knew or more than suspected, that was no fault of the *Queen's*.

Intell.]

Intell.] And which part did she choose?

Mrs. Night.] O! *Reputation* you may be sure; for they generally seem to set the most out-side Value upon it that have least to lose. I do not speak of the entirely abandon'd, nor of the *real Worthy*, the *truly Virtuous*, who know themselves *Innocent*, and therefore need none of those dangerous occasions to prove themselves such.

Intell.] And did the *Dutchess* escape with Life?

Mrs. Night.] With your Ladyship's Pardon, how else could she, as I before told your Ladyship, have liv'd to have five Children after, besides *more and more* upon them *Incognito*, within *Incognito*; another *Land*, and another *Lover*, or *train of Lovers*, can all eccho to her *Eminence's Fruitfulness*! But what was more mortifying than the *Queen's Jealousy*, and a greater Enemy to Life, she had the Anguish to find *Sigismund* engag'd in the beginning of an *Amour* with a beautiful *Lady*, that herself had introduc'd, and so regardless of *her*, as to ride by the *other*, during the whole time his Hand either leaning upon her Saddle, or when he could be so happy holding of the *Lady's*; and this behind the *Queen*, the *Dutchess* was ready to Swoon. The Pain of her Mind made that of the Body comparatively light.

Intell.] And yet his Memory is handed down by Time, as one who abounded in *Indulgence* and good *Nature*.

Mrs. Night.] And it does him *Justice*; nothing could ever interrupt it, but when it ran counter to the Interests of some of his beginning Passions, for he had many: As to the rest, he had excellent natural Parts, and a larger Capacity

ty than himself was aware of, because he was too lazy ever to extend it to the length it would go ; yet was he irresolute and changeable as well in his *Councils* as *Counsellors*, stedfast in nothing during the course of his whole *Reign*, but in adhering to his *Brother*, in a Case that has since cost the *Empire* so much *Blood* and *Treasure*. Not that he lov'd him comparably to what he did his own Son (who would have rise by his Uncle's setting) but *Sigismund* had privately surrender'd himself a Slave to those *Priests*, whose Dictates are *Arbitrary*: And his Brother being one of their brightest *Votaries*, they would not suffer him to be excluded, tho' to advantage an *Empire*, and to make him more calmly *Happy*.

Intell.] You are a Politician I find, Madam, as well as a Midwife.

Mrs. Night.] I beg your Ladyship's ten Thousand Pardons, for repeating what you must be much better inform'd of than I can pretend ; but 'tis our way, when once we set in, we talk on, whatever it is about. I wish the Coach would come, my young *Master* will run a great hazard of his *Life* in this inconvenient *Place* ; the Gentleman promis'd to return (when he had lodg'd the Lady) and carry me Home with the Child ; she tenderly recommended it to my Care 'till to morrow, when all things proper should be order'd for it—Heigh ho ! if he should not come—Poor Baby, 'tis fallen asleep— Does your Ladyship remember how a certain, ~~now~~ great Lady, fell in Labour when she was at Court in waiting, and was forc'd to appear the next Day at Dinner in Quality of *Maid*, though she had just given the World sufficient Proof that she
could

could no longer justly be call'd one. I have Yearly done the same kind private Office to a Daughter of hers, whose Lord is amusing himself with the Politeness of the *Turin* Court: You know the Person happy in her Favour, the agreeable inconstant *Marquis*. I wonder how she can bear his taking the *Opera-Beauty*, and keeping her for his *Debauch*, (such we must call it,) she was too silly to create Love.

Intell.] O Mrs. *Mightwork*, that's intirely a new way of preserving *Reputation*, or washing over what has been blow'd upon. I'll let you into the Secret: When some Woman of *Condition* makes a Lover *Happy*, and both their Indiscretions begins to make it *publick*, he has nothing to do to convince the World of its Error, but to choose out some remarkable pretty poor Creature, that may be bought and kept at his Price, and then who dares imagine he can, (in these constant Days) have more *Intrigues* than one? Or, that a Lady of Quality will share with a despicable *Player* or *Town-Woman*? A certain *Chevalier*, who was grown old with his Mistress, in as much Love and Happiness as she could bestow upon him, took it into his Head to vindicate her Reputation, at a time of Day, when the World had left talking of 'em, and no longer doubted of their *Intelligence*, or cared to doubt of it. The manner of vindicating her and himself, was as we have just now deliver'd. The *Chevalier* was nicely constant to his true Mistress; I won't tell you whether she was beholding for it to his Age or Passion; but she was too *Delicate* to bear being rival'd in the Opinion of the Town, tho' for the benefit of her *Reputation*, she hated the Youth and Beauty

C

of

of the Creature, because her self had eminently out-liv'd these Qualifications, not considering that had the Creature wanted 'em, she would not have serv'd the *Chevalier's* purpose, who desired only to cure his Mistress's Husband of his *Jealousy*, and the Town of its *Knowledge*, tho' long after the Season. The Lady, instead of setting the true value that she ought upon the *Chevalier's* Endeavours, took the Pretence and broke with him for a new and younger Gallant, tho' if she know what is witty Conversation, she can never chuse one more agreeable.

The *Marquis* should yet, in my Opinion, find it a harder Task to acquit himself to the Princess. How can it be said that the Girl from the *Opera*, was only to secure her Highness's Reputation, and not to procure his own Diversion, when he has had so many Children by her? Unless she believe her Lover agitated with the new Doctrine of *Quietism*, where the Body Independant of the Mind (that being fix'd upon its proper Object) can commit no *Irregularity*.

Mrs. *Night*.] Good, your Ladiship, the Coach is coming, I must beg your Ladiship's pardon for my abrupt departure; should I be seen with you, who knows what might be the Consequence, with my Whimsical Gentleman-sort of a Coach-driver. But I'll be sure after to Morrow to wait your Ladiship's *Levee*, and give you what further Information I can of this Adventure.

Intell.] Has your Divinities been entertain'd? If this Gentlewoman's Affairs had but permitted her, you would have found her very *Instructive*, very *Talkative*, and very *Knowing*, in the *Foibles* of the *Fair*. But for her that we saw not long since, who has so lately expos'd her Life for Love, know she is one of the Baron *de B——*'s Daughters,

ters, her Name *Harriat*; Tall, Well-made, Gentle, Agreeable, Precise, a Devotee, fraught with Precepts of outward Honour, and affectation of Virtue, unfathom'd *Hypocrisy*, fire in her Constitution, frost in Conversation. She was bred up with a perpetual Inclination of joining with a young Cousin of hers call'd *Urania*. All Sincere, Tender, Nice of the Truth, fond of those Occasions that permitted her to speak it; and an Enemy profess'd to those modish Maxims, that tell you, 'Tis ill living at Court, for those who know not the Art of Dissimulation and Divination. Join to this a prodigious stock of Beauty, an uncommon vivacity of Mind; but of a Complexion so amorous, that it was but casting your Eyes upon the least Glance of hers, to read the Fever of her Soul; that *Disease of Nature*! that enchanting Warmth, which gave her Blood a perpetual Ferment! her Heart ten thousand Sighs! her charming Eyes a Love-Sick Languish! Desire and Disorders in her Air! unintermitting Wishes! delicious Dreams! delightful Swimings to her thoughts! and in a word, so bright an *Idea* of the Pleasures of Love, that nothing seem'd so great a Misfortune to her, as that they were yet only *Ideas*. Her Mother was Sister to Lady *Harriat's*, but dy'd young, and in Childhood, of *Urania* and *Polydore*; she recommended them tenderly to her, and the *Baroness* did not in a long time deceive her Expectations. The same amorous Star presided over hers, as her Daughter's Birth; she had married a Gentleman greatly beneath her, of much Merit, but his Fortune was to make. He put himself into the Army, and was almost at *Henriquez's* Foot, leaving his Wife 6 Months gone with Child of *Urania* and a young Son; her Grief for

his loss and the pains of Child-Birth (for she had Twins) were fatal to her. The Baroneſs took them home to her own Houſe, and ſeem'd to know no diſtinction: 'Tis certain ſhe for a long time made none between them and her own Children. Never was any Affection ſo great as that of *Polydore* and *Urania*; he was all of the Sex ſhe was permitted to converſe with: The lovely *Youth*, caſt in the ſame fair *Mould*, and at the ſame time with his Siſter; their Faces, their Inclinations were alike, unhappy only in a diſtinction of the Sex. There was a perpetual Emulation between them, who ſhould moſt oblige each other; their Love-Indearments, Embraces, Kiſſes, perpetual Claspings, ſeem'd at firſt a laudable Tenderneſs in all who beheld them, *Harriat* excepted, who was two years Elder than *Urania*. When this had attain'd to the Age of *Fourteen*, her Beauty gain'd ſo prodigious an *Eclat*, that the *Baroneſs* was ſurpriz'd; and tho' ſhe did not ceaſe to love her, ſhe ceaſ'd to carry her abroad as uſual, or to ſuffer her Appearance in her own Family when Viſitors were there; becauſe ſhe ſo far eclips'd her Daughter's, that with all the advantage of Fortune, 'twas impoſſible they ſhould have any Lovers where *Urania* appear'd. Thus excluded from Converſation, with that dear ſoftneſs of Conſtitution, plainneſs of Nature, and unaffected Sweetneſs, what ſhould ſhe do for ſome Body to Love? *Harriat* would often tell her (with the Air of one who thought her ſelf much more her Superior in Underſtanding than in Age) that it would have done well if Fortune had caus'd her to have been born a *Villager*; her Father who was not many degrees from it, had tainted her Blood with that *Plebian Vice*, *Sincerity*. So unfashionable

able, nay destructive to the Sex, that whatever Woman wore too much of it, must certainly run the hazard of the Worlds Opinion, who never look'd after what was really Good, but only after what appear'd so— *Sincerity in Manners* was most abominable; what, wear ones *Motions* as ones *Thoughts*? If one told ones self that such a young *Fellow* was agreeable, must ones *Actions* tell the World so, and speak ones Approbation? What, let the tell Tale-Eyes sparkle out the odious desire one had for the ridiculous *Creature*, that contemptible Animal, Man! How! give them *Vanity*, and ones self *Censure*! 'twas unpardonable. If one had *desire* (but how comes one by desire for filthy Reptils, that grovel at ones Feet) wou'd one acquaint the World with ones *Feible*? Oh how necessary was Dissimulation! how it bought Opinion! 'Twas like a *Veil* to the *Face*, conceal'd all that one wou'd not have disclos'd to vulgar Eyes; and intirely at ones own pleasure and discretion, when to wear or when to lay aside.

This was the perpetual Subject of her Conversation with *Urania*. *Polydore*, who past all those Moments apart from what was employ'd in his Education with his adorable Sister, wou'd not fail to join her Party against *Harriat*, and argue for the Divine Precepts of Truth and openness in Manners. That Hypocrisie, a Sin in it self, was only of use to heighten Sin, and not conceal it; for generally those who veil'd the cloiest, still left day enough for a skilful Discerner to disclose the Cheat: And tho' the Discovery might not happen to be made but by one in ten Thousand, such might be the *Justice*, *good-Nature* and love of *Scandal* in that one, as

quickly to impart it to the many; and when once the Train takes, *Reputation* (for it runs like Wild-fire) is immediately blown up, and the Lady made contemptible upon a double score, since Hipocrisy is certainly the very worst Ingredient in the Character of any *Woman* of *Quality* or pretended *Honour*.

In this reserve from the other Sex, *Urania* had attain'd to her Fifteenth Year. But then! her *better Angel*, too careless of his Charge, suffer'd an impious Passion to grow up with her: A fatal Tenderness for the too lovely *Polydore*; he burnt with the same criminal Desires: Oh, how tender and abominable was their hourly Converse, whilst yet more innocent than after! Why, my enchanting Sister (would he say) must Human Laws and Custom take place of Nature's? Why is it not permitted me to marry *Urania*? Why must she have any Husband but *Polydore*? Oh, how happy would it be for us, were we to resign our too much valu'd Reason (which is not born with, but taught us) for that happy Instinct, that forbids not the *Brothers* and *Sisters* of the feather'd kind, to indulge their Appetites to each other: They pair; they breed; and know no Kindred, no Law, but Love. Wou'd it not be the same in the *Human-kind*, if themselves had not made the Prescription? Nature forbids it not; or rather gives a more endearing *gusto* to those born of the same *Blood*. Did we err against her *Eternal Laws*, would not *Instinct* make the *Discovery*? Shou'd I find this delicious Flavour in the Kisses of my beauteous Sister? Oh *Urania*! Tell me; Have you not a Sympathetick Pleasure? Thy dear guilty Glances confess it; the

the glowings of thy lovely Lips; thy adorable Sighs, that follow the amorous pressure of mine, confirm it. Can this *Contact*, which Nature makes so pleasing, be against the Laws of *Nature*? — Let Her be to us instead of *Jupiter*! Let Her be our *Deity*; let us fearlessly pursue Her Dictates; do all that She proposes, and never believe it an Offence to *Kind*.

Thus did he pursue the artless *Urania*, whose Desires were as potent as her Brother's. She was not permitted the Conversation of other *Youths*, nor did she when once her guilty Wishes were center'd in *Polydore* desire it. They were ever together, and too often alone: Then Kisses and Indearments were their continual employ, in that waste of Pleasure sacrificing the unthinking Hours, without leisure to reflect upon the Crimes they pursu'd. How *young*! how *artless*! how unpractis'd in the Manners of the World, were these unhappy Orphans! without other Pleasures to divert them from what they tasted in each other. How little did they hear of *Honour*! How seldom the sound of *Glory*! They, to whom *Sincerity* was *natural*, knew no more but the outside Professions of *Harriot*, which gave 'em a disagreeable Relish of it. *Polydore's* Preceptor was one of those who was a right *Pedant*; had nothing of the *fine Gentleman* in himself, or Man of *Honour*; and knew not how to infuse it into others; his Business seem'd only to teach him the *Languages*, not to give his Mind the *Ornaments* of *Vertue*; he understood 'em not; his own narrow Education forbid it; and the inconsiderable advantage he made by *Polydore*, allow'd him not time, had he had the Capacity, to take those necessary Measures

and indefatigable Pains, requisite to accomplish *Youth*.

How much to blame are Persons of *Condition*, in being so little nice in what concerns those People, to whose Conduct they commit the Education of their *Children*? Can they pay too largely for so great a *good*? Or can they believe, that a narrow *Genius*, a mercenary Temper, can infuse great Thoughts and noble Sentiments into the Soul of the young *Imitator*? Thus too often is the unwary *Virgin* betray'd and sold by the Necessities of those about her; or her Temper *sour'd*, and turn'd *averse*, by the crabbed, *disobliging*, *ill-tim'd* Severity of an undistinguishing *Governante*; who is so ignorant to believe, that the *All* of Education consists in outward Behaviour, and a *modish* Carriage of the *Person*; whilst the much more *nobler Part*, the uncultivated Mind, remains forgotten, or unheeded.

These Lovers, so young and guilty, knew enough of Nature, only to know, there was still behind something *criminal* and *delightful*; something that was repugnant to the Laws of *Honour* and *Custom*. They wou'd often consult about leaving the *Baron's House*, to retire themselves into an unknown corner of the *Globe*; there, in some little Cottage, to consummate their Wishes; where guiltless of Commerce with *Kindred* or *Acquaintance*, they might be all to themselves; *Polydore* the Husband of *Urania*, and *Urania* the Wife of *Polydore*. But alas! What should they do for means of *Sustenance* in that little *Retreat*? The ardent *Brother* wou'd learn to *dig* or *plough* for his adorable *Sister*; and the too loving *Sister* *milk* or *spin* for her
 he

beloved *Brother*. She had some *Jewels* which had been her Mother's; these they resolv'd to sell, to furnish them with Necessaries in their *Pilgrimage*: Their Mother's *Fortune* was to be divided between them; but not till *Urania* was either marry'd, or *Polydore* of an Age to be the Master of his own. Their Impatiency would not permit 'em to stay that length of time; they were eager to prosecute the Resolution they had taken: We may believe they consider'd but little of the Consequence: They talk'd of *Toil* and *Hardship*, as Indearments and Happiness. The Day cou'd not wear away unpleasantly, that was with it self to give up these glowing Lovers to the successive Extasies of the guilty Night.

Whilst they waited the season of the *Baron's* going into the Country, which they thought the most convenient Place to begin to set out from upon their destin'd Pilgrimage; these intended Wanderers imagin'd that time ran much too slow for the swiftness of their *Desires*, their Impatencies were mutual! *Urania* knew not what *Virtue* was, near the dangerous *Polydore*! enchanting *Love* with its powerful *Wand*, charm'd *Gigantick Honour* into an easy Slumber! Thus nodding! No wonder the eager watchful Brother found an unguarded Moment to compleat his *Happiness* without the Forms of Marriage, or any binding Obligation but *Love*.

'Tis hard to say which was most *Ardent*; which was most *Guilty*; which most *unhappy* to themselves; or which thought themselves most *happy* in one another!

No sooner had they drank of this *delicious Poison*, but *Urania* prov'd the Effects of it! a guilty

guilty *Pregnancy* immediately succeeded! nor did it disturb their *Joy*, because their *Resolution* was before taken of leaving all for *Love*. In the mean time they lost no Opportunity to repeat the *Delights*. *Harriat*, who beheld *Urania's* Charms with invidious Eyes, cared not how seldom she saw her: So that these unhappy Lovers had an uninterrupted Leisure to indulge themselves. At first more wary, they stole the Joy with *Awe* and *Trembling*; but by long Success made bold, they rush'd to Happiness without that Caution, so necessary to such fatal *Circumstances*. One wretched Moment as they were lost in *Extasie*! heedless of *Surprize*, and thoughtless of all Things but the Rapture they endured! *Harriat* (who had for some time suspected the incestuous Commerce, the conscious Door left unfastned) came and found 'em in the most guilty Moment upon *Urania's* Bed, enchanted in each others Arms.

Harriat, pleas'd and yet surpriz'd, gave a Cry of Admiration and Aversion, and then vented herself in Reproaches, with an Assurance of immediately telling the *Baroness* what she had discover'd. *Urania's* Charms gave a Pleasure in her Ruin: She was hastily quitting the Room to do as she had promis'd, when the lovely panting *Polydore* threw himself from the Bed at her Knees, and catching hold of her Gown, conjur'd her by all things dear to her self, to pause upon the undoing of two wretched Orphans, who had for Her all the Honour and *Tendernefs* imaginable. He vow'd with *Ardency*, that this was his first Attempt, and should never be succeeded by another! that he wou'd bind himself by all things Great and Solemn, no more to sollicite his lovely Sister to a Conduct so unworthy! nay, farther, wou'd

won'd take the first Pretence to leave the *House* and *Kingdom*, to secure what he had promis'd. He beg'd her with dying *Eyes*, and Heart-breaking *Sighs*, to have pity on their *Youth*, their *Quality*, their Relation to her self, and what was most unhappy, to one another. She answer'd him, 'twas impossible, the *Laws of Honour* and *Religion* caus'd her to hold all such unlawful *Delights* in Abomination, even if they were not of *Kindred* to each other; but since they were so unhappy, 'twas doubly *Monstrous* and *Unpardonable*. That she loath'd, detested and abominated the very Thoughts of guilty Love, without that heightning *Circumstance*; but since it carry'd so black, so foul a one, she was resolv'd to expose 'em to all the *World*, as an Earnest of that much greater Punishment they were to expect in the next. *Polydore* urg'd to her, that it was no new thing even in the Age they liv'd in. That her self visited the Widow Lady—— who was more than suspected by all the *World* to live in the same guilty Commerce with the *Count de——* her Brother, who for many Years had been so entirely fond of her, as to use his own Lady barbarously; a Woman of vast Fortune, infinitely agreeable and innocent; 'till his ill Usage made her otherwise, leaving her whole Nights of her own side alone, whilst he was on his Sister's, to whom he gave all the outward Honours of *Place*, *Attendance*, *Tenderness* and *Indearments*: Nay, (after his Lady by his Brutality had been expell'd the House) he did not fail to keep his Sister triumphantly there: Not only despising the *Censure* of the *World*, but by all open Indiscretion, as if done on purpose, publicly encouraging of it.

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That in like manner the Count of—— had had two Children by his *Sister*; of the latter of which she dy'd in *Child-bed*— Yet was it no *Article* against his *growing Greatness*; nor did any one make the *Objection* to his *Character*, when they found him at *Court*, in *Power*, *caress'd*, and *favour'd*; *Master* of the *King's Ear*, and often (by the *Duties* of his *Place*) in the *Royal Bed-chamber*! where after the *Example* of *Hemriquez's* *Forgetfulness*, none seem to remember that he had been guilty of the same *Fault* for which she was going to expose him, undo *Urania*! and render 'em both for ever *Ridiculous* and *Miserable*!

Nor was the Son of the Old *Chevalier*—suspected to be much more *innocent*. His *wild* and *charming* *Sister* having been early said to taste the guilty *Sweets* of *Love* from him—— Yet his first *Lady* (a *Woman* of the highest *Fortune* and *Beauty*) did not object it to him when she chose him for her *Husband*; and since marry'd again to another handsom *Lady*, and made a *Baron*. Had all these found so implacable a *Discoverer* as *het self*, how miserable must have been the remainder of their *Lives*! how forsaken, and wretched the *Ladies*! Therefore he once more conjur'd her, upon ten thousand *Assurances* of not repeating the *Crime*! to spare their *Youth*—— If it were true that *Conscience* was her *Motive*, her *Conscience* ought to be satisfied with their *Repentance*. 'Twas all that even *Religion* cou'd demand; and therefore *Honour* ought not to be more rigid. He beg'd her to look forward to the *Ruin* it would procure! how the *Report* would stain their *Noble Family*. They were all of the same *Blood*, and that in

in exposing *them*, she expos'd but a part of her self.

Harriat implacable, and deaf to all his *Prayers* and *Endeavours*, strove to break his hold, and run from him. The Beautiful *Urania*, who hung her Head *asham'd* and *humbled* at the fatal Discovery, with incessant falling *Tears*, and Heart-breaking *Sighs* and *Sobs*, attended the Result. But when she saw that *Polydore* cou'd not prevail, but that cruel *Harriat* was going to expose 'em to their *Ruin*, she threw her self on her Knees, and catch'd the same hold on the other side, as did her *Brother*. She conjur'd her to spare her *Sex*, her Bloom of *Youth*! bid her reflect, that it was possible she might be one Day sensible of the Sting of a lawless *Passion*, and some happy *Youth* (have Power from *Venus* and her *Son* to touch her Heart) either already marry'd, or by some unforeseen *Accident* incapable of marrying her: What then wou'd be her Pains? her Languishment? What her Redress? But the same forbidden Joys that they had been found guilty of, tho' not indeed heightned by the fatal Circumstance of so near a Consanguinity.

Harriat darted *Fire* and *Reproaches* from her Eyes, at the bare Supposition that she could ever (on any Extremity) forget her *Duty*! her *Honour*! her *Religion*! her *Glory*! her adored *Virtue*! In short a thousand *Tautalogies* of the same kind. She told her, however softned before by both their *Distress*, and her Brother's *Intreaty*, this last *Article* had so justly provoked her, that she was firm in her Resolution of telling the *Baroness*. Here she strove with all her Force to break from them; and they with
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united Prayers and Endeavours to retain her; 'till at length out of her self with Impatience, and desire of blasting *Urania's* Honour, since she cou'd not her *Beauty*, she roughly threw her from her, and *Urania* fell grovelling on the Ground, where *Harriat* spurn'd at her with *Indignation* and *Scorn*; and seeing she could not so easily get rid of *Polydore*, who by this last Action of hers against his Sister became so incensed that Rage fill'd his Eyes, she cry'd out as loud as she cou'd, and by Misfortune for the Lovers, the Baroneſs was juſt paſſing the Door to her own Apartment, and hearing her Daughter's Voice in a Tone ſo uncommon, ſhe haſtily enter'd the Room, and beheld that Scene of Diſorder and Diſtreſs, without being able to gueſs at the Meaning.

Harriat did not leave her long in that *Perplexity*, but rather improving it to a *greater*, by telling her with eager Exaggeration, the Wickedneſs of the Guilty Pair. *Polydore*, with the Boldneſs of a Lover, undaunted in the greateſt Danger! did not fail to retort the *Lye*, without hesitating upon the *good Breeding*, or *Truth* of the *Thing*! he told the Baroneſs his Couſin *Harriat* was *Splenetic*! *Ill-natur'd*! and *ſuſpicious*! ſhe had indeed found him leaning on the *Bed* by his Sister, endeavouring to comfort her, for that ſhe was weeping with the exceſſive *Pain* and *Anguiſh* of her Teeth——The Baroneſs ask'd, if that was all, whence then came that ſuppliant and diſtreſſful Poſture ſhe had found 'em both in? She immediately reflected on a thouſand Circumſtances of their reputed *Fondneſs*! which had hitherto ſeem'd *Meritorious* to her; but above all, the indiſpoſition that *Urania*

nia had labour'd under for some Months; the alteration even in *Polydore*, who by an over-Sacrifice to Love at his early Years, had cast a sort of damp upon his growing Bloom. The *Baroness* desir'd him to withdraw to his own Apartment: With a respectful Bow he obey'd her, and she approach'd *Urania*, who was retir'd in Tears to the darkest corner of the Room. Having done what was necessary to satisfy her Curiosity, she turn'd from her and wept, to find the Misfortune too manifest in her apparent growing bigness. She contented herself only with saying, unhappy *Urania*! wretched Daughter of an unhappy Mother! *unfortunate and lovely Niece*! where can this Disaster end? Oh Sister! more Pain (could'st thou but know it) than in thy Death! Here she left the Room. *Harriot* with a malicious and triumphant Smile following of her, casting an air of pleas'd Disdain, and of delightful Scorn, upon the ruin'd Beauty.

The *Baroness* forbid her Daughter upon pain of her Displeasure to speak the least tittle of the Misfortune; and immediately ordering a Chariot, with an unknown Livery, and six good Horses to wait at one of the Town-Gates, she sent a Person she could confide in to fetch *Urania*; who had Orders not to leave her 'till she resign'd her into the Hands of an old grave Relation, who liv'd in the Country at almost two hundred Miles distance, where she was to be kept *Incognito* 'till her Lying-in; with a strict injunction to her self, not to write to *Polydore* of the Place where she was; tho' care was taken by denying her the use of *Pen and Ink*, to put it out of her Power.

Love,

Love, ingenious to its own relief, wou'd have little regarded the *Baroness's* Commands, nor her Threats, which had this extent, that upon finding *Urania* ever attempted to write to *Polydore*, her self would disown all future care of her, and she shou'd be abandon'd in those worst of Circumstances, to wander where she could find relief. *Love*, I say, regardless of any *Hopes* or *Fears*, but what himself creates, would have attempted all hazards, could any have had the prospect of succeeding; but *Urania* guess'd to secure a Letter to her lovely Brother, was impossible; that which they threatned her with as the highest *Punishment*, was what the Lovers had coveted as the highest *Happiness*; she had little reason to believe they would take less sudden or less secure Methods with *Polydore* than her self, to divide 'em from each other.

The *Relation* she was with, was an old *Lady* who had trod the Paths of Honour unblamably, without that rigid nicety in her Temper, of condemning in others those little Levities more pardonable in the first Morn of Life. And without ever having, her self, been Criminal, she did not cease to have compassion for those that were so; far from an over-bearing Pride, at having done her own Duty, she tenderly exhorted others to a performance of theirs; nor did she set too high a value upon her strength of Honour, so as to scorn the weaknesses of others; because she knew her support was not from her self, that the Gods alone had inabl'd her to evade the temptations of *Sigismund's* luxurious Court, where she had liv'd and flourish'd.

There was nothing of tender Exhortations omitted by her, to recal the Young Wanderer
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into the Road of *Honour*. She gave her a true Notion of *Virtue*: Wou'd weep with Tears of Indulgence over her growing *Infamy*, which every Day became more conspicuous. *Urania*, who had had too heedless an Education, began to awake from her *Lethargy* of *Love*, to a Sense of *Glory*; and as her *Passion* advanced for *That*, what she had for her Brother diminish'd. But far from finding Ease to her tortur'd Soul by this Exchange, it became more anxious and despairing. She no sooner was convinced of the unalterable Value a Lady ought to set upon her Honour, but she found hers was sacrificed to an incestuous, lawless *Passion*! abominable in all its Circumstances! the Abhorrence even of the most *Vicious*! No sooner was she taught to admire *Chastity*, and all the *Virtues*, but she found her self destitute of the *greatest*! That her Conduct had excluded her the Conversation of the *Good*! to waste her *Bloom* of *Life* in Infamy and Mourning! This fatal Effect of her improsperous *Beauty* sunk deeply into her Soul! she became too sensible of what was her *Duty*, and too despairing at her Sensibility: Her guilty *Passion* gave place to a serene *Horror*, and fixt *Despair*; nor could all the Lady's chearful *Tenderness*, nor wise Endeavours to assuage her Anguish, give the least Ease to her tortur'd *Remembrance*. How lavishly the Tears ran from her brilliant Eyes! how incessantly she mourn'd!—But when she cast her Thoughts and Looks upon her growing Bigness, when the approaching *Hour* stared her in the Face; that *Hour* which was to disclose the incestuous *Birth*! she rav'd! she tore her Hair! she wrung her Hands in Bitterness of *Woe*! she travers'd the Floor with

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guilty

guilty Rage ! conscious of her own Shame, and the Misery wou'd be intail'd upon the unhappy *Infant* ! where then was the Sweetness of those tender Moments, to which it ow'd its *Entity* ? Where that astonishing *Delight* to which she had sacrificed more than her *Glory* ? By which she had been made compleatly wicked, as well as compleatly wretched. The very *Remembrance* was horrid, painful, tormenting ; she wish'd to dye ! she resolv'd to dye ! and if she did not instantly effect her Purpose, it was because she wou'd undergo the bitter Penance of *Reflection* ! the hourly Torment of *unavailing Repentance* ! *unavailing*, because united *Waters* cou'd not wash away her *Stain* ! no *Mortification* ! no *Amendment*, restore her to the *World's Opinion* ! she was satisfied *Harriet's* Malice would disclose her Crime. *Harriet*, who thought it render'd her *Virtue* more conspicuous to find a Defect in any other's. Besides her own *Conscience* was like an avenging *Fury*, lashing her with unintermitting *Snakes*, and infernal *Whips*.

Those decent, hourly Preparations, that she saw made by the indearing Lady for her down-lying, were as so many silent guilty Reproaches of her Crime. She was confirm'd she would never live to use 'em : Her Thoughts, her Resolutions, were bent on *Death*. *Death* ! which lays asleep our Pains, relieves our Wants ; furnish'd with all Things necessary, because he takes away the Desire to all Things.

Urania ! (resolv'd to meet him) when the Mother-Pains came upon her, forbore to call ! she forbore to groan ! she trembled for fear of being assisted ! she dreaded to be reliev'd, since Life was her greatest Pain, *Death* must be her greatest

greatest *Ease*! her throws redoubled! so did her *Resolution*! she drank her Tears, suppress her Cries, groan'd inwardly, with strongest Woe: In Intervals she would reflect on what she was about to do; Murder the *Innocent*, the *unborn hapless Infant*, who possibly might perish with her for want of Assistance. At this she would have strange Meltings, and potent Strugglings with her *Resolutions*, the *Mother-Tenderness* came upon her; that meritorious *Tenderness*, common to all the Female-kind, and only less to be found in the Human! where *Reason*, if not destroys, yet weakens *Instinct*. But when by a Revolution of Thought, she remembered it was the *Off-spring of Incestuous Joy*; that it must come branded into the World for ever unfortunate to its self, by its Parent's Crime: She wish'd not to disclose to Light a Wretch so miserable! Then fortifying her *Resolution* with conscious *Pride*, *Honour*, and the World's *Opinion*, she gave her self new *Fortitude* to meet her *Fate*. Thus from one Anguish to another, she wore out the bitter *Night*; and having passed that necessary Point of Time wherein the Womens Assistance was absolutely necessary; she fell into strong Convulsions, in which she was so happy as to lose her Understanding: Those Convulsions, fatal to the Infant, disclos'd him to the *Light*; but not the *Light* to him.

Thus was she found by her Attendant, who came as usual in the Morning, to pay her Duty at her Bed-side: Physicians were sent for, but their Art was vain: She dy'd about the same Hour she was taken, and was privately interr'd with her Child. Happy in this, that she left

not behind her so undoubted an Evidence of her incestuous Crime.

Virtue.] I am tenderly touch'd at the Misfortune of this young unhappy Beauty; her *Fault* was without *Excuse*, and to be detested and avoided: But does it not severely retort it self upon the *Baroness*, for giving her so careless an Education? Young *Maid*s of *Fashion* cannot be watch'd with too much *Delicacy*; their *Complexions*, *Constitutions*, ought to be considered; the more *Amorous* shou'd be deny'd all heightnings of the *Passions*: Opera's, Romances, Books of *Love*, we will have excluded from their *Closet*. But above all, endearing *Intimacies*, and private *Conversations*, with the nearest *Relations*, a Brother not excepted; lest (as in the Case of *Urania*) the *Sex* prevail, and too much leisure give 'em opportunity to exert their *Temper*. Early *Marriages* wou'd be of use to prevent those *Impatiencies* natural to the *Amorous*. The *Diversion* of *Cards* may be permitted; *Cards*, fatal to the *Avaritious*, and which should be avoided with the utmost Care by the *Angry* and the *Covetous*; let 'em even exceed *Diversion*, and make a *Business* of their *Play*: So it employ their *Thoughts*, and help to stem the Tide of *Nature*, that impetuously in them inclines to *Love*. *Retirement*! Solitude, too much time for *Reflection*, is to be deny'd 'em, because those *Reflections* are only favourable to their *Temper*. They cannot have too much of the *Publick*. *Hunting* is an admirable *Amusement*, and of *Benefit* to *Health*: On the contrary, we forbid it to a *Maid*, rude of *Mind*; void of *Languishments* and *Softness*; *Insensible*, *Hoydening*, ungainly *Brisk*, robustly *Gay*, excessively *Masculine*, and fitter for the *Camp* than the

the *Toilet*. 'Twou'd be too long to give all the Rules that are necessary; this general one may suffice. To watch the Ascendancy of their *Temper*, and perpetually to ply 'em with the *Antithesis*; since 'tis certain that *Nature* in it self was never yet so *Bright*, but that it wanted the Refinement of Education: The *Ore* is but in the Lump 'till Education has separated it from all those *dark* and *sordid* Mixtures, or Inter-venings of Earth. Earth! that *Native* Source from which it took its earliest Form, its first Original.

Astrea.] Well have you concluded from the Beauteous *Urania's* Misfortunes: I have *Pity* and *Indignation* at the Weakness of the *Race*! O *Nature*! why art thou so *Potent* and so *Faulty*? But my Lady *Intelligence* pray what befel her unhappy *Brother*? The no less guilty *Polydore*.

Intell.] His excessive Love for *Urania* caus'd him the Night after the Discovery to fall ill of a dangerous *Fever*; in the *Epilepsie*, he raved incessantly of his too charming *Sister*, and would often ask where she was? What they had done with her? For *Harriat's* good *Nature* had taken Care to have him inform'd of her being carry'd away. He was confin'd to his own Apartment, and knew nothing of it, 'till she was gone; then succeeded such a Hurry of the *Thoughts* and *Passion*, as gave his *Blood* so dangerous a *Ferment*, that it was not thought possible for him to escape with Life; yet was he so unfortunate. His *Fever* left him, but his *Strength* did not return, he languish'd; he almost sunk under the Pain of living! Thus he wore away the time (deplorably Melancholly) 'till his *Sister's* Death, which *Harriat*, still Good-Natur'd

and kind, did not fail to have him acquainted with. He resolv'd not to out-live her *Loss*. There was a *Fleet* of *Ships* setting out to fight the *Venetians*, with whom those of *Atalantis* were at War, without staying for Equipage, or almost any Conveniencies, *Polydore* stole out from the *Baron's*, and cast himself in Quality of *Volunteer* aboard the *Admiral*. He knew that in an Engagement, his Post requir'd him to fight Sword in Hand by the Commander's side; it was not long before they met with a strong Squadron of the *Venetians*. *Polydore* did all that was necessary to bespeak *Courage* and *Despair*. The *Admiral* was charm'd with the too forward *Youth*; and twice had him rescued in his bold Attempt to Board the Enemy. Death only was the Business of *Polydore*, he was willing to retreat, because Captivity would make him still more wretched. To conclude, he fell at length at the *Admiral's* Feet, by a Volly of Shot that came from the Small-Arms of the *Venetian Marines*, who in Turn boarded them. The *Admiral* after the Engagement, took care that his Body should be interr'd with all the Marks of *Honour*, that so great a *Courage* seem'd to merit, though his Quality was then *unknown*; nor after when it was discover'd, cou'd this Brave Commander accuse himself, for giving him a less honourable *Sepulchre* than his Birth deserv'd.

Harriat, pleas'd and triumphant at the Fate of these unhappy *Lovers*, pursu'd her Principles of Good-Nature, in censuring and exposing the Frailties of others. Nor did she wait for convincing Proofs; the very shadow of a Crime was sufficient for her to proclaim it confirm'd; her

her Eyes were perpetually where they should not ; broad open upon the *Faults* of every one, but her *own* ; she had long suspected an Affair between the young *Widow-Lady* — and the *Duke de* — He had of late center'd all his Regards for the *Fair*, in this Beauty ! he who before was a Lover at large, the whole Sex being too few for his unbounded Taste of *Variety*, now became *reserv'd* and regular. This charming Widow had the good Fortune to touch his *Heart*, whereas 'till then his *Sense* had been only gratify'd ; her *Reputation* stood fair in the World's Esteem. Like a true Lover he made it his Business to preserve it, and deny'd himself the Satisfaction of repeated Visits, because she was a Woman of Condition ; and so particularly agreeable, that the Eyes of all Mankind were upon her. However, to make her Empire as *easie* as *Discretion* could permit, she did him the Honour to let him have an exact Journal of all the Visits she made ; when to the *Prado*, *Opera*, *Comedy*, or *Apartment* ; he omitted no Opportunity to snatch a Sight of her. One fatal Day, when the fine Widow had given him notice she design'd a Visit to the *Baroness* at such an Hour ; he came, but had the Mortification to find his own *Dutchess* there. Cards were propos'd, the *Duke* and his *Mistress* found Reasons for not ingaging : The *Dutchess* and the *Baroness*, with another Lady sat down to *Ombre* : There was more Company, who severally diverted themselves as their Fancy led, either in Conversation, or to overlook the *Gamesters*. In that Chamber was a large *jet-out* Window, that open'd upon a delicious Garden, a Curtain of Crimson Damask was let down before it, be-

cause the *Baroness* had taken a little Cold, and found her Reasons for keeping the Room warm. The Widow-Lady—— in her *swimming, sauntering, agreeable manner*, got her self behind the Curtain, as if to be entertain'd with the Prospect of the *Garden*. The *Duke* follow'd her, *bold, brave*, and a passionate Lover, he was resolved to snatch the precious dangerous Moment. *Harriat* was at his *Dutchess's* Elbow, a *Party* in her Play; but not able to mind the Cards, whilst she had a new Discovery in her Head, she softly rose and came abruptly upon the happy *Duke*, who had all the Reason in the World to wish her in any other Place at that Minute.

Harriat had what she wanted, and retir'd her self with a *confused Smile*, and a sort of blushing *Delight*, at the Discovery she had made; the *Duke* follow'd, and saw too plainly by her *Manner*, that she had seen what she should not see. The poor *Widow* (punish'd for her Indiscretion) remain'd yet longer! astonish'd and near sinking with Despair at what had happen'd! she knew *Harriat* too well to expect her Silence! she knew she was going to expose her irremediably. Thus agitated, she stole from the Company by a point of good Breeding, not to disturb 'em with taking a formal Leave when they were engag'd; and no sooner came home but she caus'd her self to be put to Bed, where the Pain of her Mind influenced and wrought her Blood to that degree, that it put her into a *Distemper*, which in a very few Days occasion'd her *Death*.

The *Duke* inconsolable at her Loss, left the Business of the *Town*, *Cards*, and *Love*, to give him-

himself up intirely to his Grief ; all the World spoke of the prodigious Change in his manner of Life ; some attributed it to *satiety* of *Pleasures* ; others that his great *Loss* at *Play*, had made him wiser by Experience, or that his *Dutchess's* Charms had reclaim'd him. But good-natur'd *Harriat* did not forbear to whisper the true Cause ; she her self only knew the Secret ; the fine Widow's Death, which had occasion'd the wonderful Alteration ; and to corroborate, she did not refuse to tell one or two of her Confidants (as well qualify'd as her self for keeping Secrets) the Adventure of the Window.

This busy Whisper, did not fail to come round to the *Duke's* Ear, he vow'd Revenge upon the malicious Maid ; to compass it, he conjur'd the Prince *de Majorca*, to whom no Attempt of that kind was ever displeasing, to oblige him so far as to endeavour to seduce that *Idol Honour* from the professing *Harriat*. The Prince did all that was necessary to attest his Friendship for the *Duke*, and prepared himself for a regular *Siege* ; he left nothing undone to gain her, *Vows*, *Oaths*, *high-bought Presents*, all but *Marriage* (that was already over with him) yet nothing could shock her *Vertue*. 'Till at length he thought of attempting her in her own way, and sacrific'd the Reputations of several who had oblig'd him and his *Friends* (for he was forc'd to tell her all that he *knew* or had *heard*) and then the Lady out of Excess of *Gratitude*, for giving in to her darling *Foible*, oblig'd him to his Wish. A strange kind of *Paradox*, to trust him with her *Honour*, for betraying that of *others* !

See

See the Effects of a guilty *Curiosity* and *Confidence*, the Lady reduc'd to the last Extremity ! none but a pretended *Bigot* could have thought of such a Place to be disburthen'd of her *Shame* ! the *Prince* has taken the true Pains that a Man of *Honour* ought. I suppose it will not be compleat 'till he has acquainted the Duke of the Success of his *Revenge*. For my part it shall be no Fault of mine, if poor *Urania* and the *Widow's* Memory have not their *Revenge*. Ought we ever to Triumph over those Weaknesses in our Neighbour, to which Nature has made our selves liable ? Tho' the Temptation be not always alike Powerful ; yet, the time may come (as in *Harriet*) when concurring with our darling Passion, it irresistably betrays us into that very Misfortune, which we have so long ridicul'd in others !

If your *Divinities* please to walk (the Moon lends us sufficient Light) I will carry you thro' the *Prado*, to the Entrance of the *Tuileries*, where is situated Count *Biron's* Palace, who undoubtedly is wearing away his Hours) Sleep being not always indulgent to the Great) in his Favourite Diversion, *Gaming* ! amidst all his Business of the State (for he was once *Minister* to the Princess of *Utopia*, an Island in the *Adriatick*) he pursu'd this ! relieving himself from glorious Fatigues, by an In-glorious, as if he would show the World, that even in so great a Man it is impossible for *Virtue* to subsist without the relay of *Vice*.

Astrea.] Does your Ladyship's *Intelligence* extend to the Knowledge of those Ladies (we know 'em to be such by their Voices) who fill those three Coaches, that run along the Gravel-Road on the right Hand of us ? they laugh loud and incessant-

cessantly. 'Tis certain they have neither the *Spleen* nor *Vapours*! or for the present seem to have forget 'em. Can any Persons be more at their Ease? Sure these seem to unknow that there is a certain Portion of Misery and Disappointments allotted to all Men, which one time or other will assuredly overtake 'em. The very Consideration is sufficient, in my Opinion, to put a damp upon the Serenest, much more a Tumultuous Joy.

Intell.] That is afflicting themselves unprofitably; nothing ought to hinder Man from enjoying the *Present*, no Reflection of the *Future* carry away his Relish of the *Instant*, provided it be innocently employ'd. To one of right Understanding it will certainly happen thus; provided he be free from *Bodily Pains*, which, notwithstanding the vain celebrated *Apothy* of the *Stoicks*, none was ever found to be insensible of, and whoever has pretended to the contrary, must be as *Ridiculous* as *Affected*.

But to satisfy your *Excellency*, these Ladies are of the new *Cabal*; a Sect (however innocent in it self) that does not fail from meeting its share of Censure from the World. Alas! what can they do? How unfortunate are Women? if they seek their Diversion out of themselves and include the other Sex, they must be *Criminal*? If in themselves (as those of the new *Cabal*) still they are *Criminal*? Tho' *Censures* must carry their Imaginations a much greater length than I am able to do mine, to explain this *Hypothesis* with Success; they pretend to find in these the Vices of old *Rome* reviv'd; and quote you certain detestable Authors, who (to amuse Posterity) have introduc'd you lasting Monuments of *Vice*, which could only subsist in Imagination; and can in

rea-

reality have no other Foundation, than what are to be found in the Dreams of *Poets*, and the ill Nature of those *Censurers*, who will have no Diversions Innocent, but what themselves advance!

Oh how laudable! how extraordinary! how wonderful! is the uncommon Happiness of the *Cabal*? They have wisely excluded that rapacious Sex, who making a Prey of the Honour of Ladies, find their greatest Satisfaction (some few excepted) in boasting of their good *Fortune*. The very *Chocolate-Houses* being Witnesses of their Self-Love, where promiscuously, among the known and unknown, they expose the Letters of the Fair, explain the Mysterious, and refine upon the happy Part, in their redundancy of *Vanity*, consulting nothing but what may feed the insatiable *Hydra*!

The *Cabal* run no such Dangers, they have all of Happiness in themselves! Two beautiful Ladies join'd in an Excess of *Amity* (no Word is tender enough to express their new Delight) innocently embrace! for how can they be guilty? They vow eternal *Tenderness*, they exclude the Men, and condition that they will always do so. What Irregularity can there be in this? 'Tis true, some things may be strain'd a little too far, and that causes Reflections to be cast upon the *Rest*. One of the Fair, could not defend her self from receiving an importunate Visit from a Person of the troublesome Sex. The Lady who was her Favourite, came unexpectedly at the same time upon another. *Armida* heard her Chair set down in the Hall, and presently knew her Voice, enquiring with Precipitation who was above? Having observ'd a common Coach at the Gate with-

without a Livery: The Lover became surpriz'd to the last Degree, to see *Armida's*; she trembled! she turn'd pale! she conjur'd him to pass into her Closet, and consent to be conceal'd 'till the Lady was gone! His Curiosity made him as obliging as she could desire; he was no sooner withdrawn, but his fair *Rival* entred the Chamber intrag'd, her Voice shrill, her Tone inquisitive and menacing, the Extreams of *Jealousie* in her Eyes and Air. Where is this Inconstant——where is this Ungrateful Girl——? what happy Wretch is it upon whom you bestow my *Rites*! to whom do you deliver the Possession of My Kisses and Embraces? upon whom bestow that Heart so invaluable, and for which I have paid the Equivalent!——Come let us see this Monster to whom my Happiness is sacrific'd——? Are you not sufficiently warn'd by the Ruin of so many? are you also eager to be exposed, to be undone, to be Food for Vanity, to fill the detestable Creatures with vain Glory! what Recompence?—ah, what Satisfaction!——Can there be in any Heart of *theirs*, more than in mine?——Have *They* more Tenderness—more Endearments?——their Truth cannot come in comparison! besides, they find their account in *Treachery* and Boasting, their Pride is gratify'd; whilst our Interest is in mutual *Secresy*, in mutual *Justice*, and in mutual *Constancy*.

Such Excursions as these, have given Occasion to the Enemies of the *Cabal* to refine, as much as they please, upon the Misteries of it; there are, who will not allow of *Innocency* in any *Intimacies*. Detestable *Censurers*, who after the manner of the *Athenians*, will not believe so great a Man as *Socrates* (him, whom the

Oracle

Oracle deliver'd to be the Wisest of all Men) cou'd see every hour the Beauty of an *Alcibiades* without taxing his Sensibility. How did they re-criminate for his Affection, for his Cares, his Tendernefs, to the lovely *Youth*? how have they deliver'd him down to Posterity, as blameable for a too guilty Passion, for his Beautiful Pupil? — Since then it is not in the Fate of even so wise a Man to avoid the Censure of the Busy and the Bold, Care ought to be taken by others (less fortify'd against occasion of Detraction, in declining such unaccountable Intimacies) to prevent the ill-natur'd World's refining upon their mysterious Innocence.

The Persons who pass'd us in those three Coaches, were returning from one of their private, I was going to say silent Meetings; but far be it from me to detract from any of the Attributes of the Sex. The Lady L — and her Daughters make four of the *Cabal*. They have taken a little Lodging about twelve Furlongs from *Angela*, in a Place obscure and pleasant, with a Magazine of good Wine and necessary Conveniencies, as to Chambers of *Repose*, a tolerable *Garden*, and the *Country* in Prospect. They wear away the indulgent happy Hours according to their own Taste; their *Coaches* and *People* (of whom they always take as few with them as possible) are left to wait at the convenient distance of a Field in length, an easie Walk to their *Bower of Bliss*. The Day and Hour of their *Rendezvous* is appointed beforehand; they meet, they caress, they swear inviolable Secresy and Amity; the *Glass* corroborates their Indearments, they momentarily exclude the *Men*, fortify themselves in the Precepts of *Virtue* and *Chastity* against all their detestable undermin-

ing

ning Arts, arraign without Pity or Compassion those who have been so unfortunate as to fall into their Snare: Propagate their Principles of exposing them without Mercy ----- Give Rules to such of the *Cabal* who are not *Married*, how to behave themselves to such who they think fit they should *Marry*; no such weighty Affair being to be accomplish'd without the mutual Consent of the *Society*: At the same time lamenting the Custom of the World, that has made it convenient (nay, almost indispensible) for all Ladies once to marry. To those that have Husbands, they have other Instructions, in which this is sure to be one; to reserve their *Heart*, their tender *Amity* for their *Fair Friend*: An Article in this well-bred wilfully-undistinguishing Age, which the Husband seems to be rarely solicitous of.

Those who are, in their Opinion, so happy as to be releas'd from the imposing Matrimonial Fetters, are thought the Ornament of the *Cabal*, and by all most happy: They claim an *Ascendant*, a Right of *Governing*, of *Admitting* or *Excluding*, in both they are extreamly *nice*; with particular Reserve to the Constitution of the *No-vice*, they strictly examin her Genius, whether it have fitted her for the Mysteries of the *Cabal*, as if she may be rendred insensible on the side of *Nature*. *Nature*, who has the Trick of making them doat on the opposite improving Sex, for if her *Foible* be found directed to what *Nature* inspires, she is unanimously excluded, and particular Injunctions bestow'd upon all the Members of this distinguishing *Society* from admitting her to their *Bosom*, or initiating her in *Mysteries* of their *Indearments*.

Secresie

Secresie also is a material *Article*; this they inviolably promise, nor is it the least part of the Instruction given to a *new Bride*, lest she let her Husband into a *Mystery* (however *innocent*) that may *expose* and *ridicule* the *Community*, as it hap'n'd in the case of the beautiful Virgin *Euphelia*. No sooner did she appear as *Attendant* on the *Queen*, but the *Eyes* of all the *Circle* were directed to her; the *Men* ador'd: The *Ladies* wou'd have discover'd something to destroy that *Adoration*, if it had been possible, except the *Marchioness de Lerma*, who *Bold* and *Masculine*, loudly tax'd these invidious *Spectators* of ill *Nature* and *Malice*. She took the fair *Maid* into especial *Consideration*, shelter'd her under her distinguishing *Protection*; and, in short, introduc'd her into the *Cabal*, of which they say, the *Marchioness* was one of the first *Founders* in *Atalantis*. Having something so robust in her *Air* and *Mien*, that the other *Sex* wou'd have certainly claim'd her for one of *theirs*, if she had not thought fit to declare her self by her *Habit* (alone) to be of the *other*; insomuch, that I have often heard it lamented by the *Curious*, who have tax'd themselves of *Negligence*, and were intimate with her *Lord*, when living, that they did not desire him to explain upon that *Query*.

Euphelia flourish'd under the Shine of so great a *Favourite*; the *Marquis de los Minos* fell in *Love* with her; there was nothing to obstruct his *Happiness* but the *Marchioness de Lerma's* *Jealousy*. Inrag'd to lose her beautiful *Pupil*, she travers'd her *Advancement* all that lay in her *Power*; but the *Honour* of such a *Marriage* being conspicuous on the *Young Virgin's* side, she

was

was forc'd to give up the Secrets of the *Cabal*, and sacrifice the Marchioness's Honour, to preserve the Opinion of her own.

Some few such Discoveries, have happen'd to cast a Taint upon *Immocency* of the *Cabal*. How Malicious is the World? Who would not avoid their Censure if it were possible? We must do Justice to the Endeavours of the witty Marchioness of *Sandomire*, when she us'd to Mask her Diversions in the Habit of the other Sex, and with her Female Favourite *Ianthe* wander thro' the Gallant Quarter of *Atalantis* in search of Adventures. But what Adventures? Good Heaven! none that could in reality wound her Chastity! Her Virtue sacred to her Lord, and the Marriage-Bed, was preserv'd Inviolable! For what could reflect back upon it with any Prejudice, in the little Liberties she took with her own Sex? Whom she us'd to Cajole, with the affected seeming Gallantry of the other. In-gage and carry them to the publick Gardens, and Houses of Entertainment with Musick, and all Diversions. These Creatures of Hire, fail'd not to find their Account, in obliging the Marchioness's and *Ianthe's* peculiar Taste, by all the Liberties that belong'd to Women of their loose Character and Indigence. Tho' I should look upon it as an excess of Mortification, were I the Marchioness, to see the Corruption of the Sex, and to what extreams Vice may step by step, lead those who were born, and probably educated in the Road of Innocence. It may be surely counted an inhumane Curiosity, and shows a height of Courage, more blameable than otherwise, not to be dejected at the Brutality, the Degeneracy, of those of our own Specie.

The Vice Roy of *Peru's* Lady has a more extensive Taste, her *Circle* admitting the Eminent of both *Sexes*. None can doubt of her Condescension to the *Men*, and because she will leave nothing undiscover'd or unattempted in the Map of *Tenderness*, she has encourag'd the warbling *Lindamire* (low as is her Rank) to explain to her the *Terra Incognita* of the *Cabal*. Not one of 'em but think themselves Honour'd by a Person of her Distinction and agreeable Merit. To compleat their Happiness they seem to wish (but I doubt it is in vain) that it were possible to exclude the other Sex, and ingross her wholly to their own. But alas! what Hopes? Her Heart, her Eyes, her Air, call for other Approbations, the Admiration of the Men! In her alone that diffusive Vanity is pardonable, is taking. She undoubtedly knows her self born to greater Capacity of giving Happiness, than ought to fall to the Share of one Mortal; and therefore in her just and equal Distribution of Beauty, she seems to leave none of her numerous Favourites, solid Reason of Complaint, that they are not in their turn consider'd as they deserve.

One of the Ladies of the *Cabal*, that was in the leading Coach, is a *Writer*. The Chevalier *Pierro*, without having much Wit of his own, Married her for hers. A strong *Paradox*! for what is Musick to the Deaf, Beauty to the Blind? or the best *Italian* Strains to a Person without *Ear* or *Judgment*? Yet this was the Chevalier's Case, and he made an Admirable *Husband*; believing (as he ought) that his Wife was never in the *wrong*, nor himself in the *right*, but when she said so. Her Wit was the

the leading Card, which he was sure to follow, and like a *Lover* (rather than a *Husband*) never renounc'd. Add to this his *Youth*, good *Shape*, and an *Air* of the *World*, which might make him in most Companies, be esteem'd a genteel Man. Though with the Addition, even of Gratitude, *Zara* could not find her Happiness in him ; but because she would do nothing against her Duty, and was a Slave profess'd to outward *Honour* and *Virtue*, she oblig'd the Marquis—— (who did her the Courtesy of some of his superficial *Gallantries*) to dress in the Habit of her own Sex. Thus was the *Marine* Lover introduc'd into her very innermost Apartment, the *Cabinet* ; sacred to the *Muses* and her self, where her obsequious Husband durst never approach uncall'd, nor was, but upon eminent Days of Grace, admitted.

The *Marquis*, who had a thousand *Adventures* in his Head, could not rest long upon any one. Besides he had a *Left-hand* Wife that took up the real *Tenderness* of his Heart. What he bestow'd upon others was but by way of Comparison to endear her the more to him, and as a Foil to set off the Lustre of her Charms. He soon grew weary of *Zara's* Affair, not finding it possible to come up to the height of her Love-sick-romantick Expectations. She, who had all the *Muses* in her Head, wanted to be caress'd in a *Poetical* manner ; her Lover by her good will should not be less than *Apollo* in his Attributes of *Flame* and *Fancy*. Thus would she have been *Adored*, but that was not to be expected from the *Marquis*, whose Heart was engaged. Nor could any but a *Poet* answer the Extravagancies of a *Poetess's* Expectation. Signior *Mompellier* was newly

ly become the Fashion (his very just and admirable Poem having with Applause introduced him) this was a Lover indeed worth ten thousand of the Vulgar ; nor was Cruelty one of his *Defects*, the fair Sex never had reason to complain of him that way. *Zara*, to the utmost extent of her *Poetical Capacity*, gave him to know in Printed *Heroicks*, that she did Justice to his extream Merit, not doubting, after this Advance, but he would be grateful to hers. But whether her not being a Beauty, or the *Seignior's* having Wit enough for himself and a Mistress too, caus'd him to slight that Talent, and to neglect his good Fortune ; 'tis certain she now speaks of him in Terms that no way answers her beginning *Admiration*.

Thus discourag'd by the Men, she fell into the Taste of the *Cabal*. *Daphne* was her Favourite. *Daphne*, who when she first set out to Travel the Road of Gallantry, had all the reason in the World to expect a lucky Journey, for her first Guide, (if you will believe her self) was no less a Person than Count *Fortunatus*. She had a Relation of hers that sued for a Post in the Count's *Brigade* ; some small Acquaintance with his Lady, introduced her so far as his Antichamber, where she made one of the Petitioners. I have heard several divided in Opinion as to her Person, whether she should be esteem'd pretty or indifferent. Her Cheeks are by much too *sanguine* ; neither with that Advantage, does the *White* assume gloss enough to pass for a good Complexion. Her Eyes light and round, but brisk, and sometimes form themselves into a becoming look : Her Teeth indeed are *Admirable*. As to her Stature 'tis low ; her Shape would be well turned, if something

thing of a certain *stiffness*, which suffers no part of the Person to move without the whole, were not unbecoming, to all. But she has an Air of *Youth and Innocence*, which has been of excellent Use to her in those Occasions she has since had to impose upon the World, as to Matters of Conduct! Her Aspect being so fortunate, that one must wait to be convinced by *Proof*, before one can believe of her, what the generality of the World, are already so well acquainted with. The *Count* immediately by that very *Air*, distinguished and liked her; he approach'd with a Resolution of *granting*, even before she *asked*. Thus it was no hard matter for her to *succeed*: But because the Place was too publick for what he design'd, he softly bid her be in a Coach at six a Clock, before the Temple of *Minerva*, and he would not fail to attend her there, where they might have more liberty than at present, to enquire into the Merits of her Relation's Cause and Pretensions.

This was not stumbling in the Dark to one of *Daphne's* Conversation with the World, she knew it amounted to a *Rendevouz*, which she ought not to agree to, without resolving to pay the Price, the *Count* would undoubtedly set upon what she intended to request, and he to grant; but having the Pretence of Business to *veil* her *Modesty*, as thin as was that *Veil*, and as easily seen thro', she assum'd it, and went to the meeting.

It appears strange to me, that considering the *Count's Power* and *Riches*, she did not make her Fortune by his Fondness. But I think there yet wants an Example of elevated *Generosity* in him, to any of his Mistresses, tho' the World can't dispute but that he has had many: His way to pay the Favour, being to desire the Lady to study

if there is any thing in his *Power*, by which he may oblige any *Relation* or *Friend* of hers; and that he will not fail to grant it. Thus every way a Husband of his *Money*, his *Reputation* and *Grandeur* procure him the good Fortune he *desires*: Though were the Ladies with whom he has a mind to converse, of my Taste, they would think his own very handsom Person a Reward sufficient for all the Charms they can bestow.

After the first run of the *Count's* Favour, *Daphne* was forced to descend: All were not *Fortunatus's*, that she saw her self obliged to endure. Then it was that she wrote for the Stage, sometimes with ill Fortune, sometimes with indifferent, and but once with *Success*; for which she was oblig'd to the long Experience and good Judgment of that excellent Tragedian *Roscus*; who was grown old in the Arms (if I may so call it) and Approbation of his Audience. *Roscus*, a sincere *Friend*, and Man of *Honour*; not to be corrupted, even by his way of Living and Manners, of those he hourly conversed with: *Roscus*, born for every thing that he thinks fit to undertake: Has *Wit* and *Morality*, *Fire* and *Judgment*, sound *Sense* and good *Nature*: *Roscus*, who would have still been eminent in any Station of Life he had been called to; only unhappy to the World, in that it is not possible for him to bid Time stand still, and to permit him to endure for ever the Ornament of the Stage, the Delight of his Friends, and the Regret of all who shall one Day have the Misfortune to lose him.

See what it is to be so great a Man as is the *Count Fortunatus*, whose Favour is esteem-
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ed such a piece of good *Fortune*, that the very Ladies can't possess it without Boasting: They who disdain to have their *Virtue* so much as suspected for any *other*, do not forbear to proclaim the Sacrifice they have made to him; how else had the World been acquainted with his Affair with *Daphne*, and others? The *Count* himself (reserv'd, and in good Correspondence with his Wife) would never make these Matters his Discourse. The *Count*, who does not seem by his Aspect, to bear above him a desire to those inferior Diversions: Born for something more *Great* and *Noble*, than the Embraces of a *puny Girl*: Speaks only of *War* and *State*; of the *Camp* and *Cabinet*; and when he descends to talk of his darling Inclination, it is only the love of Riches that bespeaks his Praise, and to which all other Things must, in his Opinion, submit.

I could enumerate, were it not too tedious, many of *Daphne's* Adventures; by which she was become the Diversion of as many of the Town as found her to their Taste, and would purchase: Yet she still assum'd an Air of *Virtue pretended*, and was ever eloquent (according to her stiff manner) upon the *Foible* of others. She also fitted her self with an excellent Mask call'd *Religion*; having as often changed, and as often profess'd her self a *Votary* to that *Shrine*, where was to be found the most apparent Interest, or which *Priest* had the greatest Art of Persuading. One of *Ceres* at length fell to her Share; young, scarce initiated in her *Mysteries*, and not at all in the *Profits*: But a Husband was *Daphne's* Business; the only means to prevent her from falling, (when her

Youth and Charms were upon the Wings) into extreme Contempt.

Zara, who had introduc'd her to the *Cabal*, but with infinite Anxiety suffer'd, that any *Lover* should dare to engage where she had fix'd her *Heart*: But because narrow Circumstances do not always suffer People to do what they would, *Daphne* was still forc'd to have *Lovers*; tho' if you'll believe her Professions to her *Fair Friend*, they had no part in her *Inclinations*. In short, they seem'd to live only for each other. *Zara*, whose Poetical Genius did not much lead her to the better *Oeconomy* of her *Family*, soon found the Inconveniencies of it. The poor Chevalier, her Husband, stemm'd the *Tide* as long as it was possible; at length oblig'd, by his indifferent Circumstances, to put himself into the *Army*, and *Campaigns* abroad, he left his Lady at full liberty to pursue, with an uninterrupted *Gouff*, her Taste of *Amity*, and the *Cabal*.

But *Daphne's* Marriage cross'd her *Delights*: How does she exclaim against that Breach of *Friendship* in the *Fair*? How regret the Authority of a *Husband*, who has boldly dar'd to carry his *Wife* into the Country? Where she now sets up for Regularity, and intends to be an Ornament to that Religion, which she had once before abandon'd, and newly again profess'd. She will write no more for the Stage; 'tis *profane, indiscreet, unpardonable*: Controversie engrosses all her Hours; the *Muses* must give place: If she have any *Fancy* or *Judgment*, we may justly expect to see something Excellent from a Hand so well fitted (if Experience can fit) to paint the Defects and Beauties of

of those many *Opinions* she has so often, and so zealously embrac'd.

There are others of the Cabal, that lavish vast Sums upon their *Inamoretto's*, with the *Empresment*, *Diligence* and *Warmth* of a beginning *Lover*. I could name a *Widow* or two, who have almost undone themselves by their *Profuseness*: So *sacred* and *invincible* is their Principle of *Amity*, that *Misfortunes* cannot shake. In this little *Commonwealth* is no *Property*; whatever a *Lady* possesses, is, *sans ceremony*, at the *Service*, and for the *Use* of her *Fair Friend*, without the vain *nice* scruple of being oblig'd. 'Tis her *Right*; the other disputes it not; no, not so much as in *Thought*, they have no reserve; mutual *Love* bestows all things in common; 'twould be against the *Dignity* of the *Passion*, and unworthy such exalted abstracted *Notions* as theirs. How far *laudable* your *Divinities* will conclude of these tender *Amities* (with all possible *Submission*) I refer to your better *Judgments*, and undisputed *Prerogative* of setting the *Stamp* of *Approbation*, or *Dislike*, upon all things.

Astrea.] It is something so new and uncommon, so laudable and blameable, that we don't know how to *determine*; especially wanting *light* even to guess at what you call the *Mysteries* of the *Cabal*. If only *tender Friendship*, inviolable and sincere, be the regard, what can be more meritorious, or a truer Emblem of their *Happiness* above? 'Tis by *Imitation*, the nearest *Approach* they can make, a *Feint*, a distant *Landshape* of immortal *Joy*s. But if they carry it a length beyond what *Nature* design'd, and fortifie themselves by these new-form'd

Amities

Amities against the *Hymenial Union*, or give their *Husbands* but a second Place in their *Affection* and *Cares*; 'tis wrong and to be *blam'd*. Thus far to the *Merit* of the *Thing* it self. But when we look with true regard to the *World*, if it permit a *Shadow* of *Suspicion*, a bare *Imagination*, that the *Mysteries* they pretend, have any thing in 'em contrary to *Kind*, and that strict *Modesty* and *Vertue* do not *adorn* and *support* their *Conversation*; 'tis to be avoided and *condemn'd*; least they give *Occasion* for *obscene Laughter*, new invented *Satyr*, *sauciful Jealousies*, and *impure Distrusts*, in that nice unforgiving *Sex*: Who *Arbitrarily* decide, that *Woman* was only created (with all her *Beauty*, *Softness*, *Passions* and compleat *Tenderness*) to adorn the *Husband's* *Reign*, perfect his *Happiness*, and propagate the *Kind*.

Intell.] The *Moon* continues favourable; see, your *Excellencies*! we are entring the *Tuileries*. That *Palace* upon your *Left*, is the *Count Orgueil's*, late the *Ornament* of the *Place*, till that towering *Pile* before us threatens to over-bear it; design'd for a more successful *Rival* in *Fortune's* Favours than the *Count*. Ill can his haughty *Soul* admit this his *Candidate* in *Architecture*, as well as in other *Pretensions*. 'Tis said he is every *Day* consulting how to equal his to the proud *Height* of that *Building*: If the *Foundation* be not of *Strength* to support those *Additions*, he will however, by *superficial Raisings*, and *out-side Ornaments* (as are most of his) fix it for *Show*, since not for *Use*.

All is *dark* and *close* about his *Palace*; the *Count* is much too good a *Husband*, but upon *Visiting-Days* and extraordinary *Occasions*, to permit those vain *Illuminations*, which with so much

much *Ostentation* blaze the Length of the *Tuileries* from Count *Biron's*; we have that long Walk of Trees before we come to it. Ha! ——— and are not those Shrieks like as from a Woman in Distress? They sound from that obscure Quarter on the right of us: Good your *Divinities* let us approach; and if it be necessary assume a *Visibility* to succour the *Unhappy*.

Virtue.] Do you think, my dear *Astrea*, that 'twou'd be difficult to decide, whether my Lady *Intelligence* be agitated by a principle of *Curiosity* or *Charity*?

Astrea.] *Charity*, doubtless. She will tell you that upon this *Occasion*, she could not be *Charitable* if she were not *Curious*. Ah! see, as we approach, there's a Gentleman who appears of *Fashion*, making all the haste he can from a Lady, whom probably he has *distress'd*; she remains after him upon the *Seat*; let us go to her, she may possibly want our *Assistance*.

Intell.] I got a glimpse of the *Spark* enough to know him to be the Count de ——— marry'd to a Lady very Beautiful, till she grew a little too *gross*. I knew he was a *Debauchee*, but not this way. His Talent is noted for *Drinking* and *Play*. Since he got rid of his Infatuation for that wonderful *Dutchess*, who without being either *Young* or in the least *Handsom*, was twice marry'd for *Love*, the last time *prodigiously* to her *Advantage*, and to the then beautifullest *Youth* of the *Nobility*: Yet could it not oblige her *Constancy*. This Count and *Henriquez's* youngest *Favourite*, were both her *Conquest*, and at the same time. Indeed, it would have been something difficult for a Woman of her *Age*, *Face* and *Shape*, to have re-

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nounced the *Vanity* of being thought capable (with her uncommon Charms) to captivate two Persons so *Young*, so *Handsome*, and of such good *Interest* at Court; for this Court was also one of the *Favourites*, and as my *Princess* says, not *cruel*.

O Heavens! what do I see? The *Beautiful*, the *Innocent Elenora*, at this Midnight Hour in such a *Solitude* as this, with a *Man* whose *Rank* and his *Circumstance* of being *married*, makes any private Conversation highly *Scandalous*. You *shriek'd*! you call'd for *help*! how comes it that you were so *reduc'd*? How did you agree to so criminal an *Assignment*? It has the Appearance of being *voluntary*! there was no such thing as bringing you to the *Tulleries* alone, without your own Consent and Approbation.

Elon.] O, I know your Ladyship! why was this good Office design'd me by one of so censorious a *Make*? You have indeed saved my *Virtue*, but may undo my *Reputation* of *Honour*, if you run away with the Appearance of Things, and do not suffer me to justify my self as to that particular of finding me alone with my *Lord* of—— at an Hour so blameable, and a Place so suspicious.

Intell.] Believe me, there is nothing I more desire; it is not my Principle to run away with Appearances. I love to be minutely inform'd; it's no fault of mine if you don't take the *Opportunity*. 'Tis the finest Night in the World, and this one of the most agreeable Parts of the Town. I can answer for the *Discretion* of my Two Companions, who may be very near as *curious* as my self—— Cease those disobliging
Tears,

Tears, it shows a diffidence in us. My Business is indeed to give Intelligence of all Things; but I take *Truth* with me when I can get her. Sometimes indeed she's so hard to recover, that Fame grows impatient, and will not suffer me to wait for her slow *Approach*; but that is not now the Case: I will patiently attend till you inform me of all Things.

Elen.] I must begin high; and have so many Particulars to relate, before I can set this Adventure in a proper Light, that I fear I may tire your Companions; however good and gracious your *Ladyship* appears, in seeming to lend a favourable Attention to my unfortunate Relation.

Virtue.] Do not fatigue your self for that; you need be in no Pain, at the fear of giving us any. Something speaks so *innocently beautiful*, in all you say or do! that next to the Pleasure of having reliev'd you when distress'd, we shall find the greatest in knowing what occasion'd it.

Elen.] My Name you have heard; I was born in the *Country*, the Chevalier de — was my *Father*, who dy'd when I was incapable of remembring him, and to my Misfortune so suddenly, that all his Estate, for want of time to dispose it, fell to my eldest Brother. My Mother's *Jointure*, which is large, only remain'd to educate and provide for my Sister and my self. Nothing could have more Tenderness for us than had my *Lady*; she retrench'd all superfluous Expences, that she might one Day be the better able, by what she could save, to bestow us in Marriage according to our Rank, and not
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beneath that of another *Sister* of ours, who had been *wedded* before my Father's *Death*. Thus we pass'd the first Years of our *Life*; my *Elder Brother* was to us a *Miracle of Goodness*, returning from the *Academy*, he sojourn'd with us, and shew'd no *Inclination* at all for *Marriage*. Without having part in the very *fine Gentleman*, he had a great one in the *Honest*; all that cou'd be *moral*, *indearing* and *plain*, was to be found in his *Conversation*. When we came to more advanced *Age*, lest want of *Fortune* might be a hindrance to our *Marriage*, he publickly declar'd that he wou'd make such an *Addition* to what my *Lady* had sav'd, as shou'd equal us to what my *Father* had given our *elder Sister*.

This immediately drew the *Pretensions* of several young *Gentlemen*, who durst not declare themselves whilst they were yet in doubt, whether our *Fortune* would answer the *Occasions* they had for *one*; among the rest a *Chevalier* of the *Neighbourhood's second Son*, named *Don Antonio*, fell to my *Share*; not by open *Pretensions*, but private *Address*; because without being an *elder Brother* he would not have been receiv'd by my *Mother*, and *Don Juan* my *Brother*. Whoever wou'd draw a true *Resemblance* of this *Gentleman*, ought to have more *Skill* in *Painting* than I have, his *Person* excepted; there 'tis easy to represent *him*; but his *Mind*! a *Complication* of *seeming* Good and *real* Evil is impenetrable! He lends the *Clew* to none; there is no searching the *Recesses* of his *Breast*! 'Tis all *dark* and *benighted* to the attempting *Inva-der*. This one *Inclination*, the *Love of Money*, being alone *conspicuous* in him, one wou'd believe by his setting so great a *Value* upon it, that

that he had been born and bred to a *necessitous Fortune*; but it is no such matter, his Father has wonderfully increas'd his, and lives in a perfect *Affluence* of all Things. *Antonio* is his second *Son*, but most belov'd: The Estate of course must fall to the *Eldest*: There are also four *Daughters*, two of 'em have marry'd themselves, and saved their Portions by the Means of their Father's irreconcilable *Temper*; so that what ready Money he can save, he resolv'd to bestow upon this *Gentleman*, whom he educated as one entirely at *ease*, and without the Pretensions of *Business*, *Trade*, the *Law*, or any *Employment*. *Antonio's Person*, is what some may call *handsom*, but yet is not agreeable to all, because nothing is so becoming as his *Smiles*, and those he does bestow but upon a few. Nothing can be whiter than his *Skin*, even to a *Fault*, because it gives too great a *Paleness* to his *Face*; nay, even his *Lips* and *Cheeks* want that *Vivacity* that his *Youth* may expect. His *Eyes* are *Blue*, full of *Sweetness* and *Play*, when his *Soul* is in *tune*, but that is not often, because his *Temper* is ruffled at *Trifles*. He thinks all the *World* has *Designs* upon him; even when he receives *good Offices*, he knows not how to think they are done him. Animated only by *Self-Interest*, no wonder he believes it the leading Principle of *Mankind*. He suspects; he doubts; he objects; he does all things necessary to bespeak his *Diffidence*, resolving never to be *deceived*, he never *trusts*. He cannot take it into his *Head* that there are Persons so void of *Self-Love*, as to prefer another's *Interest* to their own.

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The *Joys of Friendship* are none to him ; he talks indeed of it as a nice Piece of *Speculation*, something that the *Poets* love to *busy* themselves about ; *Dreams!* idle *Raptures!* a Heaven in *Imagination!* But what he strictly believes had never any other *Being*. Yet he has a Manner so *sincere* and open in *Appearance*, that the most wary are deceived by him ; they believe he may be a *Friend*, till by melancholly Proof *convinc'd*, they are forc'd with me to acknowledge that he is *unfathomable*, *ungrateful*, and above all *Comprehension!*

For *Antonio* is not *wise* but *cunning* ; he foresees Things at twenty Years distance, as they must actually *happen* ; and this only by his unalterable Principle of *Self-Love* and leisure for much *Reflection*. I may even venture to say his unhappy *suspicious Temper*, join'd to the greatest *Self-Interest* that ever *Man* was *Master* of, has made him capable of being *wicked* : He does not love *Reading*, unless it be the *Opinions* of those *Philosophers* and *Atheists*, that concludes this *World* to be the *All of Life* we ever are to *rasse*. From their *Doctrine* he fortifies himself in *Mischief*, and thinks he may *fearlessly* pursue the Dictates of his *Nature*, since he is never like to be summon'd to give an after-Account of his *Actions*. That Study which at first seem'd a meritorious Care of his future State, at a closer View, was found only occasion'd by his desire of setting his *Conscience* at rest ; as to what Latitude he might venture to give his *Passions*. Confirm'd in Ill, he hesitates at nothing that may advance his *Interest* or his *Pleasures*,

surcs; yet are his Pleasures always subservient to his *Interest*, and the Delight he takes in *Money*; even *Love*, tho' his Temper is Amorous, can't make him liberal. But his *Person* and *Address* pleads for him, and saves him any other Expence.

His Conversation is soft and obliging, 'till his Designs have taken Effect, than *Positive*, *Arbitrary* and *Splenatick*, to those over whom he has any Ascendant. In short, he has two Manners, so wonderfully different, that in being thoroughly acquainted with him, you are acquainted with two *Persons* of as opposite *Tempers*, as ever you convers'd with. He Loves Musick, performs like a Gentleman, his Voice is sweet, with a tolerable Judgment, and a very pretty *Manner*.

I have been the more particular in his Description, that you may the better judge of him. *Inclination* has blinded me; and tho' some of his Faults are *obvious*, yet I have lov'd him with 'em all; incessantly regretting, that I could not also esteem him.

'Twould be too tedious to tell you, how I began to *love*, and the Methods he took to convince me of his. I was lost before I reflected, and when I did, my Reflections came too late; for after all he had sworn of inviolable Love, and never-ending Passion, his Design terminated not in Marriage. So closely had he carry'd his Pretentions, that my Mother and Brother knew nothing of 'em. The Liberty of the Country and near-neighbourhood gave us enough to meet every Day: He had made a particular Friendship with Don Juan, would *Hunt* with him, play at *Cards*, at *Chefs*, or any other Diversion,

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but *Drinking*; to which he was an Enemy profess'd.

He wanted not Cunning to snatch every Opportunity, without their Suspicion of his professing Love to me. When I began to be convinced of it, it was not long before I was girdleful. I permitted him to visit me every *Night* when the Family was gone to rest: The Garden was the Place we met in; I procured a Key for the *Back-gate*. What *Tender, Happy, Innocent Moments*, were those I wasted with *Antonio*? A waste indeed, because they turn'd to no other Account, but to make me miserable.

By long Success, and reciprocal Assurances of Love, made bold, he advanced his Pretensions so far, as to embrace and kiss me, with a million of fond Endearments. At first my Heart was alarm'd, trembling and delighted; methought it was impossible that Nature should reserve for us so great a share of *Sweetness* as I tasted by *Antonio's* Caresses. I *struggled*! I *deny'd*! I *sigh'd* when I *refused*! nor did those *Refusals* amount to any more than to endear the Pleasure of *granting*. Whilst he held me in his eager Arms, wandering o'er my Face and Neck, with ten thousand ardent Breathings! Vows of Love, and Kisses of Delight! he would ask me if we must stop here? — if there was not yet a Wish behind? — A leading Desire to more exalted Bliss? — Could I not guess at it? — Could I not inform my self by his *Extasies*, his tumultuous *Tremblings*? — Amorous, incessant *Sighs* and *Graspings* — that there was yet a hurry of *Joy*s, to be possess'd before a calm of Nature could ensue?

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I was *Young* and *Artless*; he spoke to the Passions within me; they all eccho'd back a sympathetic Answer — I told him indeed, 'twas true, I wish'd to be his *Wife*, for methought there must be a Happiness in that — I got Courage to explain my self thus far, having often wonder'd, that amidst all his Endearments, he never had interceded with me for *Marriage*. A *Virgin's Blush* and Native *Modesty*, had hitherto with-held me from speaking to him of that *informing Word*. But so press'd, I thought the Occasion favourable. He started at my Answer! his Desires were damp'd! he grew *cold* and *silent*; releas'd my Body from his Embraces, folded his *Arms*, and walk'd off in Musings and with Sighs. But they were Sighs of Sorrow, not of Love; so different in their Sound, so easily to be distinguish'd between what was Desire, and what was Disappointment.

I sat down upon a Border of *Flowers* and fell a weeping, convinc'd of his Villany and Ingratitude. But confirm'd in my own *Dotage*, since even his Crime could not cure my *Passion*. I was pain'd! I was tormented! I was sorry! but could not be indifferent. I was angry with his Sin, but not with him. After a number of *Tears*, *Sighs* and *Sobs* succeeded! my Heart heav'd and was oppressed ev'n to bursting! crying was no Relief! Grief rose to choak me! I wanted *Breath*! I was expiring in disappointed *Agonies*, while the *Barbarian* walk'd silent by me, in a profound *Refuery*. At length my Passions were carrying of me into noisy Fits; he began to be alarm'd for fear that our *Family* should hear me, and therefore deign'd to come to my *Relief*. He said

said some few tender Things to recover me, begg'd my Pardon, and at the same Moment ask'd me what had disturb'd me? He had said nothing to discompose me; he lov'd me above all Things; would do all that I would have him, and never disoblige me more.

We readily believe what we desire; I was appeas'd, and grew calm, nay tender to the *Monster*. I hop'd I had mistook him, and gently ask'd (with all the *Innocence* of virtuous *Ignorance*) If it was not Marriage he design'd, what could he love me for? There was nothing else would make us happy; at least I could answer for my self, and was therefore *Apt* and *Fond* to judge the same of him. I shall never forget the *Traitor's* Reply; it was to this Effect.

[You must know, he values himself upon never believing the Best of any one, nor what they would have him believe; and therefore could not easily come into the Opinion of my Modesty. But setting himself down by me, and taking my *Hand*, which he vouchsafed to *Kiss*, though with Coolness, he said.] And are you really, my dear *Elonora*, so ignorant as you pretend? Do you believe *Love* has no other *Joys* but what are to be found in Marriage? If you look into the Opinion of *La Bruyere* (one of the greatest of the Moderns) he will tell you, That it is sometimes convenient, but never delightful. Should not we therefore be mad to pursue it, since we are not like to find our Account either way? I am a *younger Brother*; if I disobey my Father, my Fortune will be still to make. If he is disobligh'd, or dies without a *Will*, I am a wretched Beggar. Do you not depend in the same manner upon your Mother's *Foible*, and

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Don Juan's *Caprichio* ? They design you for the old *Baron* ——— (as your Brother tells me in Confidence) who has lately made 'em an advantageous Proposal ; there you will find a great Estate, Distinction, Quality, and in short, whatever may buy you the Opinion of the *World*. And as to the Affairs of your *Heart*, I shall always be at your Devotion. A little *Discretion* will give us what means of *Happiness* we can desire. Thus will you at once be establish'd and gatisfy'd ; whereas in *marrying* me, what must ensue but Misery ? Can Love, do you think, subsist in the midst of Want ? Where there is no Enjoyments but it self. Such Things have indeed been talk'd of, but where is it to be found ? Among the ever-*Indigent* and *Poor* : Those who are born *Wretches*, and know no Happiness but that one ; shut out from every Benefit of Life beside, and are surpriz'd at the least Taste of any *Sweetness*. Whereas we that have known a Fulness, even to Satiety of all Things, and can but with the highest Impatiency brook the least Disappointment, are like to be but ill prepar'd to endure the greatest. How hard is it to descend ? How gloomy will be our *Joys* ? How sullen our *Temper* ? How sour'd by *Necessity* ? — Can I look upon you as my *Happiness*, that bring nothing but Fulness of *Cares*, and Numbers of Children ? Your Beauty (now so conspicuous) will quickly wither, by Time and Want, degenerated to Homeliness : Your gentile Air of the *World*, lost in mean Conversation : That modish Appearance, without Supplies, be reduc'd to Tatters. That nice Care, and thorough Cleanliness of Person, be exchang'd for *Neglect* and *Nastiness* ; for how can it be otherwise to the *Poor* ? I shall find

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(with all my Love) but little Inclination to doat upon *Sluttishness* and *Filth*! Women indeed, whose Fondness takes away their use of Reason, or supplies the want of it, may not be so easily *disgusted*; they can more boldly endure the Absence of all Things, but of the *Man* they love. But should I be so miserable still to doat, amidst all my Necessities, upon a Wife so *Circumstanc'd*; what *Villanies* would it not encourage me to commit to make her *easy*? How *Slavish*, how *Worldly*? In short, how *Wicked* should I not be, rather than suffer her to want those Conveniences she has been us'd too? But even with that Excess of *Fondness*, I should still live to see the Decay of it. Coldness ever begins, where *Youth* and *Beauty* ends. There are other Enjoyments allotted to supply the decay of Love, and to make us, with mutual Satisfaction, endure to run the remaining Stage, which is impossible to be had in a low or little Fortnne! Therefore, my Dear, consider wisely with your self, how ruinous to both will such an *Union* be: Nor in the least conclude, because my Reason abounds, that my Inclinations are not tender, or my Passion for you small!

This long and very wise *Harangue*, in the Ears of a doating *Virgin*, scarce *fifteen*, was like to meet but with an indifferent Approbation; it seem'd to me *unanswerable*. I reply'd only with my *Tears*, which *Antonio* observing, continu'd his Discourse.

To shew you *Elonora* how dear you are to me, I will let you into some Passages of my Life, that have lately happen'd, and which are unknown to any but my Father and the Lady concern'd. Your own Discretion will tell you the occasion

occasion there is for Secresy: Nor ought you to tax mine for discovering of them, since done with that only design to make you wiser than I have been, so as not to baulk any Opportunity that can raise you to be a *Baroness*. If you will dry your Tears, and give me the necessary Attention, I shall prepare my self to entertain you.

You know the rich Widow *Lamira*, a Woman of very good Sense, if she were less Amorous. Her Husband was Old, to which she attributes her having no Children; tho' the malicious World says, that she has endeavour'd to supply his Defects by many a younger *Gallant*. There is something of a Relation between our Family and Hers: Taking that Liberty to discourse my Father, she told him that she resolv'd to marry again; but because she was *Thirty*, and never a *Beauty*, she did not expect it could be upon the *Square* with any Body. All she pretended, was to oblige some young Gentleman, that wanted a Fortune, with hers; provided he would be but regular, and preserve the Appearance of a good Husband. If he were an honest Man, *Gratitude* would ingage him; and she would take care to marry no Body that had not at least the Reputation of one; therefore she besought his Advice, nay, and desired he would recommend one to her Choice, that had the Approbation of his.

And to conclude, she desired him to take this along with him, That she would not Marry at all, if she did not hope to have Children; and therefore she should not be displeas'd at finding a Man who had given proof to the World of his Capacity that way, seeing she could easily forgive (to be ascertain'd of her Point) whatever little Ex-

curfions he had before been guilty of; provided after he married her, he did nothing but what a good Husband ought to do.

My Father imagin'd (as it was true) that she directed her Designs to me; a silly Girl, when I was scarce any more than a Boy, having thought fit to honour me with the Title of Father, to a Child she brought into the World: And for which I have been often forc'd to endure the little *Reproaches* and witty *Jests* of my Acquaintance. He smilingly told her, That if she would trust the Affair to his Management, he did not doubt but to bring her (to her own House) the next Night at Supper, a Lover to her Mind. But the hardest Matter was to break the Business to me; he already knew of my Passion for you: For I, confirm'd in his Indulgence and good Sense, had before consulted him about it, and which he absolutely disapprov'd, for some of those Reasons which I discour'd to you just now; so that it was not without a very wise Introduction, that he declared himself to me. To be short, his Arguments were so weighty, and the Respect I had for him so great, that he brought me over to his side. Tho' when I consulted my Heart, for *Elonora*, it was not without a world of Reluctance, that I resolv'd to marry my self so much against my *Inclination*.

We waited upon the Lady at Supper, she entertain'd us splendidly; there was only one *Friend* with her, in whom she confided. The Conditions were soon agreed upon; she consented to Marry me, but charg'd the Gentleman to bring me at Ten the next Morning, and she would

would then fix upon the Day to make me (what is vulgarly term'd) Happy.

I was still in Bed, when her Friend came to summon me to the *Appointment*, having past the much more precious Hours of the Night, in this dear Garden with my Enchanting *Elenora*. He shook his Head, and smil'd to see me so little forward to my *Happiness*; but being soon dress'd, I attended him to the expecting *Lamira's*.

Her Woman told us, in the *Antichamber*, that her Lady was still in Bed, but that it was design'd as no Obstacle to our Entrance into her Chamber. My ill-tim'd Modesty offer'd to withdraw 'till a more convenient Hour; but the Friend, with whom this Matter was concert-ed, taking me by the Hand, in a Gallant and Free Manner, brought me to her Bed, I may say even into her *Arms*, for with an agreeable freedom he gave the Bed-cloaths an open *Toss*, and threw me under 'em, telling us both, That as we were Man and Wife design'd, he wish'd us all *Happiness*, 'till the *Priest* could be found to make us such: Then briskly quitting the Room, he left me with all the Confusion in my Mind, that cou'd possess a Man infinitely in Love with the handsomest Woman in the World; and yet in the Arms of one of the most Indifferent, that was in Love with him.

From a *false Principle of Respect*, or what you please to call it, I began to blame the Gentleman, to beg her to excuse his Rudeness, and by rising to put an end to my own: When the Amorous Widow (whose Body was only parted from mine by the *Linnen* she wore) clasp'd me to her Bosom, and in repeated Sighs of Extasies, she cry'd, Do not depart, *Antonio*! have you so little Under-standing?

standing? Don't you see my Friend durst not have presum'd thus far, if he had not known it was acceptable to me? Could any thing have been more kind? Had *Elonora* said but half so much, it would have rais'd a Passion in me able to have fir'd the World; but alas! I was cold, nay dead to all the *Widow's Advances*! Comparison betray'd the mighty Difference between the dear, soft, sweet Bosom of my *Adorable* and *Hers*!

But not absolutely to disgust, I clasp'd and hugg'd her close; nay even sought her Lips, and counterfeited *Transports*, which *Elonora* in place had been *Reality*: Thus we toy'd away an hour without a further advance to Happiness on my Side, not daring to imagine, a Lady whom I was immediately to marry, would forgive me an Attempt upon her Virtue. As I told you, I went upon a wrong Principle of Respect and Honour, and lost her by it. For seeing that all she could do, did not animate me beyond a few *Hugs* and *Kisses*, she took me to be either very cold by Nature (and consequently not a Husband for her purpose) or else one that did not like *Her*: Nor was she mistaken. These were Faults in her Opinion never to be forgiven; so that letting fall her Arms from about my Neck, as if grown weary of the useless Load, she call'd her Woman. *Lettice*, says she, bring some *Cordial Water*: Poor *Don Antonio* is not well: I fear a *Lethargy* has seized him! We had best then, Madam, answer'd *Mademoiselle Pert*, send for a *Surgeon* to bleed him. I'm not certain, reply'd the Lady, that any thing can restore him; in my Opinion, his loss of Spirits are irrecoverable. Here, without
Cere-

Ceremony, she call'd for her Night-Gown and Slippers, and rising before me, went into a little Dressing-room that join'd to the *Bed-chamber*.

I remain'd Speechless and Confounded at her prodigious Assurance; so, that getting off the Bed, I sat down in an easie Chair, to reflect on what I had best to do. I thought 'twas but making an indifferent Figure, to follow and beg her to return, and I would endeavour to mend my Fault. The Design now appear'd plain to me; she resolv'd not to be disappointed in a Husband, and would therefore try him beforehand.

Whilst I was thus *reflecting*, and entirely irresolute, several People of Quality (the Door being not now refus'd, as when I was so wretchedly happy, as to fill her Arms) came to her *Toilet*; amongst the rest, the *Chevalier* — who was wiser than my self, and found her large Possessions extremely convenient for him. I quitted the Room; and he being in *Lettice's* Favour, had Advice of what had pass'd, and so well manag'd the Widow's Resentment, that they were marry'd before Noon, and went to *Bed*, from whence they did not rise in three Days and three Nights. The *Chevalier* having in that Time so far prevail'd upon her Passions, that she made a Deed of Settlement upon him of all she was worth. The Minute she had *executed* it, the *Chevalier* gave her a most respectful Bow, and desir'd she wou'd please to know her own *Apartment*, and not stir out from thence, without his *Conge*; else, she must be pleas'd to make her own Choice, to what Place she would retire; and endeavour to content her self with the poor Income of four-score

score Crowns a Year, that had brought him so many *Thousands*. But above all, desir'd her never again, to take it into her Head, to bestow the Honour and Happiness of her Bed, upon a Wretch so unworthy of it, as he acknowledg'd himself to be; for he had really took a Surfeit of Felicity, and could not possibly promise himself that ever he should recover.

You see, my Dear *Elonora*, concluded *Don Antonio*, what I have lost, by being too far possess'd by my Passion for you; do not imitate me, but resolve with your self, to make the *Baron* happy in your Person, and let me be Master of your Heart. None can cherish and value it so much——I see you are extremely shock'd at what I have said. —— I will give you Time to reflect upon the Advantage of it. —— I hope you will allow me leave to see you thus to morrow Night, and then let me know your last Sentiments upon it.

Here *Don Antonio* departed, without the least word of Answer, on my side, to all he had said. When he was gone, I had my fill of Tears and Reflections, confounded at the Boldness he took in making me such dishonourable Proposals. I wish'd to hate him, endeavour'd to hate him; I knew he deserv'd it, but yet it was not in my Power to do it; tho' my Eyes were not shut upon his Faults, my Heart was open to his Beauties; yet fix'd upon the Rock of Honour, not Love could move the strong Foundation.

It was break of Day, before I could resolve to return to the House; as I was in the Walk that led to it, I saw my Brother appear; there was Light enough for him, not only to discover
me,

me; but to see that I had been *Weeping*. How, *Elonora*, said he, is this well done? In Tears! I have of late been inform'd of this your Midnight *Airings*, but would not believe it, 'till unhappily convinced. — I think you know, that nothing is so Base and Unworthy as a Lye; it has been part of your Education. You shall use the freedom of a Friend with me, if a Brother be not more. Forget that any part of your Misfortune, may be displeasing to me, and let me know your *Distress*. — I apprehend *Love* to be the Cause. I dread to hear that Don *Antonio* is the Man; because, I fear, he has not all the Honour for you I could wish.

Don *Juan* so successively importun'd me, that I told him all, even to the least Tittle, of what had pass'd between *Antonio* and my self, even my very Frailties. He sigh'd to hear it, but taking care to comfort me, ask'd if I thought my Resolution was strong enough to endure an Absence from him? I answer'd, that in all Things I would be govern'd by him. He prais'd and kiss'd, then press'd me tenderly in his Arms; and assur'd me my Interests were safe in his Care. He would do more for me than he had ever thought; and since he found so much Discretion, mingled with my *Love*, he would endeavour to make me happy in the latter; by offering *Antonio* such considerable Advantages (if they could but bring his Father to an Equivalent) 't might leave him no Objections against their Marriage, provided he had not something too exalted in his Thoughts; some *Fairy Views* of raising his Fortune, beyond any Thing that yet seem'd promising or probable for him.

Absence may awaken his Love to a Fear of losing you ; I will desire my Lady, as soon as she is stirring, to carry you to *Angela*, to her Sister's, you will find a multitude of Diversions in that *Family*. You know my Aunt is as much a Woman of the World, as any ; she goes to Court, the Opera's, Prado, Assemblies ; loves Cards and Visits : Those Diversions will be proper to make you support the Absence of a Lover. Nay, who knows, my Dear Sister, pursued he with a Smile, but you may become a very Woman, in the Company of so many. Some new Adorer may supplant the Old. If you meet one worthy of you, I should be very glad of it ; for methinks I don't foresee any great Portion of Happiness ; for whatever Lady Don Antonio marries, thro' all his Disguise, I believe him ill-natur'd. But that is not now the Point, it shall be his Fault if you are not gratify'd.

This charming Goodness from my Brother, made me resolve never to disobey him ; and tho' I lov'd Antonio to all the height a Virgin could, that was fond of Honour, and knew the Value of Reputation and Glory ; yet I resolv'd to depart, without giving him Advice ; pleas'd to think he should find, after his base Proposals, that I was capable to take a Part so worthy of me.

My Darling Brother took his last leave of me at the Coach-side, with a strenuous Embrace. I wept to part with him, and casting my Arms about his lov'd Neck, wet his Face with the Tears that ran from my Eyes ; then kissing him often with Passion and Earnestness, I was surpriz'd to see I had ting'd his Face and Linnen with some drops of Blood, that fell from my Nose.

Nose, I think this Accident has (by a prevailing Weakness) in all *Ages*, and in all *Countries*, been accounted *Ominous*. I gave a Cry of Astonishment, and told my Brother, I should die; he would never see me again. He laugh'd at the Superstition, and to comfort me, said, If an ill Accident belong'd to it, it was not to be me that was to suffer, but some other; perhaps *Antonio*, added he, softly. I blush'd as red as Fire at his Reproach, which was all the Answer I made him; but getting into the Coach, he wish'd us a good *Journey*, and we departed.

Don *Antonio* had been out that Day a Hunting, and had no Notice of our sudden *Journey*. He did not doubt but my Love-sick Heart, would bring me to the *Rendezvous*, as usual; so that rendring himself at the Garden-Gate, by Virtue of his Key, he open'd it, and went directly to the Arbor, where I was wont to attend him; but was extremely surpriz'd, as you may imagine, when instead of me, he found my Brother, apparently in expectation of his coming.

I could never gain more of the Particulars that pass'd, than what Don *Antonio*'s reserv'd Temper (by Snatches and Reproaches) at times inform'd me. But to make it as Intelligible to you as possible, knowing too well the Humours of both Persons concern'd, I will imagine an Order in their Discourse, and relate it to you thus.

Tho', First, you may be pleas'd to imagine, how great Don *Antonio*'s Confusion must be, at being found, at being detected in and upon such a Visit, and at such a time of Night, with a Key to another Man's House, made use of in
such

such a clandestine manner. His Despight was so great, that to this Hour (as much as he pretends to Love) he could never forgive me, but fancy'd I was a Party in the *Deceit*, and that I had concerted with my *Brother* this way to Surprise him, that he might be made to declare himself. It had, indeed, a stronger Appearance, than he had for most of his *Suspicion's*; for he had this certainly to go upon, that Don *Juan*, would never have known the Arbor of our *Rendezvous*, if I had not acquainted him with it. So far is true; but I was not at all consulted by him, in the design he had of meeting him *there*, nor in the fatal Accident that succeeded.

My Brother rose to receive him as he enter'd the Arbor, and observing that Confusion in him, which all his Presence of Mind could not recover, desir'd him to sit and recompose himself; that *Elonora* was gone with my Lady to *Angela*, and he would take that Opportunity, to make him some Proposals towards both their Happiness. If it were true, that he had an Affection for her, which he must no longer Dispute, having found him in a Place where he must have no other Designs, than to give her Testimonies of it, and in an *honourable manner*; since he could not but know, it was not in such a Family as theirs, that he must form any that were otherwise.

This Reproach gave *Antonio* to know, that I open'd my self to my *Brother*; he has Courage, and could ill brook any thing that look'd like Threatning: *Rage* succeeded his Surprise, so that Stern and full of *Ill-nature*, he made him this Reply.

Has

Has *Elonora* been so weak ! so much a Girl, to expose me to her Brother ? I despise her for it ! and is he turn'd *Bravo* for his Sister, to get her a Husband ? Sure her ill Conduct has made her in strange Necessities for one ! I shall be a very unfit Person to serve such a turn, or to be made a *Dupe* ! the old *Baron* will do much better. I disapprove of her *Designs* and *Tricks* ! how great soever was my Passion for her, my Resentment shall not be less ; and whatever I intended before, I will not marry her now. — Here he put his Hand upon his Sword, expecting *Don Juan* would require Satisfaction for his Abuse of me ; as it was too true. My Dear unhappy Brother, could not bear to have me revil'd, like a *base* Woman ! he drew ——— they fought ——— the Consequence was this

———after some time, *Don Antonio's* Fortune prevail'd : He run him through the Body, *Don Juan* fell at his Feet, and dy'd upon the Instant.

Permit me a few Tears, at the Remembrance of so amazing, so great a Loss ! where are Brothers to be found so dear, so tender, so moderate, as was *Don Juan* ? All my Misfortunes took their *Ara* from his Death ; he dy'd for me, in vindicating a *belov'd* Sister, from the barbarous Aspersions of a *Lover*, who himself ought to have lost his Life, in defending me from those of others ; seeing I had as yet no Fault, but what proceeded from my too great Tenderness for him.

No sooner had *Don Antonio* obtain'd this fatal Advantage, but he bethought himself of a Retreat : His Key was of use to him, he resolv'd not to fly ; there had not any Person seen him ; he could not fear *Don Juan* had acquainted any

of his *Friends* or *Domesticks*, with his Design of meeting him there; because, a Sister's *Honour* was so nicely concern'd in it. Alas! he exactly foresaw how it would happen. My poor Brother's Body was found next Morning, by the Gardiner, but with no Weapon in it; for Don *Antonio* was so happy as to disingage his; the Alarm was presently given, the *Officers* of *Justice* sent for, Search made, but nothing could be found, nor no true Judgment of the Person that had kill'd him. His *Watch* and *Purse* were safe in his Pocket, so that they knew it was no *Robber's* Attempt: Nor could it be suppos'd to be done by himself, because his own Sword was *unstain'd*, and fallen a length beyond him.

I was alone so unfortunate, as to be able to guess at the *Truth*; the Alarm came to *Angela*; my Mother idoliz'd Don *Juan*, we flew back to the Country, to have our last Sight of that dear Man: but ah! what Sight? *Pale*, *Bladless*, *Ghastly Stern*! that Indignation, with which it was suppos'd, his Soul left his Body, remain'd impress'd upon his Face. My Mother's Grief could not have half the Force of mine; I shriek'd, I flung my self upon him; nor minded the *Pollution* of my Garments and Persons, stain'd by his Blood; Horror seiz'd me; I roar'd with *Anguish*, my Guilt reproach'd me; nor could any thing, but the highest Sence of my own Honour, hinder me from publishing my Opinion to the World, that Don *Antonio* was my Brother's *Murderer*. Never was a Scene so moving! my poor Mother drown'd in Sorrow, lay silently extended on one side of the breathless belov'd Body of her Son: I *frantick*, *restless*, and upbraided with my Guilt, threw my self

self a thousand times over *him* and *her* ; my *Cries* and *Groans* made all the House resound. At length they tore me from the *Body*, which Love and Despair made me so unwilling to be parted from, that I dragg'd it after me, as they were removing me from him. The whole Care of the *Family* was transferr'd to me ; not one but look'd upon me as a *Lunatick* : The *Physicians* were sent for, who order'd prodigious Quantities of Blood to be taken away from me, and the Room to be entirely *darken'd* ; they apprehended I should grow *mad*, if I were not already so. And, because I refus'd their *soporiferous* Potions, or indeed, any Refreshment, they held me, and by Violence made me swallow such *Quantities*, that at length prevail'd over the *Distemper*, and forc'd me to a *Slumber* ; from which, when I awoke, I found myself so enfeebld by my Loss of *Blood* and *Spirits*, that I neither had the *Will* nor *Capacity*, to renew my outrageous *Mournings*.

But it was not so well with my poor *Mother* ; her silent Sorrow, seiz'd with surer, more secure *Despair* ; and quickly left the *Physicians* little Hopes of her Recovery. To be short, hers was such a *Lethargy* of Woe, that in very little time carry'd her from the World, without the Capacity of putting her Affairs in Order, or making any *Will* in favour of my unmarried Sister, and my self.

Ah ! Don *Antonio*, what Miseries do I not stand indebted to thee for ! fatal Source of *Elena's* Woes ! Will not the just Gods avenge me upon the Monster ? Will they not make him an Example, to deter others from dishonourable *Pursuits* ? Or is his Punishment deferr'd to a
 G 2 long

long hereafter? that unhappy Mortals may wondering stand at gaze, humbled and conscious of their Incapacity; which would fathom with the short-sighted Line of Reason, the unfathomable Decrees of Providence!

My youngest Brother succeeded to the Estate, but not to Don Juan's Tenderness: He had married himself to the Dislike of the whole Family, who had not convers'd with him in some Years; so that in taking Possession, he brought his own and Wife's gloomy Resentments along with him. My Mother's Funeral was no sooner solemniz'd, but we were given to understand, that my Brother and his Lady desir'd us to withdraw, for they wanted the House to themselves.

Whatever Addition Don Juan design'd us, was by his precipitate Fate, no more than Design: Nay, my Mother dying without a Will, what she left behind her, was divided by an equal Distribution amongst us all. So that from the Prospect of being Happy in a Gentlewoman's Fortune, I saw my self reduced to a very indifferent one, and sufficiently humbled in my Pretensions; not to aspire to Match with any of those, that would before have thought it their Honour and Advantage to have marry'd me.

My Mother's Sister was our nearest Relation; they thought fit to intrust the Care of me with her; but I quickly found she regarded nothing less, her own four beautiful Daughters being suffer'd to breed themselves as well as they could; one had already marry'd much to her Disadvantage, and there was little Prospect of the others succeeding better. My Lady very fel-

feldom permitted 'em to come amongst the *first-rate Set of Company* that she kept her self: *Cards* and *Beaus* were still the *Business* of her *Hours*: She lov'd *Admiration*; she lov'd *Flattery*; and though she had gain'd that Age which is frightfully call'd *forry*, there was nothing of it in her *Humour* or *Diversions*. A large Jointure, and a round Sum of Money that her indulgent Husband had left her, fail'd not to draw the Pretensions of a world of younger *Brothers*, *Soldiers* of *Fortune*, and *Heirs*, who had blaz'd away theirs: These were the Entertainment of her *Toilet* and *Table*; their Necessities would not suffer them to share the Afternoon and Evening Hours, where nothing but high *Play*, and consequently Persons of better Purfes than they could pretend, were then thought fit Companions for her Ladyship.

I had ever an unfortunate *Genius* that way, and lov'd deep-play too well; my Aunt saw and encourag'd that *inconvenient Taste*. My Fortune could no way pretend to keep up with hers; and yet I was always call'd to make one of the *Gamesters*: Her own Daughters were as very *Ideots* that way, as I wish I had ever been. They never were permitted to come amongst us; their Youth and Beauty would have forbid my Lady's Pretensions to either, and have hinder'd her to have been esteem'd (what she extremely affected to be thought) agreeable.

Whilst I was thus every Day impairing of my Fortune, and amusing the trouble of Mind I was in for poor *Don Juan*, and my Mother's Death, which I must ever look upon my self to be the fatal Occasion of, the Count that

you lately found with me, pretended to fall in love. I had often play'd with him; he loves the Diversion too well, and has lost a great deal of Money by it. I speak to Ladies, who doubtless have, in their turns, made many more Conquests than a Beauty so mean as mine can pretend; and therefore are not ignorant of the Assiduity of a *new Lover*. The Count was marry'd, and had therefore his own Reputation to manage as well as mine: He was *diligent*, and *liberal*, a Quality by all Women valu'd in a Lover; not for the use they may make of it, but as a Proof of *their Love*: For it is certain, that true Love never yet knew what was *Property*; all is at the Devotion of the Person *belov'd*; and whoever you observe to have a Reserve in their *Fortune*, have always one in their *Heart*. The Count was *complaisant* and *tender*; and tho' he be not esteem'd one of the first Rank in *Understanding*, and *fine Sense*, yet has he enough for a *Lover*; because he always refers to the Person *belov'd*, and gives nothing his Stamp of Approbation, that has not first had *hers*. These Qualities have, doubtless, given him Success in his Conversation with the *Fair*. As to my part, I had *Honour*! *Don Juan*! my Mother! and *Antonio*! in my Head; which all together, produc'd such a medly of thinking, that left but little Room for the Count to mingle advantageously with that *Miscellanea*, which intirely took up the *Thoughts* and *Sentiments* of my Soul.

Don Antonio may possibly have Reason to complain, that I have so long forgot to speak of him, *Resentment*! *Indignation*! *Grief*! *Absence*! *Diversion*! in short, several things, but mostly him-

himself, was of force to weaken his Interest in my Breast. I hourly refus'd him my *Esteem*, at the same moment when I could not wean my self of my *Love*; but it was so far suppress'd, that it seem'd to leave me a respite of *Uneasiness*; I had no longer that extremity of *Pain* which is felt in *raging disappointed Passion*; time had weakned and reduc'd it to a sort of a *Lethargic Indolence*; with daily Promises of getting free, even from that; the Symptoms were so far *favourable*, that I should not have doubted of Success, if his *agreeable Form* had not again intruded to fill my Eyes, and my *Ideas*, with what had formerly so pleasingly entertained them.

One Day, when my Aunt was engag'd abroad at Play, I was told, a Gentleman from the Country ask'd to speak with me. I order'd his Admittance, not at all suspecting *Antonio* would ever again have dar'd to approach me. He who had suffer'd me to endure such a violent fit of Illness upon the Death of my *Brother*, without once coming to visit, or sending to enquire after me. Yet it was *He*; and luckily for me I was alone. When he appear'd, I gave a Cry of *Horror*, as if *Don Juan's Ghost* had upbraided me, for conversing with his *Murderer*: My Blood curdl'd, my Heart sunk, my Spirits fail'd, and having once or twice repeated my Outcry, I sunk down upon the Floor, in a Fit of Swooning!

Don Antonio rais'd me, and call'd for help: It was a long time before I recover'd; the People withdrew, and I saw my self alone with him. Is it thus *Elonora*, that you receive a faithful *Lover*, said he? Is your *Aversion* so ru-

tuons? Must your Senses all run into a *Hurry* at the sight of me? Doubtless, 'tis your Conscience that upbraids you: Your *Pride* and *Affection* of *Honour*, sacrific'd me to your *Brother*, you *betray'd* and *ridicul'd* me! reduc'd me to an *Extremity*, than which there could not be a greater. What a Figure do you think any one must make in my Circumstances? Invading another's *Habitation* by a *false Key*, at an Hour so *obscene*. Ah, believe me! tho' *Fortune* gave me the Advantage over Don *Juan*, I shall never forgive *Elonora* for making a Friend's Death so necessary to that State, I was (by her *Treachery* and *Treason*) reduc'd to.

'Tis much too long to entertain you with our Discourse. I upbraided in my turn; I *wept*; I *lamented* Don *Juan*; I ask'd him, What he pretended? Why he would not suffer me to be at *ease*, and, if possible, to forget him? I knew I must now lose all hopes of marrying him; not only upon the score of my little *Fortune*, but my *Brother's* Death; which for ever forbid me to wed his *Murderer*; tho' it were true, that he could resolve to accept of me with a much more inconvenient *Fortune*, than when he had once before refus'd me. I therefore conjur'd him, by the Memory of that dear *Brother*, who had suffer'd by him, no more to visit me; since that involuntary Love which still possess'd me, could be fruitful in nothing but *Disquiets* to us both.

Whilst we were thus *expostulating*, my Aunt (disappointed abroad of her Company) return'd. Being told who was with me, she came to entertain *Antonio*, in respect for his Family. But Heavens! what a good Correspondence immediately

mediately succeeded ? They had not seen each other in three Years ; *Antonio* was become a *Man* ! Handsom ! and *seemingly* well accomplish'd ! he put on all the *Softness* and *Affectation* of *Sweetness* and Complaisance, that is so natural to him when he designs a *Conquest*. He told her he never saw any thing so handsom, and so improv'd as was her *Ladyship* ; tho' by the way, that was but an odd sort of Compliment, a Woman of forty being suppos'd to have but little Capacity of Improvement at that Age. Her *vain* *Ladyship*, to whom *Incense* and *Adoration* was acceptable, did not fail to receive it as her *Due*, and smil'd him an Answer of Approbation ; and to be out of his Debt, she in kind told him, she cou'd not doubt of his *Merit*, since his Conversation gave such extraordinary Proofs of *Wis* and *Judgment*, that nothing ever seem'd to be *juster* or better *imagin'd* than all he said.

Behold here the Foundation of an *Amour* ! that however preposterous it seem'd to me, was very well fitted to the Humours of the Persons concern'd. My Lady call'd for Cards, we went to *Ombre* ; Don *Antonio* watch'd her Eyes, more than he minded his *Play* ; my Lady was not at all *ingrateful*. She told him nothing had ever so much *Sweetness* as his Looks ; that when he was a Boy they had mistook him to be ill-natur'd ! but certainly nothing cou'd be *so*, that had that *Softness* and *Beauty* in their *Eyes* ! *Antonio* did not fail to return, that if there was any thing of *sweet* and *tender*, 'twas all due to the Inspiration of her own *Charms*, that had given his Heart a dance of Joy it had never known before ; from whence it sparkled to his Eyes in a manner wholly new and *surprizing* even to *himself*.

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Tho' I did not think that there was a Word of Truth in any thing *Don Antonio* said; I could not help being piqu'd at it. I look'd upon her Ladyship's Face, where *forty* was writ in *Capitals*, I reflected upon my self and found I cou'd not yet reckon sixteen. Ay! but I consider'd again, that *Don Antonio's* real *Idol* was *Money*, and then I no longer doubted but he was in earnest; conscious of the prodigious Advantage her Ladyship had over me in that Point, I no longer argu'd for Precedency, but as it was reasonable, I yielded her the Advantage, without any more dispute.

Three such distracted Players will not easily be found together again. *Don Antonio*, as I told you, ogled her Ladyship, and her Ladyship was not at all behind-hand with *Don Antonio*; I was remarking upon *Both*, so that the Cards play'd themselves: At length Supper reliev'd us; my Aunt was never seen in so good a Humour; I was surpriz'd at it, and fancy'd something of extraordinary in *Don Antonio*, since others saw him with the same Eyes that I did. I cou'd not doubt of her Ladyship's liking, because she receiv'd him with such an Air of Distinction, that I had never seen her entertain any with, of all that numerous crowd of Pretenders that the largeness of her Fortune drew to her Toilet; amongst which there were some *Handsome*; some Men of *Sense* and *Fashion*, and very few *disagreeable*.

As he was taking his Leave, my Aunt ingag'd him to dine with us the next Day; but because she wou'd not that she shou'd see her handsome Daughters, she affected to be indisposed, and wou'd dine in her *Dressing-Room*, with only *Don Antonio* and my self; she order'd me to be be-

low

low Stairs, ready to receive and bring him up.

Considering the state of my *Heart*, this was an Employment that held but an ill Correspondence with it; however my Business was to obey. Don *Antonio*, without much Ceremony told me, he was very glad of that Opportunity of speaking to me, to ingage me to serve him in the Designs he had of marrying my *Aunt*; that her Ladyship had made him Advances enough to encourage any younger Brother. He was grown wiser since *Lamira's* Adventure, and wou'd not lose another *Widow*, thro' vain *Scruples*, and nice *Principles* of *Respect*; that tho' my Lady had ten Years the Disadvantage in *Age*, yet he liked her *Person* and *Manner* far before *Lamira's*; and since it was impossible ever for him to be my *Husband*, without undoing both, he cou'd not think of bestowing himself in any place so much to my Advantage, and where he could not miss of many Opportunities of serving me.

I answer'd, 'twas all very fine; that I found he took me to be as wise as I ought to be; that is to say, one without that Weakness, which had once possess'd my Heart in his Favour: But however indifferent I might be, still I had too much Horror at the Thoughts of my *Aunt's* marrying the Murtherer of her *Nephew*! that if, for my own sake, I had hitherto been so wise to conceal it from the World, I shou'd think my self tied by *Honour* and *Duty* to confide the Secret in her *Ladyship*, to prevent her from falling into a Misfortune, that I shou'd always reckon amongst the greatest. *Antonio* bid me have a care of what I did; when once he took a *Resolution* he always went through with it; that if I should be so foolish, he would never forgive me;

me; and one way or another it should absolutely end in my Ruin: For if he lost her Ladyship, there was no length his Resentments would not carry him. And should he over-bear my Discovery, and still carry her, it would be a Thorn in his Thoughts, that could never be pulled out; but by my undoing——I answer'd, that I found he was an arbitrary Monarch, and must be obey'd.

My Relation grows already too long. I will contract it all I can, by telling you in short, that her fond Ladyship struck by an unerring Dart, (she who every Day of her Life convers'd with Youths of *Address! Beauty! Quality! Gallantry* and *Fortune!*) surrendred her self to the bare appearance of a young Gentleman, educated in, and who had convers'd with almost nothing but People of the Country; yet Nature and Genius distinguish themselves every where: He appear'd as *Polite* (when Spleen and Ill-nature had not the Ascendants) as if he had been bred in a Court. I was made my Aunt's *Confidant*, and you need not doubt but for the Time infinitely in her Favour. I saw her *Doatage* so extreme, that I thought it would be an impossible Endeavour to cure her of it; and therefore said nothing of poor Don Juan's Death! It would but let her into a Secret that would make her mortally hate me, for having been once belov'd by her Darling Don Antonio.

The *Amour* went on so successfully, that in less than a Month's time, they were *marry'd!* and my new Uncle as artificial as you can imagine, wore the Appearance of an extraordinary happy Husband. Till his first Ardors beginning to abate, he renewed those he had for me, with
that

that *impetuosity*, that I cannot describe: He assur'd me with ten thousand Oaths, that his only View in marrying with my Aunt, was to have an Opportunity of being in the same House with me: That he lov'd me after a lost manner; nay, had never ceas'd to love me, but was forc'd to dissemble it even with my self, lest the Ascendant I had over him should engage him to marry me, which would have been mutual Ruin to us both; for had I but seem'd inclin'd to ask, he could not have resisted me: Nay, he had yet been further pain'd, even to an Extent of Dissimulation, in pretending to love my Aunt, and engaging me in his Interests, he would be thought by that Action not to love me, lest (by my Tenderneſs to him) it should give him any Interruption in that only Design and Business of his Life, gaining an Opportunity of wearing away his Hours in the same House with me, without any Reflection to my Virtue or Honour.

See how I was invaded! The *Count* from without, my *Uncle* within! I had nothing but solicitations to *Ruin* and *Dis honour*. Don *Antonio* quickly took the Alarm of the *Count's* Passion and Design; for tho' it was not *obvious* to the disinterested, *Love* and *Jealousy* presently discover'd it to him; and this I thought was no slender Proof of my *Uncle's* Sincerity: So far my *Frailty* and *Vanity* prevail'd, as not to be displeas'd at his first Returns to *Love* and *Me*. But when he incessantly importun'd me to make him Happy; my Virtue was apprehensive of the potent *Intruder*, and did all that was necessary to avoid him. Fruitless were the Exhortations I made of Duty to his Lady; of mine to my Aunt; of what we both ow'd to Glory; he ever got the better of me at Argument; so that I declin'd the Field,

Field, and fought my Safety by *Flight* and *Retreat*.

My *Aunt* kept an old reverend Gentlewoman, in quality of *Companion* ; *Intrigues* and *Excess* had reduc'd her Fortune to nothing, all she had to depend on, was her Ladyship's Favour ; a slender *Tenure*, since nothing is more inconstant than a Woman of Fashion : Their *Passions*, *Approbations*, *Aversions*, having no Foundation, but *Opinion*. How few of us have true *Principles*, and how much fewer make use of even those we have ? *Emilia*, had sufficiently experienced the *World*, and knew the true Value and Use of *Money*, though now she was no longer Mistress of any. She had a subtle contriving *Head*, and finding my Lady's Prepossession for Don *Antonio*, was early in his *Interest* ; and by that means made her Court so effectually, that she had as great a share in his Breast, as a Temper so dark as his would admit. She saw immediately how the *World* went with us, and as she told her self, thought it hard, if out of the *Intrigues* of such a *Family*, she could not one way or other make her self necessary, so as to procure a Sum of Money, to purchase some little *Annuity*, to keep her independant of Favour, for the rest of her Life.

She began to insinuate her self with me ; she had found the *Count's* Pretensions, and also the Duke de —— who was come into the present taste of her Ladyship's *Visitors* liking of me : She quickly found I was possess'd with what she call'd that *Foible*, *Honour* ; and read me a Lecture upon the Value of *Youth*, *Beauty* and *Money* ; that whoever neglected to make use of the former, whilst they had it, ought unpitied,

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to want the other ; not that, as she remark'd, there was any great Hopes of making my Fortune, from the present State of my Affairs. The *Count* was esteem'd more a *Debauchee* than a *Lover* ; lost excessively at Play, and had very little Money at Command. Besides, by intervals he began to love his Wife, when some *Friend* had been so kind as to tell him, she was esteem'd by the Town very *handsom*. He thank'd him for his Discovery, promis'd to consider her Charms ; at the same time protesting, that he had wore away so many Years with her, not at all studious of her *Merit*, or having any other regard for her, than as to a Woman, whom he was bound to lead his Life with, 'till Death should be so commodious to disengage either of them.—— As for the *Duke*, he was *Morose*, *Old* and *Sullen*, *Covetous* and *Cholorick* ; uneasie to his *Family*, and to all his *Intimates*. Neither had he so great a Command of Money as might be expected from a Man of his Quality, most of his Estate coming by his Lady ; for it was said when they married, that it was as it should be in that Match, his Eminence wanted Money, and her Ladyship Honour : Therefore *Emilia* continu'd to remark, there was nothing very Advantageous for me to be expected here. I was quite out of the Road of hopes in my Aunt's Family, of making my Fortune by Marriage, or even getting an indifferent Husband ; except I would do as one of her Daughters had done, take up with an *Inferior*, or marry the *Chaplain* ; who, as she assur'd me, had a great good Will towards me ; but that she believ'd my Heart was too deeply engag'd to Don *Antonio*,

tonio, to think of such an unequal Establishment. In short, she insinuated her self so far, that I confess'd to her the Strength of our former Engagement, reserving to my self that only particular of Don *Juan's* Death. She wore the Mask of Virtue in all her Conversation with me; and therefore I besought her Assistance (who was grown old in the Experience of the World) how to avoid Don *Antonio's* Pursuits.

She had what she wanted, this weighty Secret, and away she went with it to Don *Antonio*; made him a thousand Offers of Service, and at length got into his Confidence. He told her he must enjoy me, either by Favour, Fraud, Force, or any other way but Money, which he thought by prudent Management might be saved. She advis'd him, however, to distress me that way, and either to win a considerable Sum of me at Play, or to procure some Friend of his that should, who might be answerable upon Honour, to give him back what I should lose. This hit *Antonio's* Vein, he would be loth any thing Great should go out of the Family. But whilst they were contriving their Matters, Fortune really distress'd me, my Aunt and I lost considerably to the *Mock-Chevalier*; we were at another Lady's Basset-Table; and therefore his Worship was to come next Night to ours, to be paid his Winnings. My Aunt was to dissemble this Point to her young Husband, who was too fond of Money, to permit her Ladyship to squander it away, without reprimanding her, and reading Lectures against that inconvenient Pleasure, *Gaming*. She had now got a Master who had possess'd himself
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(by her Indulgence) of all her ready Money, with which he had very wisely purchas'd an Estate for himself; so that she knew no more than I did, how we should save our *Honour* to the *Mock-Chevaliere*. At length it was come to that Extremity, that she must borrow the Money upon her Diamond-Neck-lace, upon pretence of having it new-set, and which was a very good one; she entrusted me with the Management: She could spare nothing else, because *Antonio* often tofs'd over her Jewels, condemning Custom for the vain Expence. I had recourse to *Emilia*, being my self not us'd to such Affairs. She borrowed upon it as much (within fifty Pieces) as would satisfie for both our *Losings*: But how to get fifty Pieces more, I was as much at a loss as for the whole. Those little *Ornaments* that I was Mistress of, being already engag'd for Money the Day before, to go to that *Basset-Table*. *Emilia* and I consulted all manner of ways: At length she perswaded me to try Don *Antonio*. I blush'd at her Proposal; I knew he lov'd Money too well, to part with even such a Trifle as that, without a *valuable Consideration*: But Necessity oblig'd me to consent, that she should ask him in my Name. But would you believe, she came back blank and amaz'd? All the Favours our Sex could bestow, were not, in his Opinion, worth fifty Pieces. However, he refus'd her by a civil Pretence, and said, he really had not half that Sum at present in his Power, having so lately made his Purchase; but advis'd her to try the *Duke*, or the *Count*, who could not with any Assurance, refuse her, because they often play'd, especially the latter; and let what

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would

would happen; never wanted ready Money for that. Here we were again at our Wit's end; the Count was at his *Villa*, and not expected 'till Evening; the *Duke*, I was more unwilling to have the Obligations to than any: Not that it was a Sum considerable enough, to expect my Favours in return; and I assur'd my self in a few Days, of being able to repay it. — Time press'd, my *Honour* was engag'd; *Emilia* told me, 'twas nothing, — she would go her self and make him the Request. She wrote a Note to him, as from an unknown, and did all that was necessary to raise his Curiosity. His Eminence sent for her, and gave her a private Audience; he did not know her Person, nor had ever seen her at my *Aunt's*; she told him this Story, That a young Lady very handsom, and whom she durst promise would be to his *Highness's Taste*, had lost a sum of Money at Play, which she had borrow'd upon her *Jewels*; and least her Mother should miss them, requested the Favour of his Eminence to lend her Fifty Pieces; in return of which, he might expect those *Virgin Favours*, that had never yet been bestow'd upon any.

Emilia exceeded her Commission to gain her Point, not doubting but to find a means of retreat, should his Eminence be willing to part with his Money, as she had very great hopes. He kindled at the mention of a young Beauty, fallen in Love with him! and led her on as if he was infinitely *Charm'd*, 'till the killing Demand came of Fifty Pieces; then he turn'd upon his *Heel*, cool'd and pall'd; yet civilly told her, he should have been inexpressibly Happy in the Offer she made him, but that he happen'd
not

not to be at Liberty for any such good Fortune, because his *Heart* and *Inclinations* were already engag'd. — *Emilia* follow'd after, and softly whispering, How if the beauteous *Elonora* were distress'd, would not your Highness be proud of serving her with such a Trifle? Though she were not disposed to make good all the false Promises I have given of an imaginary *Country-Beauty*. How! the charming *Elonora*! answer'd he, all surpriz'd; my whole Estate is at her Devotion; she shan't want Fifty Pieces. The Dutcheß is in the Country, we have the House to our selves; she may come *Incognito* to receive the Money, a Hackney-Chair brings her even into this very Chamber, without any one's Knowledge. Haste! and in fetching her, give her this Assurance, That it is not my Fault if she want any thing that she thinks fit to Command. *Emilia* told him, That she durst make me no such Proposal; if he would please to send the Fifty Pieces, and be at the Basset-Table in the Evening, he might receive her Acknowledgments; and, perhaps, (if Fortune was propitious) his Money again; but she could not promise any other Reward. — And I am too old and too wise, answer'd the Duke, to grant without — How! Fifty Pieces, for the Honour of only obliging a Lady, who proposes no other Payment but Thanks! These are not Times to squander away Fifty Pieces for nothing. If she thinks fit to oblige me, I shall be at home 'till after Dinner, in expectation of her Commands.

Emilia went back to her Coach *forlorn* and *disappointed*, confirm'd more than ever, in her value for Money. She found it was hard to come

by, since even the *Young and Handsom* could not command it, without a more valuable Consideration. As her Thoughts were thus busied, she saw the *Count* pass her, in his travelling Coach, just return'd to Town; she call'd to hers to stop; the Count knew her Voice, saw her Person, and did the like to his; then alighting, came and ask'd, if she had any Commands from him, on the beauteous *Elonora's* Part? For if he was not mistaken, she seem'd to have a Desire to speak with him. She told him, if he would please to step into her Coach, she would tell him the Affair; which she did in all its Circumstances. Don *Antonio's* Refusal, and the *Duke's* Proposal. The generous Count red'ned with Indignation, to find one, as he said, so Covetous, and the other so Mercenary; and yet both unworthily pretending to be *Lovers*. Then taking out his Pocket-Book, in which were three Bills, two of fifty each, and the third of five hundred Pieces; the last he put into her Hands, and bid her assure the enchanting *Elonora*, (I use his own Terms) that he was so far glad of her Distress, as that it gave him an Opportunity (tho' but by such a Trifle) to show Part of the unbounded Respect and Value he had for her.

Elonora would have refus'd the five hundred, and took one of the fifty Pound Bills, but he begg'd her not to think of that; it was not a Sum fit for *Elonora* to borrow, or for him to lend. It might be useful to her, and help to recover her late Losses; but if he durst presume to advise, it should be, not to venture any more with the *Mock-Chevalier*, who would always prevail by an Art, of which he was very well

well assur'd, against all those ~~he~~ should play with. — Conjur'd her to present me with his most humble Duty, and that when I thought him Worthy, he hop'd I might be brought to make him Happy.

The Necessities my ill Conduct had reduc'd me to, forc'd me to receive this Money as a piece of good Fortune, that I had all the reason in the World to be satisfied with; but my Virtue reprov'd me against having an Obligation to a marry'd Man. *Emilia* laugh'd at my Scruple, and made none at all in accepting fifty of those Pieces that I presented her, which she thought she very well deserv'd, for procuring me the Five Hundred.

Don Antonio did not fail to enquire how she had succeeded; which when she had told him, speaking of the Count, Let him have her, cry'd he, since he is such a Fool. He will make my Work the easier, he may buy her Person, but I am assur'd of her Heart: I'm not so nice in *Precedency*, provided I but have her. No matter, whether I am First or Second; let him combat (and, if he can, overcome) that gigantick Monster, *Honour*. I love lazy Pleasures, and shall be well pleas'd to come into the *Quarry*, without the Fatigue of the *Chace*: When once she is dispossest of that *Fantom*, my Work will be easy. If I'm not mistaken, she is in a fair way; for when once a Woman, so Heroick as *Elonora*, comes to receive Obligations, rather than to be stain'd with that Vice of low and vulgar Souls, *Ingratitude*, she will run into a much greater, and depart from even her Virtue, to maintain her Gratitude.

I was but little pleas'd to find what a good Husband Don *Antonio* was, both of his Money and his Pains: I saw the Count, but not without Confusion, my Blood would mount to my Face, and disorder both, for he could not see mine without an equal share. When I was about to thank and assure him of returning the Obligation, the first Money I was Mistress of; he pray'd me to speak no more of it, that he thought himself more than paid, by the Service he had done me; and assur'd me there was nothing of his in his own Power, that was not as much in mine.

I had all the reason in the World to conclude, that I was belov'd of him. I was so far Grateful, as to wish it were in the Fates that I could make him easy. But since my *Honour* and *Virtue* could stand the Test, even of *Gratitude*, for him, and *Inclination* for *Antonio*; there was no other way, but to use his own Endeavours, to overcome a Passion, fatal in its Consequence to him, if *unregarded*, or to me, if *rewarded*.

Don *Antonio* had still the Assurance to sollicite me; I yet lov'd him, tho' I hated him; a *Paradox* that may easily be reconcil'd by those that know our Passions are Involuntary, and the Opposition of Reason and Inclination. This Day, after his Lady was gone to her *Villa*, which is about six Leagues distant from *Angela*, my Uncle came and told me there was to be *Musick* in the *Tuilleries*, and if I would take *Emilia* with me, he would do himself the Honour to wait on me: He knew I lov'd what was Good, and the Character he had heard of this, rais'd my Expectations. I was for taking our young beauteous Cousins; but my Uncle said,
 'twould

'twould disoblige her Ladyship, who had order'd they should not stir out 'till her return. When we came into the Walks, my Lord of ——— join'd us, as if by *Chance*; we follow'd the *Musick*, which, for the Benefit of the *Eccho*, fix'd upon the Bank of that *Canal*. There were multitudes of Company; it was not above two Hours before you came, that they dispers'd; the *Musick* went off, and I found my self alone with the *Count*, Don *Antonio* and *Emilia* having both disappear'd. I thought at first, that they had follow'd the *Musick*, in hopes of another *Air*, and was pretty easy, but desir'd his Lordship, that we might endeavour to find 'em out. Our way was thro' this gloomy Walk; I heard the great Clock strike Twelve. Terror and Amazement seiz'd me! seeing the *Tuilleries* wholly Desolate, and my self in the Hands of a *Lover*, who began to make use of the Solitude of the Place, to Kifs and Embrace me in a manner he had never done before.

I ceas'd not from making all the Resistance that was in my Power, still calling Don *Antonio* and *Emilia*. The *Count* smiling, took me by the Hand, and leading me to this Place, desir'd me to sit whilst he told me such things as should make me conclude, it was but vain for me to expect that either Don *Antonio* or *Emilia* would come to my Relief.

I fell a Weeping; and if I was betray'd, conjur'd him to be more *Noble* than I found my *Uncle*; and to have pity upon my *Distress*. He said, that if it were possible for him to live without the Possession of me, he would not have attempted it; but since he had given my *Honour* and *Virtue* all they could imagine as their

due, Love, in his turn, call'd upon him, for a Discharge of some of the much more weighty Debt, that was owing him, which he was resolv'd at any Price, this Night should be discharg'd; yet, since he would much rather be oblig'd to my Inclinations than Force, he would tell me some *Particulars*, that if he was not mistaken, would for ever cure me of those I had for that Traitor Don *Antonio*.

The Count seeing that I gave him an uninterrupted Audience, proceeded thus:

Yesterday in the Afternoon, I was at the *Italian* Chocolate-House, Don *Antonio* came in; I enquir'd for his Lady; though it was only to know how you were dispos'd. He told me she was gone to the *Prado*, and *Elonora* with her. We complain'd of the Emptiness of the *Town*, the Dulness of the Court, heat of Weather, which made Drinking no Diversion; and in short, of many Inconveniences which caus'd the Time to hang upon our Hands. Don *Antonio* plays well at *Picket*; he propos'd it to me, knowing I had very little *Judgment* and worse *Fortune*.

He seldom plays high, unless he be sure of his Man; though I know not how one can call it sure, because *Luck* (even in the Hands of a *Bungler*) will determine the *Cards* and *Game* to his Advantage. We agreed to play for fifty Pieces the Party; I *repiqu'd* him eight times in a dozen; in short, he could not win one Game of me. The *Cards* run prodigiously on my side; he fretted, he toss'd, he swore; you know very well he loves his Money, and how uneasy he has often been at the lowest Play, and when he has lost but the most inconsiderable

siderable Sums: He *doubled* in hopes to *quit*, he *doubled* again. I did all that he would have me; I desir'd only to make him easy, but that could not be whilst I *won*, and he was so considerable a *loser*. The Sum came up to four thousand *Crowns*; that last *Repique* put him beyond Patience, he threw the Cards upon the Ground, and vow'd he would play no more.

After his Heat was a little over, he told me he would send me the Money next Day, he had nothing like that Sum about him: I was very easy; the Discourse chang'd to several other Subjects. The Chocolate-House empty'd. I would have gone to Supper, but *Antonio* retain'd me, and seeing we were left alone, he began thus:

What does your *Lordship* think of that Lover, who when he has an Opportunity with a *Mistress* (that has been cruel) does not employ it to the best Advantage? But suffering her feign'd Tears and Prayers to intercede for her, she goes off, without making the Lover as happy as he might have been; if he had more regarded her Desires, than her Words, and possessed himself by Force, of what all Women would willingly part with, if they had but always that Pretence to excuse their Yielding?

I think, answer'd I, that I would be beholding for my good Fortune to any thing rather than Force; but if I had try'd every other way, and the Possession of my *Mistress* were absolutely necessary to the Repose of my Heart, I would give her Virtue that Pretence for granting, because a Woman is not to be ravish'd twice; and if you once compass the Happiness, she no longer disputes of the manner how you came
by

by the Advantage; but with all imaginable Freedom, as often as there is an Opportunity, obliges us to the height of our Desires.

Right! reply'd Don *Antonio*, your Opinion comes up to mine: What thinks your Lordship of such an Opportunity with *Elenora*?

Elenora! I answer'd in an amaze. Why do you name her to me? She is your Wife's Niece; do you apprehend I have any Designs on her, and would revenge the Loss of your Money upon this Pretence? Would you make her the occasion of a Quarrel?

Quite contrary, he interrupted. In short, I know all your Affair, I am of Intelligence with *Emilia*, and know the Mystery of the *Five Hundred Pound Bill*. I have my self loved *Elenora* before ever she came to *Angela*; and even wearied my self in the Pursuit of the *Peevish Beauty*: She thinks none deserving of her Charms, that does not proceed in an honourable Fashion, forsooth; you know that is in neither of our Powers. I am so far piqued at her Denials, that I should be very glad to gain my Revenge upon her any way. I think none so effectual as letting your Lordship have an Opportunity of ingaging her: What would your Lordship give for a convenient one? You know very well that by her own Consent you can never expect it.

I would give with all my Heart, answer'd I, that very Money I have just won of you——
'Tis done, interpreted Don *Antonio*, if I give you an Opportunity, and leave the beauteous *Elenora* alone with you to morrow (or any time your Lordship shall appoint) in a convenient Place, (I will not charge my self with the Consequence) your Lordship is to disingage me of the
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the Four Thousand Crowns I have newly lost; and there is no Obligation of that kind to remain between us.

Agreed, said I, there's my Hand upon it, do you procure me such an Opportunity, and you owe me nothing.

But my Lord, he interrupted, because Reputation is nice, you are never to report this of *Antonio*, upon pain of being call'd to an Account: I that dare betray *Elonora*, whom I adore, dare fight! — I promis'd him I would not, and he proceeded. To tell your Lordship the greatest Inducement is not Four Thousand Crowns, though I have all the Value for Money that it merits, which is infinite, because it procures all Things. But I would my self enjoy *Elonora* without a Noise. I would triumph over her disdainful Virtue; when you have once obtain'd, the way may be easy. The Obligation I have to her Aunt makes Force impracticable on my side; and yet I must and will possess her: If your Lordship fails, I must think of some better Method.

Here we agreed, that I should this Night give the Musick in the *Tuilleries*; that when he saw us engag'd, and found his Opportunity, he should steal away with *Emilia*, whom he could manage as he pleas'd. Thus you see, Beauteous *Elonora*, the Price I have been proud to pay for you; but that's but little to what I would give; make your own Demands, I shall never think 'em large enough, or an *Equivolent*, for that Happiness you can bestow — Tho' should you refuse, know you are so much in my Power (the Walks quite empty, the Guards at a vast distance; and should any straggling Centry come

up

up to us, *Money* would teach him his Duty, and make him retire) that it is impossible you can escape me. I will think whatever you will please to have me of that fantastick *Honour* of yours; and that nothing could have over-rul'd it, but the extreme Distress to which I have reduced you: Be therefore *Generous* and *Kind*; give me *That* with *Freedom*, which I am capacitated to take by *Force*. Go with me to a *Place* I have prepared for your *Reception*, or resolve to see me proceed with all the *Fire* and *Resolution* of a *Man*, whose *Life* and *Ease* depends upon the *Possession* of his *Love*.

Here he renew'd his *Embraces* and *Prayers*. I cast my self at his Feet, and used all the Arguments imaginable to dissuade him from so base an Attempt. What did I say, what did I not do, to avoid him? He was so resolute to my Ruin. I shriek'd! I call'd aloud! I was near two Hours in contending with him——none came to my *Assistance*; my *Force* was expir'd. I could not defend my self from a *Violation* of that *Modesty*, sacred to *Virtue* and to *Honour*. The Count gain'd many Advantages; and had had the greatest, if the *Just* and careful *Gods*, who watch over the Distresses of their *Votaries*, had not sent you in that important Moment, to preserve me from *Destruction*!

Thus, my Lady *Intelligence*, you may see it is not always that we ought to judge by *Appearances*. Base *Antonio*! ingrateful *Emilia*! brutish *Count*! they've all conspir'd to my Ruin. Ah! what Retreat have I? Where in this bad World shall I find a Protection for my *unwary* Innocence? My Brother's Family *averse*! my Aunt's House *dangerous*! Don *Antonio* is implacable and
resolute!

resolute! I will never again return to a Place which he dishonours. Oh advise! assist me! tell me of a *Sanctuary!* Is there any such a *Receptacle*, for the Poor, the Innocent, the much unhappy *Elonora?*

Intell.] Cease those piercing Tears and Lamentations; I will introduce you, with such Success, to my Sovereign Princess *Fame*, that she shall recommend you to the Protection of our Graceful *Empress*; whose Noble Breast will certainly compassionate your *Youth, Beauty and Distress*. You want nothing but to be known by *Her*, to meet the Reward due to suffering Virtue: She will receive you into the Household, where you shall shine as in your proper Sphere; conspicuous by your Charms; valu'd for your Conversation; reverenc'd for Goodness; and dear to the *Empress* for a thousand Vertues, so much of Kindred to her own!

Virtue.] Till then the beauteous *Elonora* shall remain under our Care; we will not have her leave us till her Establishment. My dear *Astrea*, you cannot but be pleas'd with such an agreeable Companion in your Travels. I request she may have part in all our Affairs, and when it is found convenient, share our *Invisibility*.

Astrea.] From *Elonora's* Distress, I will have my Prince forbid that dangerous Vice of Gaming; the least Attempt that exceeds a Trifle, shall be *Penal*. How can the *Worthy* and the *Great*, level their Conversation with *Rascals*? Or how vain and fruitless must be the Foundation of their Hopes, to think, that they, who never made Play but their *Diversion*, should be upon the Square with indigent *Sharpers*, who have run thro' all the *Practice* and *Mystery* of the
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Die and Cards, before they were Masters of sufficient Success, to give 'em a Garb and Bank fit to introduce 'em to the *Great*? To engage with 'em, is to be defeated; to stake their Money, to be sure to lose it. Were these Gentlemen of the Faculty excluded their Circle, would not the Diversion (which is what was the original design of *Gaming*) be as great for Trifles, as when they stake their *Thousands*? 'Tis Avarice! 'Tis Avarice alone, upholds this shameful Vice! Of which there is abundantly less to be said, than for many others. In Wine their Cares are often drown'd, the Mind reliev'd, and Fancy heightned. In Love, the Heart it self feels true Delight: Nay, in Womens promiscuous Conversation, Nature furnishes *Transports*, almost of force enough to soften Sin, and which may the better be excus'd, because it is a *Sin of Nature*. But in *Gaming*, Distinction's lost; the *Witty* and the *Weak* upon an equal foot; for that admits no Conversation. The illiterate Blockhead, and the sparkling well-taught, polish'd Man, whose Learning and Genius would, in every other Place procure him Admiration, are here upon a level. The *greatly-born* and *Cottager*, share the same Respect and Honour. Only the *Brave*, the *Honest*, oppos'd to *Knaves*, must have the Disadvantage, because his Soul disdains to use those juggling Arts, to which the others owe their Fortune!

If *Gaming* thus obtain, down with the Nurseries of Liberal Arts, the *Universities* and *Academies*; for who would study or write, when there are found none to hear or read? In vain is all the Poet's Care to heighten Nature, represent the Incidents of Life; to show you *suffering*

fering Vertue, crown'd with just *Rewards*, and *Vice* beneath the *Ax*; if empty *Theatres* be his *Reward*, a *solitary House* his *Laurel*; whilst each *Gaming-Table's* crowded to the *Brim*, all *Time* mispent that takes from *Play*, and every *Nobler Entertainment's* swallow'd up in that alone.

Intell.] If your *Divinities* were but to see the prevailing *Force* of *Gaming*, you would certainly conclude it *Witchcraft*; such is the *Insatiation* that even the *Busie* and the *Wise*, the *Lawyer* and the *Citizen*, are possess'd. The *Coffee-houses*, *Clubs* and *Cabaret-Meetings*, are infected. *Imitation* has brought it down from the too much *Leisure* of the *Great*, to mingle with the too much *Business* of the *Little*. They call it *Diversion*, but we know 'tis *Imployment*: Their *Souls*, set upon *Gain* in their *Chambers* and *Shops*, can't take it off in another place. Their *Hours*, are precious; *Times* hard; *Money* scarce; and fruitful *Wives* expensive. What shou'd they do but be *industrious*? and endeavour to improve every *Moment* to its best advantage. *Drinking* (which us'd to be the top of their *Diversion* when assembled) is call'd *sottish* and expensive, a waste of *Time* and *Constitution*. But *Cards* and *Dice* are profitable *Entertainments*; whence the few *Lucky*, often in an *Hour* gain more considerably, than from whole *Days* in their *Trades*: And notwithstanding so many are successively undone by *Play*, all pursue it, because none thinks he shall be the *Man*; whence *Ruin* not steals, but boldly rushes upon him at *Night*, who in the *Morning* was at ease; the wretched *Family* undone, and *Prisons* crowded with those *Gaming* incorrigible *Fools*; whom even the perpetual Example

ample of their Neighbours, can't convince of the Inconvenience they pursue.

Nor do those *Beaus*, whose Subsistence mostly depends upon their good Fortune with the Lady's; a Set of *worthless* Fellows, without Souls: *Little* by Nature, and *less* by Inclination; which indeed, is *Nature*, who *dress* and put on the *Airs* of the *Great* and the *Engaging*; but in a manner so *affected*, that it becomes *Loathsome*. These Wretches, I say, do not stand indebted to *Gaming*, for most of their Success. They use it as an Introduction to the *unwary Female* *Cir*; who *cloy'd* with the *homely* Embraces of her *unpolite* Partner, gives into those *Airs* and *Delights*, that these *nauseous*, fine Gentlemen, *advance*. Whence not only their *Principles* and *Virtue* become *corrupted*, but their Husband's *Cash* and *Stock* are lavish'd to supply the *Riots* of a *worthless* Generation; who having nothing of their own but what *Vice* procures 'em, never fails to reduce the Possessions of those, who are so unfortunate to converse with 'em, to *nothing*.

Astrea.] Therefore! therefore, my Lady *Intelligence*, shall my *Prince* have the *Glory* to abolish this *modish Taste*, this *fashionable Ruin*, this *inexcusable Destruction*! A *Wheel of Fortune*, which with her preposterous *Whirl*, raises the *Wretch*, born from *Mud*; adorns those choppy Hands with shining *Diamonds*, whose proper use *Nature* design'd to tug the *Cable* and the *Oar*, to hold the *Plough* and dig their *Bread*, from out the harden'd *Furrows*. Whilst those born *Great*, with the same *Whirl*, she forces to descend; losing all that their shining Ancestors, by glorious *War*, or the more glorious *liberal Arts*, obtain'd; whence not only their *Fortunes*, but
their

their *Vices* are *exchang'd*. The gaming *Sharper* generously enriching the *Bubble* he has *undone*, with the *Secrets* of those *vile* cheating *Arts*, by which he wrought his *Ruin*: From whence, he that was the *valu'd* Gentleman, commences odious *Sharper*, and the odious *Sharper* the fine Gentleman; the former becoming *abjectly* Poor, by those very *Methods* he took to make himself more than *usually* Rich.

Virtue.] Yet, not the Men alone, my Dear *Astrea*, but the Women, my peculiar Province, are infected. By Play, the Thoughts of me are banish'd from their tender *Bosoms*: They become bold, *avaritious*, *designing*, *unmerciful*, *neglectful* Mothers, *insupportable* Wives, exchanging all their Charms for Gold, to lavish at the *Basset-Table*. Thus is *inestimable* *Virtue* *barter'd* for that malignant *Metal*: Therefore, in your reform, forget not to engage your *Prince* to a Restriction in all those of our Sex (under such a Degree of Age and Charms) that they may not play, whilst they yet have a sufficient stock that way to compound with their *Lovers* upon a deficiency of Money.

Intell.] That's Count *Biron's* Palace, which I shew'd your *Excellencies* when we entered the *Tuilleries*. *Elonora's* Relation has took up so much of the Time, that I believe he has left off Play, and is retir'd to his Bed-Chamber; yet the *Lights* are still *blazing*. Please your *Divinities* to repose beneath the Canopy of these spreading Trees, and we shall quickly find if the *Gamesters* be gone. When the Door opens to let any of them out, we may take the Opportunity of *entring* (tho' to your *Divinities* all Places are *pervious*;) where you will see the *greatest* *Genius* of his Age, with the *least* of it in
I
his

his *Aspect*. The Affairs of a Nation in his *Head*, with a pair of *Cards*, or a Box of *Dice* in his *Hand*, or poring upon a *Chess-Board* : But that you may be no Stranger to his *Fortune*, I will, first, succinctly tell you the present Circumstances of it.

Count *Biron* has had a Person of which nothing could be justly said, to make it thought disagreeable ; as on the other side, not much extraordinary towards raising *Expectations*, which *Nature* never meant he should answer. Yet to conduct you in, to shew the *foldings*, the intricacies of his *Mind*, would require *Ariadne's* Clew, to save you from being lost in the *Labyrinth*. So many have been his *Changes*, and so artfully chosen, that ever when he did *change*, tho, departing from what, but a Moment before, we had applauded ; still has he had the Address to make us approve, as if he never cou'd put his Hand to remove one *Scene* and introduce another ; but the seeming Reasons he found for the *Exchange*, made his Politicks be admir'd. However his Inconstancy, by those who affect Constancy, might be condemn'd. A long run of Business, and Access to the *Cabinet*, has made him a Master, as to the Interests of it : A vast Strain of *Court-Skill* is to be observ'd in all his *Conversation*. An artful Composition of what are both condemn'd and applauded. He courts *Humility*, but is wedded to *Ambition* : He moves, he talks a *Hero* ! but he lives a *Man* ! No Pleasures that he has not prov'd, no gentile *Excess*, that he has not tasted ; yet appearingly *Abstemious* and *Regular*. Tho' great of *Genius*, great in most Things, yet not to be defended in all. His Favour, with too vast a burst of *Light*, gla-

glaring full in the Face of the *Unworthy*; else, should we at this Hour (to instance only in one thing) see the *Mock-Chevaliere* possess'd of a Post which ought to be fill'd by one more deserving? But the *Widow* has *Charms* and *Interest*, and Count *Biron* has *Fondness*; else, what Man would have been drawn to the *Chevaliere's* House to Visit, under the Disguise of an old Woman? Two such *Accomplishments* as the Art of *Gaming*, and a *beautiful* Lady for his Companion, were enough to recommend any Man with as little worth as the *Chevaliere*, even to Count *Biron's* Favour; who is too wise to advance unprofitable Merit, too fond of the *Useful*, to introduce the *Useless*. For what are *Arts* and *Sciences* to a *Politician*, a *Statesman*? What are *Historians*, *Poets* and *Poems*, but exuberant Branches, superfluous to the Growth of a Common-wealth, who raise and defend *Notions* of *Right* and *Wrong*; teach *Principles* and self-mischievous *Stedfastness*, without regard to *Times* and *Seasons*, or any of those Considerations, that so wise a Man as Count *Biron* takes along with him, in all his *Actions*?

He was born in *Utopia*; an Island, as I inform'd your *Eminences*, of the *Adriatick*, having the potent *Venetian* Common-wealth for their Neighbours. His Family was *Patrician* and of very good Reputation, but not overblest with the Smiles of *Fortune*, which left this Gentleman a younger Brother, and his to make. After he had finish'd his Studies, he was introduc'd to the Favour of a *Prince*, one of the greatest in *Utopia*; renown'd for all things, big and little, that can be taken into the Compass of *Humankind*. Of the *Dead*, we should

never speak at *all*, if we cannot *Commend*; so that leaving his *Defects*, we will only rest upon his *Merits*; and tell you that Count *Biron* could never have had so great a Master for his *Original*. Happy also in this, that as he imitated his *Virtues*, he could take Warning from his *Defects*, and wisely avoid those *Precipices* into which the unwary Conduct of the *Prince* betray'd him.

The *Utopians* are a People happy in their Climate, miserable in themselves. Though possessing all things necessary to *Life*, to *Ease*, nay *Pleasure*; yet so restless that they seem to possess nothing. Whoever governs there, what *Prince* soever shall happen to be at their *Head*, had he the Merit of a *God*, the Justice of *Astrea*, still must he despair of being universally acceptable to a People so *divided*, not only among themselves, but each Man in himself: *Few*, very *few*, but have ran Counter to their own Inclinations, and approve to Day what they have before condemn'd. They change *Parties*, they change *Monarchs*, with the same Ease that they shift their Linnen, with as much *Fondness* for the *New*, *Contempt* for the *Old*. No *Obligations*, no *Interest* can fix them; for if a cessation of *Faction*; a breathing of *Discontents* and *Tumults*, leaves them some Years to grow rich in *Ease* and *Fulness* of all things; their *Possessions* increas'd, their Trade in a *flourishing* Condition; so wanton they become with Plenty, so fond are they of *Change*, that they barter all these Enjoyments for their *Opposites*, and call out loudly for a *Revolution*; tho' 'tis odds, but they are ruin'd by what they require. 'Tis impossible for any one *Opinion* to obtain! no *Merit* can there
be

be said to gain an *universal* Approbation ; not the greatest Man for *brightness* of Parts, *vastness* of Genius, fine *Wit*, and *finish'd Understanding*, must ever pretend to be a *Standard*, where all are so *divided*. That very Merit, which in some creates Admiration, in another causes *Envy*, and in some *Contempt*. As to *Religion*, they have almost as many *Opinions* as there are *Families* ; yet is there a pretended *National One*, or rather *Two*, because we find it divided in *Fact* and *Terms*, of *GREAT* and *LITTLE*. Unhappy must be that *Sovereign*, who reigns over a People, whom he cannot govern ! unhappy the *Minister* and *Favourites* of such a *Prince*, because they are sure to be rewarded for all their Diligence and Cares, with nothing but *Envy* and stubborn Discontent ! When they are in *Peace*, they call for nothing but *War* ; and that *War* when once begun (though never so *reasonable* and *prosperous*) they grow weary of, and call yet louder for *Peace* ; Create, Depose, Assassinate the General's *Fame* ; elevate to the *Heavens*, or sink him low as *Pluto*, upon the Arrival of every Courier : Bold to face an Enemy, Fool-hardy, they love *Cruelty* and *Bloodshed*, and rather than not *Fight*, would be contented to be *beaten*. They stand not to weigh the *Oeconomy* of the *War*, 'tis a *Battle* they desire, let the Circumstances be never so disadvantageous ; not understanding *Delay* can be accounted for. *Action* they require, 'tis *Action* they pay for, and tho' they are sure to lose by it, they will have it, or else a new General, a new Monarch ; and to finish their Character, as a famous Poet has it of another People,

———'Tis on Record,
 That once in twenty Years they change their Lord ;
 They lead their wild Desires to Woods and Caves,
 And think that all but Savages are Slaves.

Must not he who can humour the Genius of such a People, and yet pursue the Interest of the Nation, which are two Opposites, have himself a prodigious one, and a long Experience? So qualified is Count *Biron*; he served under four Reigns, before the present, in two admitted to the *Cabinet*; and though their Methods were different, he considered himself was a Courtier, and consequently should not dispute, but obey. I forgot to tell you, that in *Utopia*, the Women are only capable of the *Crown*. The *Princess* who last Reign'd (after a break in the Line) found it in her Person cemented again. Count *Biron* was introduced before she was born, and possess'd a small Post under her *Aunt*, who then govern'd. She dy'd, and her Sister the *Princess Ormia* succeeded, who was Mother to the late reigning *Princess*.

Ormia had two Daughters; the youngest, contrary to the Custom of *Utopia*, she had marry'd abroad to a Duke of *Venice*; where, tho' the Dignity be but *Annual*, his Interest and Riches were so great, that he held it an unpresidented length of *Time*. Still with respect to the Succession of his Mother-in-Law's *Kingdom*, upon which he cast an Eye of distant Regard, not despairing, tho' he had not married the eldest Sister, by lucky Incidents, and his own good Management, but to reign one Day in Right of his *Princess*.

Ormia

Ormia had a Favourite who was passionately dear to her: She created him a *Marquis*; and for fear of (or to cure) *Censure*, married him to one of the prettiest Lady's about the Court, now call'd the Marchioness of *Caria*. This Lady she put about the Lady *Olympia*, her eldest Daughter. Count *Biron* was also become a *Favourite*; it was not yet time to dispute the Will of his Sovereign, his Fortune was not perfected. *Ormia* took it into her Head, to make some Innovations in *Utopia*, in Favour of her only Son, a Child of two Years of *Age*; she would break the Laws and Customs, and make the Succession *Masculine*. The People as inconstant as possible, lov'd Change, as well as she could do; but it must be a Change of their own, what themselves desired. They oppos'd her, because they lov'd Opposition; and she very well saw through their natural Perverseness, she should find much more Trouble than she expected, before she could be able to effect her Purpose.

The *Marquis* of *Caria*, Count *Biron*, and one or two more great *Officers*, were call'd to consult about the Methods most proper to make them receive such a Change. They resolv'd upon those that were *Arbitrary*; an *Army* was rais'd. The *Princess*, according to the Inclinations of her Heart, made her Favourite *Marquis*, the General. Count *Biron*'s Course of Life having never led him to the *Camp*, she retain'd about her own Person, and constituted him one of the Council of five, to whom she gave an unlimited Power; First, to examine into those Laws that made the Succession *Feminine*; and afterwards to *revoke* or *dispense* with them, as they saw Occasion.

The Duke of *Venice* immediately took the Alarm ; for should such Methods obtain, what Prospect could he have, of one *Day* wearing the *Utopian* Crown ? He had by Hopes, Promises, and the Love of *Novelty*, gain'd a large Party, who continually inform'd him of the Advances that were made, and which he neither wanted *Intelligence*, *Interest*, *Cunning*, or *Capacity*, to traverse.

Count *Biron* distinguish'd himself in his new Employment. They made many Alterations in *Government* ; raising and dismissing all those whom he thought would advance or deter their Purpose. The Nation began to be in a ferment to see that they pursu'd in good earnest, Methods which subverted their known *Laws* ; destroy'd their Constitution ; and were in a way (should they succeed) not only of breaking the *Succession*, but of making the *Monarchy* unlimited and *Arbitrary*.

The *Marchioness* of *Caria* in mean time insinuated herself into the Lady *Olympia's* Favour ; which was no hard Matter for her to do, because on her side she was not only *Artificial* and *Cunning*, but *Olimpia* was Good and Tender. She gain'd such an Ascendant over her, as began to make her consider'd by all those who foresaw that her Mistress must one Day, notwithstanding the Princess *Ormia's* Endeavours, wear the Crown of *Utopia*.

Count *Biron* had not been able to defend himself from the Effects of the *Marchioness's* Charms. His Heart was inflamed, but he was forced to suppress the Fire, because that he saw but little hopes of a return. The *Marquis* was not only the handsomest Man at Court, but the Duke

Duke of *Candia* had the Reputation of her Heart. Nothing could be fairer or more agreeable than *Madam de Caria*. In her were reconcil'd the two Opposites, and which has ever been esteem'd a Paradox, *Gallantry* and *Covetousness* : Unless you will still call it *Covetousness* to desire *Lovers* as well as *Money*. 'Tis certain she has liv'd to know a Fulness of Enjoyment in *both*, one of the most happy Ladies of her time, (but in her last Scene) who when she was *Young* possess'd all those *True* and *Glorious* Pleasures, that so well becomes the *Young* ; and in a more advanced *Age*, when all her other Passions seem'd to be swallow'd up in the Love of *Riches*, she found her self in Possession of a greater *Mass*, than the whole accumulated Endeavours could procure of the united Race of Favourites, than ever the *Eutopian* Monarchs had ; and they have not been either *few* or *inconsiderable*.

Count *Biron's* good Sense soon recommended him to the *Marquis's* Taste, who was as ambitious of Glory as a true *Hero*, as *Covetous* as his *Wife*, as *Self-interested* as self-Love could make him, yet shining in a thousand *Virtues* that obscur'd his *Vices*, with the addition of *Good Fortune* and *Court-Favour* ; they but by Intervals appear'd, and with so little Disadvantage to his *Reputation*, that could his Friends have persuaded him to have been less fond of Property, and the ingrateful Methods by which sometimes he acquir'd it ; his setting would have been as glorious his *Meridian Sun*. But what Mortal is without some Defects, either prejudicial to *themselves* or *others* ?

The good Correspondence there was between the *Marquis* and the *Count*, left the latter many Oppor-

Opportunities of seeing Madam de Caria. Ah how irresistible! did he find her Charms? Sometimes he would ask himself what a *Statesman* had to do with that inferior Attraction, *Beauty*? A *Statesman* who had *Penetration* and *Capacity* sufficient to raise him to the *Ministry*, without a fear of being stop'd by himself, with vain scrupulous Nicety at what he might find in his way to Grandeur. But these very wise Reflections serv'd only to show him, that however all Politician as the World esteem'd him, and as he would be thought, Love still found he was but a Man like others, and as easily disarm'd. He needed only to show him the Marchioness's fair Eyes to make him confess himself a *Mortal*; nay, and so weak a *one*, that the least *Glance* or *Word* from Madam de Caria had force to make him lay down at her Feet all Pretensions, that interfered with her *Arbitrary* Right of *Beauty*. Her despotick Sway, her undoubted Capacity of making him either bless'd or miserable. The God of Love finds little more difficulty in subduing the *Grave* than the *Gay*; the Desires he gives are alike *Ubiquitary*, and if he sometimes reign more potently, 'tis in the Heart of those to whom Nature has given the largest Portion of Understanding; they set the truest Value upon those inestimable Joys within his Power to bestow, and which none but an affected *Stoick* could ever yet so far recede from, as not to confess they are the greatest that human Nature is capable of tasting, according to that celebrated Poet,

Love

*Love the most generous Passion of the Mind !
 The soft Retreat that Innocence can find !
 The safe Director of unguided Youth !
 Fraught with kind Wishes, and secur'd by Truth.
 That cordial Drop, Heav'n in our Cup has thrown,
 To make the nauseous Draught of Life go down !*

But as great *Genius's* have this Peculiar, that when they are in Misfortunes, and meet unlucky Accidents, they have address, not only to extricate themselves, but to make those very Misfortunes conducive to the advantage that those Accidents seem'd to obstruct : So Count *Biron* foresaw that this Passion which he so ragingly felt for *Madam de Caria*, by her ascendant in the *Lady Olympia's* Favour, might be brought to introduce and fix *him* there ; an Advantage he had then but little Prospect of : I mean a rational one, because he was in the *Interests* and *Designs* of the *Princess Ormia*, which she drove on with all the Violence imaginable. 'Tis hard to say whether even so wise a Man as Count *Biron* was not for once mistaken ! If he did not believe the intended *Innovation* would have succeeded ; Why did he give into the Measures, and by all his *Actions* and *Discourse*, so publickly adhere to it ? If he did not, it was staking his Fortune upon a desperate Chance, or rather a Certainty of losing ? However, he was sure that thus far he could not be mistaken, openly to appear for the *Princess*, and secretly to assure her Daughters (who in ill Fortune were apt to flatter themselves with any shadow of Hope) that at Heart he was so far devoted to their Interests, that whenever an
 Oppor-

Opportunity presented, they should find the good Effects of it. So was his Retreat secured, and which way soever the Dye cast, himself in Election to draw a Prize.

Thus having found the *Delicacy* and admirable *Secret* of uniting his *Love* and *Interest*; he consider'd only of the Methods to advance them. The Duke of *Candia* was a powerful Rival; he did not doubt but one of his agreeable *Make* and *Merit*, was as well receiv'd by the *Marchioness*, as he desir'd; because, by perpetual Observation, he found their Eyes were of Intelligence, a tender Languishment invading those of *Madam de Caria*, whenever they met the Duke's. All the Faculties of her Soul seeming incapable of their Office, or united in that *one*, of regarding *Him* with Passion; an entire Absence of Mind to other Delights, was apparent in her Person. This the jealous *Biron* beheld as a mortal Blow to his aspiring Hopes, when he saw them whisper (as sometimes the Indiscretion of Lovers seiz'd them) he would seem to dart them *through*, as if he were capable of *divining* what they said, as if nothing could 'scape his Penetration. It must certainly be a very impertinent thing to have a Politician for a *Spy* and *Lover*, especially when one is so far from designing to favour him, that one *loves* and is *belov'd* by *another*. If the *Marchioness* had had as little Consideration as most Ladies who have Gallants, we would have thought Count *Biron's* *Affiduity* and *Divinations* very troublesome. But she was none of those, that had only the Interest of her Passion at Heart, so as to make her peevish with all those who put any Interruption to it. She had greater

greater Views, and though she did not in the least design to favour, she was too cunning to disoblige the Count, considering he had already an Interest *one way*, and a *Gemini* sufficient to secure himself the hopes of making it any *other*. Therefore she assum'd an exact and obliging manner towards him; a more *cold* and *retir'd* one for the Duke; at least in publick, where the contrary might give any occasion of *Umbrage* to the Count. This set him infinitely at ease. So true it is with a little Address, a Lady *belov'd* may succeed in the Management of the most refin'd Politician; because *Nature* alone being to be gratify'd in what relates to the *Heart*, their Statesman-Notions (which in Business so successively distinguishes them) has nothing at all to do with *Nature* or the *Heart*.

The Count, with an Air of *Confidence* and seeming *Advice*, one Day entertain'd the *Marquis de Caria*. My Lord, *says he*, You are not to be told the Value I have for your Friendship; I am more honoured by it, and set a greater Price upon it (if Comparisons may be allow'd) than upon all the Favours our Sovereign Princess bestows upon me. But let me find a Method to prolong it to the Date I could wish; which I assure your Lordship is no other than the End of my Life. But what have we to do with the Duke of *Candia*? He is ever at *Madam de Caria's* Elbow! always at your *House*, or on the Lady *Olympia's* Side. Why do you permit a *Rival* of his *Make*? Why do you allow him the Liberty of entertaining that young Princess? I thought your Lordship was a more refin'd *Politician*.

litician. I wou'd have her relish no Person's Conversation but yours: Does she not see all things through the Marchioness's *Glass*? Shou'd it in discretion be permitted to *reflect* his *Image*? Believe me, you ought more than any Man alive to take the Alarm of his Assiduity. The Duke is a Man out of our *Management*; he is as great as he desires to be, has a good Estate, and a Temper to live up to it; a *Generosity* and *Openness* in his *Manner*, that relishes nothing of Self-interest. He will never be a *Politician* any further than to *cross* those he shall esteem his *Enemies*. We ought to exclude him the Lady *Olympia*'s Conversation, lest he step from thence into her *Favour*; but in order to that, you must first exclude him from Madam *de Caria*'s. I do not allow of his repeated Visits, unless she accounts better for them than I find she can. Have they no Body to *Taillé* for 'em but the Duke? Ah better she never touch a Card as long as she liv'd! For 'tis those Opportunities that gives his *Eminence* such Access to the Lady *Olympia*.

The *Marquis* had an Opinion of the *Count*'s *Penetration* and *Politicks*: Himself as yet lov'd *Gaiety* and *Pleasures* too well, to let his Head lean much that way; especially when he had such a Friend as *Biron* that wou'd do the Business to his Hand, and save his *Brain* the Expence. He subscribed blindly to all he advised, not discerning that 'twas his Wife the *Count* was *Jealous* of, not the Lady *Olympia*. Therefore he forbid the *Marchioness* to converse with the *Duke*, and in a Tone as if he wou'd be *obey'd*. She knew that *Arbitrary* manner was not natural to him; and had nothing to do but to find out the secret

secret *Spring* of this extraordinary *Movement*; her *Beauty* and *Spirit* had long since given her a sort of an Ascendant over her Lord, and she knew admirably well when to make use of it. She so successfully apply'd it, that he cou'd not detain any longer from her Count *Biron's Advice* and *Fears*. She smil'd to her self, and only told the *Marquis* his Friend had *Reason*; she wou'd put him out of Pain, and do her best to oblige them both.

The Count wanted not any *requisite* of a profound *Statesman*, especially that one of *Spies* and good *Intelligence*. Madam *de Caria* had not a Servant that was not in his *Interest*: From one of those of her *Toilet*, he was inform'd, That she us'd to go often abroad in Disguise with the Lady *Olympia*, exchanging *Habits* with their *Women*; sometimes muffled to the obscure Part of the *Theater*, where *Opera's* and *Comedies* were represented. The Pretence was to observe the *Marquis*, of whom the *Marchioness* affected to be jealous. These Frolicks *incognito* were a great Jest and Entertainment to the Lady *Olympia* and the *Marchioness*, and gave this latter all the Opportunity she cou'd desire of ingratiating her self with her. Count *Biron* knew by his *Spies*, what was the Pretence, but he thought the real Design on Madam *de Caria's* Side must be to meet the *Duke*; since to oblige her Lord and him, she refus'd any Publick Conversation with his *Eminence*. When the Court was at one of the *Royal Villa's*, *Biron*, had Intelligence from Madam *de Caria's* Favourite-Woman, that she had got a new Frolick in her Head, only between themselves, in which the Lady *Olympia* was not to have any part. About a Mile
from

from the *Villa* was a *Gard'ner's* House, who had large Gardens, and excellent Fruit; her Ladyship had order'd this Woman of hers to procure two Habits, such as were usually worn by the *neatest, sprucest* of the Country Girls, and they two would go before Sun-rising, to buy Fruit at the *Gard'ners*, as if it were to sell it again. Her Heart was so set upon this Frolick, that she would not go to Bed all Night, for fear of oversleeping her self. The Count did not doubt, but that there was something else at the Bottom, besides eating Fruit; so that liberally rewarding his Intelligencer, he resolv'd to be there as early as her Ladyship, or rather before. He got himself into an Upper-Room in that little House, inventing a Story to the *Gard'ner's* Wife, of his having fought a Duel that Morning, and desiring her to conceal him 'till the Search was over. He planted himself behind a Window which commanded the Road that led to that little *Rural-Habitation*. Long he had not waited before he saw the Duke of *Condia*, with only one Servant, riding upon a full gallop. When he was within a field of the House, he allighted, and leaving his Horse with his Man, pass'd forwards into the Garden: Soon after her disguis'd Ladyship appear'd with her Woman, so excessively delighted at her innocent Frolick, as she call'd it, that she titter'd and laugh'd all the way. The Count knew her Voice better than he should have done her Person; Jealousy made him raving mad, when he saw her enter the Garden, and observ'd the Duke to join her, and both of them to walk off into the *Labyrinth*, leaving her Woman to surfeit her self if she would upon the
the

the fine *Fruit*, that grew there in a great abundance.

The *Count*, without asking himself what he design'd, follow'd after; though he did not know but that there might happen a Rencontre between his *Eminence* and him; he was resolv'd to disturb a Happiness he had no share in: But recollecting, like a true *Politician*, that if he cou'd but decamp his Rival, the Benefit of that Morning's Masquerade might remain to himself; he thought his best way was to give the Duke an opportunity of seeing him without believing himself seen; upon which he would possibly endeavour to withdraw, to avoid being made the Jest of the *Court*, for rising so early, and taking that extraordinary Pains to meet only two Country Girls; they might also think her Ladyship secure in her Disguise. It happen'd directly as the Count had foreseen. In approaching the fatal *Labyrinth*, he blow'd his Nose, he sung an *Air*; nay, even read aloud some Lines out of a Book that he held in his Hand, all to make himself known. The Lovers took an immediate Alarm; it was thought best for the Duke to withdraw, for the Reasons before-mention'd. Madam *de Caria* trusted to her Disguise, and assur'd his *Eminence*, she did not doubt but to get off without Suspicion. They immediately knew his Lordship; the Duke gave him ten thousand hard Wishes, for disturbing the Pleasures of so *private* and well-concerted an Assignment. But there was no staying, it would be to little purpose; for shou'd Count *Biron* discover, he would certainly join, and perhaps rally him upon his Adventure with the Country-Girl: So that every way his

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Emi.

Eminence saw the *Statesman* had spoil'd his Morning's Diversion ; though he was far from imagining that *Biron* had done it designedly.

When the Duke was gone, which the Count punctually observ'd, her disguis'd Ladyship ventur'd out, giving an accidental Glimpse of her Person, as she tripp'd along, to his impatient Lordship, who was upon the Watch : He hastily made after, and overtaking her before she was either got out of the *Labyrinth*, or in view of her Woman, brought her back to the most retired Part of it ; she *struggling, blushing, frowning*, and dropping him abundance of affected Country-*Curchies*, the better to *top* her Part, ask'd him what he meant ? pray'd him to be civil and to let her go, or she would call her *Uncle*, who, she said, was the *Gard'ner*, The Count let her play over her little *apish, pretty Tricks*, and considering her only in the Quality she appear'd, smother'd her with his Kisses, took the liberty of her *Bosom*, and some other Irregularities, which her Ladyship cou'd not so well defend her self from, nor yet seem'd to be much displeased at. He had heard of the *Caprichio* of *Court-Ladies*, had been acquainted with something like it in the Course of his own Conversation, and therefore did not know but *Madam de Caria* might be brought, under the Disguise she wore, to do him *that* Favour, which would cost him a length of *Affiduity*, expence of *Time* and *Oaths*, in her own Person. Add to this, her imagin'd Security from being known, and which above all things Women of pretended Honour are fondest of in their Pleasures ; and the Disappointment she had met with, from the Duke's being forc'd
to

to fly. The Count running over in a Moment, all these *politick* Considerations, took out a Purse of Gold from his Pocket, and dropp'd it into her Bosom. Her Ladyship was so far a *Danae*, that *Jupiter* himself must have woo'd her in a *golden* Shower; and tho' that was no Sum to bribe *Madam de Caria*, at her own Lodging or in the Circle, yet it was a very great one for a Country-Girl. Her Ladyship had a Soul so well fitted to the love of Money, that she set a great Value even upon the smallest Sum, and never car'd to lose what she could conveniently and honourably gain. She consider'd this as the real Effects of her Beauty, wherein her Quality had no part; and thought to her self, it was but a Frolick, the Count would not know her, she never lik'd him so well before. There are amorous *Graces* and *Airs*, extreemly advantagious to some *Persons*; and they must be very disagreeable indeed, who do not become the *Dress* of Love, the *Softness*, the *Languishment* that he inspires: Those agreeable *Ardors* and *active* Fires, extreemly recommend even an indifferent Beauty. The Count scarce believ'd he durst be so happy as her feeble Resistance promis'd him; but to be as obliging as possible, he did not fail to give her Virtue the pretence of utmost Force on his side. 'Tis true, she did not call out, that was not very convenient, but she resisted as far as her Strength would permit. Alas! what is one of that weak *Sex*, in the Hands of a *strenuous* Lover, who leaves nothing to be added to his Endeavours of over-coming? *Frailty* is not only excusable at *such a Juncture*, but indispensable,

especially with Persons that are resolv'd to prevail whether *one* will, or *no*.

The Count found the way of making himself as happy as he desir'd with his Country-Maid ; but not immediately to disabuse her, he pursu'd the Disguise, and said to her, my Dear Child, why don't you come to *Court* ? by *Heavens*, you are lovelier than any thing that we have there. I never saw any thing so fair ! — you have the prettiest innocent Blush, it *fires* me but to look on you ! — You are so like the very handsomest Women about the Princess, that I am distracted about you. I doat on you for that very *resemblance*, tho' she is not half so *Pretty*, nor so *Ingaging*. The *Innocence* and *Simplicity* of this Dress, which leaves *Nature* to her self, is a thousand times beyond all *Court-Ornaments*. How *unadorn'd*, how beautiful are you, my Dear Child ? What is your Name, — that I may know how to call you ? every thing that belongs to you, must be precious to me ; what is your Name ? — *Maria*, Sir, answer'd her *blushing* Ladyship, with a *pretty affected* Lisp ; I fear you are but an inconstant Spark, and will quickly forget your poor *Maria*, now you have undone her. — Suppose I should prove with Child, as who can tell ? they say such things have been. Why then send to me, pretty *Maria*, answer'd the *Count*, and I'll take care of *that* and *thee*. Ay, but where shall I find you ? reply'd the Lady ; you may be a *Lord* for ought I know, by your Money so you may ; and what *Lord* will own Acquaintance with a sorry Country-Girl ? you may be Proud when you are at your own home, though you are so Humble here. —

My

My Dear *Maria*, interrupted the *Count*, embracing her, don't describe your self, don't you be so, and *Biron* is the most happy of all Men. — O, there's no Danger of me, she answered, what have *poor* Folks to be proud on? That ravishing Beauty of yours, he reply'd, which, if you had been born in a *Cottage*, would have rais'd you to a *Throne*; if there cou'd in the World be found a Monarch that lov'd like me. *Hey-day!* you talk in the Clouds, answered she, with a *pretty affected clownishness*, what have I to do with *Kings*? but now you must let me go, for my *Father* and *Mother* will miss me, and my *Uncle* and *Aunt* will be angry for staying to talk so long with a Gentleman. You won't tell them what we have said, will you? No, my Dear *Marchioness*, interrupted the fond *Biron*, nor no Soul alive. How, reply'd her Ladyship, with quite another sort of a Leer, what do you call me? — The Dear ravishing Madam de *Carria*, who has made *Biron* the happiest of all Men. — O! cou'd you know your self so little, as to think any thing cou'd disguise that resplendency of yours, from a Lover who has so long desired and adored you! Very pretty Morning's Work, answer'd her Ladyship, in a Pet; I own I hate you so much for overreaching me, that I'll never forgive you as long as I live. — We'll try that, my Dear *Maria*, interrupted he, and forcibly kissing her — Come, 'tis *Caprichio*, to like me *less* now you *know* I *know* you. — I shall tell no Body. — You are sure of your Honour in my keeping. — That affected *Sullenness* and *reassum'd Native-Pride*, is not half so becoming as your

Kindness. — Would you have me your Slave? Subdue me with Love, — there I am *indesensible*. — Behold the willing Victim of your Charms! — Come, you shan't be peevish, — you shall forgive me, — and to show that you do — permit Count *Biron* to be as Happy with the *Marchioness*, as he was with *Maria*.

Thus was this *Court-Star* ingag'd with an Amour with our *Politician*. He so far insinuated himself with her, as to exclude the *Duke*, who afterwards went into *foreign* Countries, to drown the Memory of her Laydship's Inconstancy, where he marry'd himself to a Wife so *wonderful*, as at their Return, to fill the *Court* and *Kingdom* with *Admiration*, tho' I do not tell you of what sort was that *Admiration*.

Still the Princess *Ormia* pursu'd her Design, which so alarm'd the Duke of *Venice*, that he brought his *Dutchess* over with him to *Utopia*, by her Presence to put a stop to her Mother's Proceedings. The Princess, at their Landing, sent to prevent their coming to Court, upon Pain, not only of her Displeasure, but of being secur'd as Prisoners of State. Most of the discontented flock'd to him; their Numbers were so great, that he quickly form'd an *Army* capable of making a stand, till the *Estates* could be assembled, and Methods found to secure the *Succession*, according to the known Laws of *Utopia*.

The Princess *Ormia* justly alarm'd, to hear not only of the *Number*, but *Quality* of the *Deferters*; consulted with those nearest to her *Heart*, and most in her *Confidence*. No *Courier*, no *Hour* arriv'd, but brought some *fatal* Addition

tion to her *Misfortunes*. She saw her Error, but she saw it when it was too late : She would have recover'd those false *mistaken* Steps, she had made in the *Administration*; but alas ! what avail'd that Recovery ? The Duke was concern'd in the Interests of a People, whom one Day he pretended to govern in Right of his *Dutchess*, and therefore was resolv'd to pursue them, though it even cost him the Irregularity of assuming a Crown before it was his turn to wear it. The very Soldier, who as it has been remark'd, us'd to have no *Law*, no *Religion*, but *Pay* and *Plunder*; now pretended to *Conscience* and *Remorse*, and would not fight against *Law* and *Conscience*; they deserted in great Numbers, notwithstanding, all their Princess's Endeavours, in repeated Assurances of desisting from the intended *Innovation*. She quickly found that her Business was now not alone to excuse, but defend her self; for the Duke mov'd on like an impetuous Torrent. The *Hands* and *Hearts* of the People were every way devoted to him. The Marquis de *Caria* advis'd her to fly, till the Reign of some more propitious *Star*. The Princess (hitherto great of Soul) told him that she would never desert her People; they did and might abandon her, but it should be no Example; she would not Sacrifice the rest, those who remain'd firm to her. Would it were possible, she added, to fix our remaining part of the Army, my Lord, so as to depend upon them for one *Battle*? Would one at least, not make one Attempt before we tamely submitted to lose a Kingdom of this Extent? Advise in this Exigency of my Affairs: You are their *General*, in what

Disposition do you find them? are there none truly Loyal? such brave Examples as you are capable of giving, should determin them as to their Duty. You, my Lord, whom I have distinguish'd by ten thousand Acts of Favour, whose Merit I have been able to reward; proud to have drawn, from your low Fortune, that Curtain of Obscurity, which would have travers'd all your Virtues. My till now glorious Sun-shine, has made you eminent, as your Deserts: Have you not tasted the Sweets of Royalty, without the fatal Sting? without the odium that weighs down the unhappy Wearer of a Crown? Will you not do all things to uphold a *Princess*, who is without Bounds in her Tendernefs? who permits you to have no Rival in her most dear Affections? Ah, preserve the State and me! what though through too great an Indulgence to my helpless Son, I have been mistaken, will nothing but our Lives atone for that Mistake? Haste, my Lord, and redeem the *Errors* of my Fate and me; strike one Stroke for *Empire*; what do I say for *Empire*? For *Security*, to preserve me and my poor Infant from falling a Sacrifice to the Inconstancy of my People, and the Duke's Ambition.

I go, Madam, answered the Marquis, full of Gratitude and Emulation, to do something *conspicuous*, something deserving of that *Eclat* of Favour, which with uninterrupted Glory has shone upon me. Wou'd to the Gods, the Duke and People cou'd be pleas'd with my worthless Life, that my Fate cou'd but atone for those *Errors* of your *Reign*, which they pretend to reform; this Minute would I offer my

my devoted Head, to secure my Divine Princess in her Rights of *Birth* and *Sovereignty*, a grateful Glorious Sacrifice. Farewel, Madam, permit me to kiss your Royal Hand, as an Omen of that good Fortune, I am going in search of: Before to morrow Night, expect to hear of some Action, worthy of him you have so advantageously distinguish'd.

From the Princess's Cabinet he retir'd to his own Apartment, where he found Count *Biron* and Madam *de Caria* at play. Ha! cries he, what at Cards when all our Fortunes are at Stake? Are you so insensible my Lord of *Biron* of the present State of Affairs? Does not the *Princess* totter in the Throne? And how shall we be able to stand? I so plainly perceive her fall, that for my part I have determin'd with myself this very Hour to abandon her *Mistakes* and *Her*, and go over to the Duke. No Interest, no Gratitude, shall make us act against those Principles of *Honour* and *Conscience*, that are inseparable from the Character of an honest Man. She is ruin'd! she is sinking! will not she crush us in her Fall? If we stay longer, 'till the Duke have no occasion for us, of what Merit will be our Attempt? I have in vain endeavour'd to make her secure her Person by Flight. She will stay 'till 'tis impossible, and would have me go to the *Army* and fight a *Battle*, with not a *Heart* or *Hand* at her Devotion. Forsaken as she is, by Friends! Subjects! Favourites! and her better Fortune! What have we to do but to give into the *Tide*, and suffer ourselves to be born along the *Current*! Ha! you say nothing to all this; is it not a Subject of Consideration and Moment? Are you cold?

Are

Are you dead? Whence can come such an *Apathy*, such an Insipidity, or rather Fearfulness? Have you done? gravely answer'd the Count; if you can be but calm, I will show you, that thinking People may secure their Interests without those Transports and Passions that you betray. You say you design to go this Hour to the Duke——what then becomes of *Madam de Caria*? What becomes of that great Interest she has made for you in the *Lady Olympia's* Breast? Do you believe that *Ormia* will not revenge your Treachery to her upon your Wife, whom she knows you still act the *Lover* to, rather than the *Husband*? We may well call this but superficial Thinking. You advise the *Princess* to fly; what then do you intend to do with your self? We may well say your Lordship looks no further than the present. Either you have resolv'd to make your self an Attendant of her Flight; so to become a wretched Exile in some Foreign Court! Dependant on anothers Bounty! An Object only of *Compassion*, perhaps *Contempt*! or Scorn! for thus it generally happens to the Distress'd; or you will stay behind, and suffer her to take away all your future hopes of Grandeur, in carrying away the *Lady Olympia* with her; whom, upon no pretence, she will not be brought to leave behind, if she but have it in her Power to take her along. Believe me, my Lord *Marquis*, 'tis upon this *Rock* you must build for *Fame*, for *Grandeur*! 'Tis that Lady whom you must apply to, as the surest Foundation you can fix your Hopes upon. Perhaps you do not foresee, because at so great a distance, that the *Utopians* can have no Happiness, till they derive it from her. Believe me,

me, She is born to bless her *People*: She has a Relish of all the *Virtues*, with so perfect a *Benedignity* of Temper, that the Distresses of others will be to her, as if they were her own. Even at this Moment, she regrets nothing so much as her Mother's Misfortunes, notwithstanding all she has done to her prejudice touching the Succession. This Lady, by my Advice, and Madam *de Caria's* good Management, we have persuaded to retire from *Court*, upon pretence, That her Mother's *Creatures* would sacrifice her to the Interests of her Infant-Brother. 'Tis true, it was a long while before we could determine her to forsake the Princess in her Distress; but the Marchioness produc'd so many Arguments to prove this was the only way of serving her, because, in securing her self, she secur'd the only Person who would have Interest enough to act for her Mother's, that we have at length fix'd her Resolution. She withdraws this night, and Madam *de Caria* with her; then you will be at liberty to pursue with safety your Intention of going to the *Duke*. *Ormia* alarm'd at your desertion, whom she so intirely confided in, will doubtless have a Diffidence in all those who remain, and are nearest her Person. There shall not be wanting those about her to raise her Fears, till she resolve upon her flight. When she is absent, the *Estates* may act more dis-interestedly and calmly. I am for the Succession in a Lineal Descent; and therefore shall oppose all the *Duke's* Measures, if he aim at the Crown. We may possibly find out a Medium how to reward him for his trouble, and not dethrone the *Princess*. But yet I think it much better that she be first in a place of Security:

curity. The *Duke* himself (ambitious as he is) would not mingle Cruelty with it. If he secures her Person only, the *inconstant* People will grow weary, even of *Persecution*: If she escape being sacrific'd in the first warmth of their Resentments, they will afterwards cool upon their Revenge; and fall to pity her *Misfortunes*, rather than punish her *Mistakes*. This will involve us in successive Discontents; therefore my Aim is, to put an end to our *Fears* at once; by securing our *Laws*, so that it may not be in her Power even to stretch 'em. This may be easie, if we can but overbear the *Duke's* Ambition, and stem the first Current of the *People*, who are alike prodigal in rewarding and punishing; excessively grateful, or excessively otherwise; and both oftentimes without *Reason*, and always without any *Constancy* in their Dispensations.

Thus, my Lord *Marquis*, tho' you have found me at Play with your Lady, I am not so thoughtless as you imagin. To Morrow I will be with the first, at the Princess's rising, to hear how she receives the News of the Lady *Olympia* and *Madam de Caria's* Absence. If I apprehend her aright, she will be less stunn'd, and think it a much less terrible Stroke, than what will fall upon her from your Quarter: So true it is, That the Ingratitude of *Favourites* and *Friends*, whom we have particularly oblig'd, is, to most, the sensiblest of all *Disappointments* or *Evils*.

It happen'd to the Princess *Ormia* as the Count had foreseen: All her other Woes seem'd but little to her in Comparison of the *Marquis's* Desertion: The *Marquis*, whom she had ever treated with so tender a *Confidence*; the *Marquis*, who by that very *Confidence* had it so
of-ten

ten in his Power to have remonstrated to her
 the Errors she was pursuing, and which wou'd
 possibly have prevented 'em. She remain'd
astonish'd! speechless! full of *Horror* and *Diffi-*
dence! She now thought it time to fly for
 Safety, for Life! Whom cou'd she trust?
 Whom cou'd she confide in? after the Ingrati-
 tude of so near a Favourite. She impart-
 ed her Designs to none of any Figure; but
 at the fall of Night, ordering her young Son
 to be brought her, with only his Nurse and
 one under Servant, she convey'd her self thro'
 the Gardens to the River side, which came up
 up to the Walls, where she took a Boat of
 Common Hire, and bid the Men row down
 'till they came to the first Ship they found at Sea,
 which was at about seven Leagues distance:
 The Watermen did not know the Quality of
 their Passenger, they saw her excessively
 griev'd; she wept incessantly; holding her
 helpless Babe in her Arms, the Tears ran from
 her Eyes upon his Face, the Night became
 exceeding dark: The Winds whistled in hol-
 low Murmurs round her uncover'd Head! The
 Boat was open, without Shelter, or promise of
 any. They gain'd the Sea, but found no Ship
 outward-bound. What cou'd she do? There
 was a violent Storm arising; to put to
 Shore was falling into the hands of her inrag-
 ed People, more merciless than the devouring
 Waves. Whilst she was thus irresolute, the
 Winds and Seas rose to overwhelm her, they
 blew directly from the Coast, the Watermen
 cou'd not hinder their Boat from driving out
 to Sea; they call'd in vain to any Ship to take
 them in, none were in their hearing; Death
 was

was inevitable. When the Princess saw the approaching Ruin, she repin'd not for her self, but her dear Child, and those unhappy Wretches that were likely to be involv'd in her Destiny. I prophesy'd to my self, says the dying Lady, in quitting my *Household Gods*! my *Palace* and Kingdom! that I shou'd never again return! that I shou'd never more have a Mansion that I cou'd call my own; but if I escap'd the *Winds* and *Seas*, should become a wretched Wanderer, without the Property of Food and Raiment, either for my self or Son, but what I receiv'd from the Charity of others. Ah, wretched Thirst of Arbitrary Power! to what have you expos'd me? Let all Monarchs be warn'd by me, a fatal Sea-Mark, I, to point the Danger! let 'em never endeavour to divide their own Interests from that of their Peoples! Never carry their Laws to an unjust Extent! Behold! I fall as an Attonement to the angry Gods! Forsaken by all! Betray'd! Resign'd to Ruin by those very *Favourites* and *pretended* Friends, who flatter'd my Injustice! Who, by their Approbation, encourag'd me to act up to the height of my own Wishes. Without their Suffrage I had never attempted to carry things to Extremity. Applauded by those, who whilst they flatter'd me with their *Mouth*, betray'd me in their *Heart*. Yet witness for me, ye *Winds* and *Waves*, that roar to my destruction, I forgive their *Crime*! I forgive their *Treachery*! May the merciful Gods forgive 'em, and take my *erring* People into their Protection! Let mine and my innocent Babe's Lives atone their Wrath! Ah wretched Infant! Why art thou

thou also devoted to Destruction? What hast thou done to be involv'd in my Misfortunes? yet it is enough to be born from the Unhappy! Thou art my Child, thou dy'st for that, and we must willingly submit.

Such were her Lamentations, whilst the Water-men who row'd for Life, held their Fate in Suspence: At length their Strength was quite spent, and they could no longer stem the Force of the Waves, which with very little Opposition overturn'd their small Bark, and sunk them irremediably down for ever, into that fatal Abyss.

The Dutchess of *Venice*, though not next of Kindred to the Throne, by the Majority of the People was seated there. Count *Biron* in this Reign found the Art of being heard, which with him is to be applauded; he was consulted, trusted and approved. But this *Princess* did not long enjoy the Sovereignty, a malignant Distemper carry'd her from Life, and restor'd the Lady *Olimpia* to her Right of Succession; the Duke by the known Laws of *Utopia* (that would not suffer a Male in the Throne) being oblig'd to descend.

Now behold Count *Biron*, Great as his own Desires, happy and at large! without any to controul his Genius: For the *Princess* satisfy'd of his Abilities, repos'd the Weight of *Empire* upon his Shoulders, resigning the *Ministry* and Affairs of State to him, and the Command of her Forces to the *Marquis*: Whilst Madam de *Caria* shar'd with her, all the softer Sweets of Sovereignty, and the entire *Profits* of unbounded Favour.

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Under the *Administration* of the one, and the glorious *Successes* of the other, the *Tropians* became more considerable to their Neighbours, than they had been in some Ages. The wonderful good Understanding between the Marquis and the Count (of which Madam de Caria was the Chain, one end remaining with her *Lover*, the other with her *Hubband*) contributed chiefly to this Success: For how can a General expect to make any considerable Progress *abroad*, when he is travers'd and disappointed from *home*? So perfect was their Intelligence, that the General did nothing in the *Army*, without the Advice of the *Minister*; nor the *Minister* any thing in the *Cabinet*, without the Approbation of the General. Those that are Malicious will tell you that the Marquis was not ignorant of Madam de Caria's Amour with the Count, when it was at the height; but being too much a *Courtier* to disturb himself with *Trifles*, when he had such important *Views*; he readily yeilded *some Things*, by which he might secure himself of *all*. To this good Correspondence of theirs, the Count sacrificed the greatest *General* of the Age; a *General*, who at the Head of only six thousand Men, ill paid, and worse provided for, subdued three Kingdoms as large as *Atalantis*; and would have set no Bounds to his Conquests, if the Count had not travers'd all his Undertakings, retarded his Provisions, and supplies of Money; and in short, made it so impossible either to proceed, preserve his Acquisitions, or maintain his Post, that in the midst of all his Lawrels, he was made to withdraw, as if rather a conquer'd than

than *conquering* General, only guilty of doing (what was esteem'd) glorious Impossibilities.

Thus did many revolving Years perform their Course with uninterrupted good Fortune to the *Marquis*, the *Count*, and *Madam de Caria*. Is Love of Money a general Taste in Favourites? must not only ours in *Atalantis* but those of all Nations be infected with it, as if overcome with an insatiable Thirst, which in endeavouring to quench does but the more increase? the *Marchioness* cou'd set no Bounds to her Acquisitions, because her Desires were unlimited; she was starving in the midst of Plenty; she enjoy'd not any thing, though she was in Possession of all things. True Merit was what she never consider'd, neither did she reward or raise without a *Bribe*; the *meanest* as well as the *greatest* Offices, had a settled Price, yet sometimes were they to be disposed of to the highest Bidder. Thus far indeed, Impartial, that she knew no Friends, bestow'd no Favours, but according to the Rate they would give: Money was with her in the room of *Friendship*, *Favour* and *Affection*. She found the happy Art of disposing her Daughter to the most advantageous Match in all *Utopia*, with less Money than was usually bestow'd by Lords of his Rank in *Marriage-Presents*. This Lady, conscious of her Mother's mighty Interest, haughty as a Daughter of the *Seraglio*; bore her self upon the Merit of *Her Grandeur*, and like an *Ottoman* Bride, look'd down with Contempt upon the *Bassa*, whom she honoured with her Embraces; insomuch, that to instance in but one thing of a thousand, to shew how she despis'd and oblig'd: As soon as her first Son was born, she order'd her Lord should be acquainted

quainted with his good Fortune in these Terms, *Go tell the Fool, I have got him an Heir* ; Words of so much Signification, especially in the Word or Letter *I*, that it may very well deserve a learned *Dissertation*, or *Explanation*, by the most *Ingenious*.

But Madam *de Caria* could not do so little *Good*, or rather so much the contrary, without falling under the *Odium* of the *People*. The *People*, who with no indulgent Eyes, examine into the Actions of *Favourites*, had always rather Rail than Applaud ; and hate that Grandeur they cannot share in ; they *Censur'd*, they *Repin'd*, they even *Murmur'd*, and nothing but her Lord's Successes abroad, hindred them from rising to tear her from the Arms of Power, where she was still secur'd ; because there was not found any so Fool-hardy, as to risque their own Ruin, by informing the Princess of the ill Use she made of her Favour. What *Person*, when he had paid his Price for an Employment, would hazard the losing of it, by murmuring at the Extortion he had been forc'd to give ? What *Artificer* run the Danger, nay certainty, of being employed no more, by complaining of the Abatements that had been made in his Bills ? She was grown too *big* for any *little* Persons Revenge ; and the *Great*, they cared not for that publick Spirit, of endearing themselves to the *People*, by so unthankful an Office, as telling the Princess *Olimpia*, she had been mistaken in her Choice ; that she had all her Life seen only the bright side of her Favourite ; the *Appearance* only, that she made of *Virtue*, but was an utter Stranger to the *real Vices* she possess'd. This, I say, would be but a dull way of making one's Court

Court to a *polite* Lady, as was the Princess; so that Madam *de Caria* still kept her Station, for want of Day enough to set her in a true Light, and to show those Faults, that were capable of removing her from it.

Till at length, there appear'd at Court a new and rising Favourite; who the more alarm'd the Count and Madam *de Caria*, because she was really wedded to all those *Virtues*, which the Marchioness put *Woo'd*, and that too but superficially, and in bare appearance. *Hilaria*, for so was she call'd, had a Soul fitted for *Grandeur*; a capacious Repository for the Confidence of *Royal Favour*. She lov'd and understood Letters, introduced, nay applauded the Ingenious, and did always her endeavour to make them taste of the Royal Bounty: She remov'd far from her, that *sordid* Vice, which with the blackest Ink had overcast Madam *de Caria's* Mind. *Money* was in her Esteem no otherwise to be valu'd, than for what it procur'd, as to Necessaries of Life, and those elegant Conveniencies that are appropriated to the Great. But when one would speak of bartering *Reputation*, *Honour*, the least of all the *Virtues*, or even the World's Opinion for Riches, she despis'd the narrowness of that Soul, capable of entertaining so mean a Thought; nor for more Treasure than the Sea conceals, would have hesitated upon committing the least Injustice. She not only wore, but lov'd the Holy awful *Robe* of *Religion*, with tender Pity and Concern to those, who seem'd to squander away their precious looser Hours, unthoughtful of a future State, unmindful of that Day of Account that they must one Day make, before the *Righteous*, im-

partial *Minos*. Her *Wit*, her *Judgment*, was like her *Soul*, of the *finest* Frame; she speaks more correct than others Write; without the Pride of seeming Knowledge, does good to all, never seeking for any Reward, but that of a well-pleas'd Mind, in having done her Duty. In short, she had the good Fortune to be plac'd in the Eye of Favour, whence only her own Merit, and Sovereign's Capacity of well judging of Merit, distinguish'd her; happy in a Mistress, deserving such a Favourite; Her Mistress happy in a Favorite, so worthy to be such.

In the Household there was one who possess'd a considerable Post, named Don *Geronimo de Haro*, who had not only Capacity for the Affairs of the *Cabinet*, but eminently possess'd a Virtue that often vanishes, as it approaches *there*. He was *Honest*! he was *Brave*! understood the Interest of the Nation, and fearlessly proclaim'd and pursu'd it: Not that any one could justly tax Count *Biron's* Capacity; whenever he fail'd to exert it, it was because he had a *Reason* for that *Failure*. However, religiously just to his own and Monsieur de *Caria's* Interests, he never departed from them, not so much as in Pre-tension. Happy Marchioness! who cou'd so surely, so securely, unite her self and Family, with so confirm'd, so try'd, so unalterable a Friend as *Biron*!

Don *Geronimo* made his Applications with no less Assiduity to *Hilaria*; but his was an Assiduity arising from the awful Esteem he had of her Thousand Virtues. He felt their generous Warmth in his own *Breast*, and from thence ador'd them in hers. She could not be ingrateful

ful, her fine *Sense*, and *Judgment*, did Don *Gerónimo's* Justice: From mutual Admiration, they grew to mutual Esteem and Confidence. The Royal *Olimpia* permitted them to have a share in the Sweets of her appropriated Hours. Don *Haro*, as he had the Honour of a nearer approach, perceiv'd a *Depth* of Judgment, a *Capacity* of Government, a *true* and *surprizing* Taste of *Politicks* in the Princess, whom he had been made to believe, had only this of meritorious (as to State Affairs) in her Character; not interfering or mingling her own Sense, with that of her Ministers, leaving them to determine of the Nation's Interests, which she ever made her own. Don *Haro* would listen to all she said, with that pleasing Approbation, humbly offering his Opinion, if in any Point disagreeing from the Princess's, that she soon found the difference of an *Arbitrary* self-sufficient Minister, and that of a *modest distinguishing* Man, conscious of her Capacity, who, as she said, was the only one would vouchsafe to hear her.

The Count cou'd not want Intelligence of this *new-form'd* Union; he fail'd not to give the Alarm to Madam *de Caria*, first inclining to try gentle Methods to dissolve it. The Marchioness employ'd her, hitherto, never-failing Interest with *Olimpia*, to get *Hilaria* discharged the Royal Service. But by that severe and disdainful Air, with which the Princess receiv'd her Petition, not so much as deigning to give her the least Word in answer. She saw her *Suit* was like to be but Cold, and therefore retir'd to consult the Count upon this *new* and *surprizing* turn of Affairs. He Paus'd, he took time for Reflection and Consideration, and

in a word told her, he would try his own Interest, since she had fail'd in hers. The Marquis was then abroad at the Head of the Army, Count *Biron* could with all his Heart have wish'd him at *Court*, to back his Attempt. It is no way necessary that Statesmen and Politicians, should have the Courage of *Heroes*, their *fine* thinking, and *just* Idea of things, generally causes 'em to set a truer Value upon the Benefit of living, and the Enjoyments of Life, than a Soldier does, who has nothing to do but to maintain the Post to which Honour has call'd him, to keep his Ranks, and at his General's Command, to fall without a Murmur, *blindly* and without *hesitation* fulfilling his Destiny.

Count *Biron* assum'd to himself all the Courage he could, and even more than was natural to him, to push this once for the removal of Don *Haro* and *Hilaria*. He told *Olympia* they were of a *Party* obnoxious to her true Interest; that if Don *Geronimo's* Councils prevail'd, he would retire himself from Business, because he foresaw the Miscarriages that would ensue; and for which possibly he should be answerable. That the Marquis and himself had hitherto manag'd with such Success as had rais'd the Nation to a pitch of Glory abroad, and Content at home, which it had never reach'd before. That he plainly saw if new Councils obtain'd, they should fall into their old Irresolution, and by perpetual Change, not only weaken their Intelligence *Abroad*, but among the Malecontents at *Home*, it being usual to the Princess's of *Utopia*, before a Minister was warm in his Seat, to remove him, e'er he could well become acquainted with the true Interest of their Neighbours, or their
OWN

own, and Methods fixt upon, for due Intelligence! without which it was not possible to take right Measures: Whence it was that the *Management* of the *Cabinet* us'd to be as much ridicul'd abroad, as their *Courage* commended; the Enemy never taking any thought how to traverse the *workings* of their *Head* but *Hands*. That he was so well assur'd of the *Marquis's* Sentiments, if himself resign'd the *Ministry*, Monsieur de *Caria* would immediately lay the *Batoon* at her Feet, to be dispos'd of to whom she thought more capable of her Service; tho' she could not but reflect, there was none more Zealous, or Successful in it, than he had been.

On the other side, Don *Haro* made *Olympia* observe the *Ambition* of the Count, how the *Monarchy* was in effect reduced to an *Ogliarchy*. A Council of *six*, sitting in *Biron's Cabinet* upon the Life and Death of the Nation; pursuing the Interests of it no longer than it agreed with their own, unalterably true to that in their Practice, tho' not in their Pretence. The few who in reality govern'd, and left her only the Appearance, were all Men of a profound Distinction, and who it was thought ambition'd to have that Form of Government obtain, in use with their Neighbours the *Venetians*. One of the Council of Six was an old *Anti-monarchial pretended Patriot*, and who would never cease to pursue his Principles, as fam'd for *Sincerity* as *Courage*, renown'd for malicious Wit before he soar'd to Politicks. Then as to his Love of Justice, tho' largely at Ease in the World, and rather cumber'd than bless'd with a great Estate, yet he hated his *Creditors* as much as the opposite

site *Faction*, and would as soon speak well of
them as pay his *Debts*. As cunning, as false! In-
 cessantly with his Sarcastical Wit, ridiculing the
 Failings of others; yet in himself suffering 'em
 to ripen into Sins, of which there is scarce any
 but *Bloodshed* of which he has not had a Taste.
 His *Artifice* and *Capacity* being esteem'd of excel-
 lent Helps to Count *Biron* in the Management
 of Affairs. Nor were the other four less *eminent*
 in their *Abilities*. These *Six* were raising a
 new Fabrick, a Government among themselves
 within the Sovereignty, of which the State-*Mecenas*
 (one of the *Six*) would not fail in their
 midnight Consultations to flourish in his *eloquent*
poetical Manner, upon the Merits of their Con-
 stitution. That as to Madam *de Caria*, she had
 by her *base, sordid, avaritious* Impositions! made
 her self so unworthy of the Royal Favour, that
 never no Woman was so universally the *Odium*
 of the Publick. That if her Highness would
 but give leave for those she had injur'd, to ap-
 proach her, he would fear she would be over-
 whelm'd with Complaints; not a *Grant* of hers,
 not an *Office*, not a *Tradesman*, nor *Artificer*, that
 had not paid Tribute and largely too, to the
Rapacious Marchioness. And which made her
 more the Object of the publick Hatred, she had
 sold for Gold the Secrets of the Nation to a
 Foreign Enemy, which had so considerably im-
 par'd the Progress our Arms might have made
 Abroad (without the Expence of the People's
 Blood) that nothing but the Marquis's great
 Successes cou'd have atton'd for Madam *de Caria's*
 Treachery. Tho' 'tis true those Successes could
 not be obtain'd but with the *Purchase* of the bra-
 vest Lives, and which might have all been
 saved

saved if she had been less *greedy* of Foreign Gold.

'Tis hard to say which of these two Factions would have prevail'd. The Princess took time to weigh the Merits of both ; but before she could determine, the Hour of her Delivery was come (for she was big with Child) which was so severe, that even the Divine *Olympia* could not escape the Torture of it with Life. A Daughter indeed was born of her, who is still in her *Minority*, and possesses her Mother's Crown. The Princess had just Breath enough remaining to appoint her Husband, and Don *Geronimo de Haro*, Regents, intrusting the Care of her Education wholly to the Conduct of the *Finish'd Hilaria* ; by this means for ever excluding the Marchioness, of whose *ill Principles* she had receiv'd so deep a Tincture from Don *Haro's* Discovery, that by her Silence, she too plainly betray'd the Opinion had of *her*, who had once so eminently possess'd her Favour.

Much about this time the courageous Marquis fought a decisive Battle with the Enemy, which it was not only his Misfortune to lose, but to perish himself, cover'd with Honour and Wounds ! a Fate which generally at the long run attends all *Heroes* who still believe they shall *escape*, because they have so often *escaped* ; and are therefore unwilling to embrace those Opportunities they may find favourable, towards making an *Honourable* Peace. But Peace would indeed be the End of their Power ! a General laid aside, when a War is finish'd, being no more consider'd than a common Man. Besides the prodigious Opportunities they have of *Gain*, to one as fond of *Riches* as *Glory*, are Considerations

ations well worth the regard of any *modern Hero*; and therefore we ought not to wonder when we see 'em so exorbitantly pursue 'em.

This was a finishing Stroke to Count *Biron's* Interest in the *Cabinet*. His Friendship with the General having still left him a Place *there*, where under the Power of the *Regents*, he appear'd but as the *Shadow* of himself; the *Ghost* of his own departed Genius! For who does not know that *Authority* and *Success*, if they do not give *Capacity*, yet infinitely heightens it? Infusing a warmth, which dilates, which spreads, as opening Flowers before a rising Sun.

He disposed of that great Mass of Riches, he had acquired, in a manner as advantageous as the Exigency would permit; and having secured his Retreat with *Henriquez*, who then reign'd in this *Island* (and with whom he always held a fair Correspondence) he withdrew himself from *Utopia*, before he was made *withdraw*; which every Day he grew apprehensive of. *Henriquez* satisfied of his vast *Abilities*, and the true Taste he had of the Interests of *Europe*, receiv'd him into his *Cabinet*, where he has had almost as great a share in the Management of *State-Affairs* as he had in *Utopia*. Whether he will have the like Success with the new *Empress* is yet a *quare*? But this we are certain, that let Politicks run as high as they please, his Lordship can't resign his Diversions, among which *open Play*, and *secret Amour*, have the Honour of his *earliest* Considerations.

It did not happen so well with poor *Madam de Caria*, formerly the *Heroine* of our Story. Count *Biron* advised her to secure her not-to-be-number'd store; and to withdraw, as he did de-

design to do, and he would assume to himself the Honour of being her Conductor. But there was a Fatality in it, she could not be brought to leave her Native Country, tho' she had never express'd any other regard for it, but by plundering as rapaciously as an Army does the Territories of an Enemy. Yet it had been the Scene of Glory to her! the Heaven in which she had blazed, a terrible Comet, with an Aspect malignant and fatal to all those, who had any occasion of Court-Favour, or Business with the Court, and therefore she could not on any Terms be brought to leave it. When the Count was withdrawn, she was left without Support; all the Particulars of her rapacious sordid Life, running from Mouth to Mouth, no longer in fear of speaking Truth, since there was now, neither a Princess *Olympia* in the Throne! a *Marquis* at the Head of Armies, nor a Count at the end of the Board to protect and skreen her from the Indignation and Contempt of the *Worthy*, from the Violence and Barbarous Insults of the *Rabble*, who one Morning rush'd altogether like an impetuous Torrent upon her *Superbous* Palace, a Palace which had been ostentatiously raised, and adorn'd with the Spoils of many. In a moment they plunder'd it of all the costly Moveables: Nor would their *Revenge* and *Rage* have stop'd there, if a Party of the Royal Guards had not dispersed them. In their Fury and Heat of Blood they had resolved to level that proud Fabrick even to the Ground, upon which it was raised. By good Fortune for Madam de *Caria* she was then at her *Villa*. The generous *Hilaria* sent her a Party of Horse to secure her Return to Court, lest the incens'd *Rabble* (who had certainly made her

her Life their Aim) should assault her in her Passage. In plundering her Palace they search'd the most obscure Corners, with inrag'd Diligence, imagining she was somewhere conceal'd: They *threaten'd!* they *upbraided!* they *rail'd!* it is not to be doubted but in their *Fury* they had torn her to pieces, or, as they call'd it themselves, *de-Witted* her. Some of 'em had reading enough to know the Story of the unfortunate *Flemish* Brothers; others more moderate, were for having her run the same Fate as the Marchioness *D'Ancre* who was try'd, condemn'd and executed for a *Witch*, being thought to have bewitch'd *Maria de Medici*. Not one was displeased at her being plunder'd; an incredible Mass of Money was found conceal'd in several *Vaults* and *Recesses* of her Palace, by a sort of Retaliation forced to render back to the *Publick* what she had grip'd from *Particulars*. Whoever knew any thing of Reading and History, fail'd not to compare her (especially in this last Scene) to *Donna Olympia* of *Rome*, and wish'd her the same *Catastrophy*; that is to say, since she had escaped the Fury of the Rabble, that she might immediately die of the *Plague*, who had been so long and great a *Plague* to others.

Hilaria weighing the *Vicissitudes* of Fortune, and the *Uncertainty* of fading Human Grandeur, receiv'd her into her Protection; but hearing that the Multitude began to murmur at it, she persuaded her (tho' with much Difficulty) to resign her self a *Votary* to Religion. In favour of the Marchioness she made a new Institution: Her having been a married Woman, forbade her Retirement among the *Vestals* which guard the *sacred Fire*. *Hilaria* erected a Foundation in Honour

Honour of *Berecynthian Cybel*, and having largely endow'd it, appointed *Madam de Caria* for *Superior*. So to atone by her perpetual Attendance, on, and Adoration to the *Mother* of the *Gods*, for the Injustice she had done to *Mortals*. The *Rabble* not daring any longer to threaten and insult, one, devoted in so peculiar a manner, to the Service of the *Altar*.

Astrea.] My Lady *Intelligence*, you have show'd us in this your Relation, how foolish a Sin is that of extream Covetousness. It destroys the very Design it so zealously endeavours to advance; and for a little *present* Gain (for the truly Covetous can't be brought to lose no more than give) often misses their Aim of the *Future*; and like *Madam de Caria* is bereaved of *all*, because she could never depart from *any thing*. Whoever resigns themselves intirely to this prevailing Evil, are irrecoverably *insatuated* and *blinded*; mistaking *Riches* for things in themselves *really* good, whereas they are only some of the *Means* by which good Things are procur'd. It creates an habitual *hardness* of Nature! an *obduracy* of Temper! by which they see the *Miseries* and *Wants* of *others*, not only without *relieving*, but not daring to compassionate 'em, lest that Compassion reach to a lessening of their Store. The *highly* Covetous can't be truly said to possess any thing, because he wants as well what he has, as what he has not. Then it is wholly without Excuse, because all *Vices* have their *Taste*, save only *Covetousness*. And whereas *Age* decays other *Sins*, it increases This. What a grovelling obscene Soul must he have, who instead of being fir'd by the Love of *Glory* and *Generosity*, is only agitated by one Pleasure,

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the desire of getting and never losing? A proof sufficient of the little value *Riches* has in it self, since the Gods suffer those to possess the most of them, who generally are deficient of *other* Recommendations, and do even least deserve *these*!

Forbid it *Jupiter*, that my Prince should have the least Taint of this *Sordid* Vice in his Composition; a Vice that denies the wearer the benefit of *Affections*, *Kindred*, *Love* or *Friendship*! who dares neither give others to *eat*, nor scarce *eats* himself. Whose Soul *cramp'd* and *reduc'd* to that one despicable Point, has not room for *Emulation*, *Glory*, *Munificence*, *Benevolence*! or any of those brighter *Sallies*, that distinguish Humankind. Nor do I well see how the extremely Covetous can be any way *Just*, since it is a *Vice* always accompanied with *Envy* at the Possessions of *others*; and wou'd in it self centre not only all they *see*, but all they can *imagine*. For to a Mind like *Madam de Caria's*, were both the *Indies* to impart their *Riches*, cou'd the Mountains open and reveal their shining Store, the Seas give up their irrecoverable Treasure, still would she remain unsated; because the love of *Riches* is *boundless*, never to be *cloy'd*, no not even by the utmost fulness, by any extremity of Possession.

Then I will have my Prince indeed distinguish'd, and employ those of the most *Virtue* and *Capacity*. But on any Terms I forbid him to oppress his Nation with the *Pride* and *Avarice* of *Favourites*. That Monarch who would entirely discharge his Duty, should have *none*. He ought to know himself made for his People,

ple, and not his People for him. What Right can one Man have to Tirannize over his Fellow-Mortals, more especially when he considers, that his Power was first derived from *them*? Have not all his Subjects an equal Title to the Benefit of his *Attributes*? And how is it then, that he suffers *one* or *two* to engross those *Benefits*? representing things through their *false, mischievous, or flattering* Glafs; appropriating the Royal *Ear* and Favour, that should be open and shine diffusively, as does the Sun! Besides, 'tis almost impossible for a *King* to be beloved, who resigns himself up to *Favourites*; all their *Riots, Oppression, Covetousness, Revenge, Malice and Cruelty*, retorting back in *Indignation* and *Invectives* against him, the Original of those *Abuses*.

Virtue.] My Lady Intelligence for this time, we shall not see Count *Biron* any otherwise than in your Relation of him, his dying Tapers are long since expired. The Morning Lark calls loudly for the *Sun*; and see the *Radiant God* appears in answer! — Ha! there lies a Paper upon the Ground, what is it? 'Tis imperfect, it seems the conclusion of a foregoing *Poem*, inscrib'd, *A Hymn to Jupiter*. Pray read it, and let it be to the *Father of Gods and Men*, as our Morning *Orizons* and *Adorations*.

Intell.] Oh, I know it! I assure your Excellencies 'tis an admir'd Piece, and wrote by the same Lady, whose Genius had Yesterday the Honour to be approv'd by *Astrea*, in those Verses I shew'd her, call'd, *The Progress of Life*. These were occasion'd by a terrible *Hurricane*, that not long since distress'd not only *Atalantis*, but all the other *Islands* of the *Mediterranean*.

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It seems to be heedlessly dropp'd from the *Poem*, which is of a much greater Length. But to oblige my Lady *Virtue* in her *Devotions*, I will not *now* endeavour to search my *Memory* for *them*, but instantly entertain your *Divinities* with what we have before us.

T H E
H Y M N.

I.

*T*O the Eternal on his Throne !
Let endless Adorations rise !

Praise him, ye wondrous heights to us unknown !

Praise him, ye Heav'ns, unreach'd by mortal Eyes !

Praise him in your degrees, you sublunary Skies.

II.

Praise him you Angels, that before him bow,

You Creatures of Celestial Frame !

Our Guests of Old, our wakeful Guardians now !

*Praise him, and with like Zeal our Hearts inflame,
Transporting up our Praise, to Seats from whence you
[came !*

III.

III.

*Praise him thou Sun, in thy Meridian Force !
Exalt him all ye Stars of Light !
Praise him thou Moon, in thy revolving Course !
Praise him thou gentle Guide of silent Night,
Which does to solemn Praise and serious Thoughts
[invite.*

IV.

*Praise him ye humid Vapours that remain
Unfrozen by the sharper Air !
Praise him as ye return in Show'rs again
To bless the Earth, and make her Pastures fair :
Praise him you climbing Fires, the Emblem of our
[Prayers!*

V.

*Praise him ye Waters, petrify'd above ;
Ye shredded Clouds that fall in Snow !
Praise him for that ye so divided move !
Ye Hail-Stones, that ye do no larger grow,
Nor in one solid Mass, oppress the World below !*

VI.

*Praise him ye soaring Birds, st. as ye fly,
And on gay Plumes your Bodies raise !
You Insects, which in dark Recesses lie,
(Altho' the extreamest Distances you try)
Be reconcil'd in this, to offer mutual Praise !*

VII.

*Praise him thou Earth, with thy unbounded Store !
Ye Depths which to the Centre tend !
Praise him ye Beasts, which in the Forrests roar !
Praise him ye Serpents, tho' you downward bend,
Who made your bruised Head, our Ladder to ascend !*

VIII.

*Praise him ye Men, whom youthful Vigour warms !
Ye Children hast'ning to your Prime !
Praise him ye Virgins of unsullied Charms,
With beauteous Lips, becoming sacred Rime !
You Aged give him Praise, for your increase of Time !*

IX.

*Praise him ye Monarchs, in supreme Command,
Worthy the Name of Pious Kings !
Then with enlarg'd Zeal throughout the Land,
Reform the Numbers, and reclaim the Strings ;
Converting to his Praise, the most Harmonious things.*

X.

*Ye Senators presiding by our Choice,
And you Hereditary Peers ;
Praise him by Union, both in Heart and Voice :
Praise him, who your agreeing Council steers,
Producing sweeter Sounds, than the according
[Spheres.*

XI.

*Praise him ye Native Altars of the Earth,
Ye Mountains of stupendous size!
Praise him ye Trees and Fruits that there have Birth,
Praise him ye Flames that from their Bowels rise,
All fitted for the Use of grateful Sacrifice.*

XII.

*Jove spake the Word, and from the Chaos rose
The Form and Species of each kind ;
He spoke the Word, which did their Law compose,
And all with never-ceasing Order join'd,
Till ruffled for our Crimes by his chastising Wind.*

XIII.

But now you Storms that have your Fury spent,
As you his Dictates did obey;
Let now your loud and threatening Notes relent
Tune all your Murmurs to a softer Key,
And bless that gracious Hand, which did your Pro-
gress stay.

XIV.

*From my contemn'd Retreat, obscure and low,
As Grotts from which the Winds disperse ;
May this his Praise as far extended flow :
And if that future Times shall read my Verse,
Tho' worthless in it self, let them his Praise rehearse !*

Intell.] Since your *Mightiness's* have so favourably, so gloriously distinguish'd me! and are pleas'd to remit to my Management the Order of your Enquiry; the Court nor Divan being not so early *Assembled*, if your *Excellencies* please to pass over two or three agreeable Meadows, we will bring you from the *Tuilleries* (for 'till the Evening, Company does not walk here) to the Palace of the young Prince *de Beaumont*, who so remarkably distinguish'd himself yesterday to your radiant Eyes, in the *Prado*, by a thousand Graces peculiar to himself. But to divert the length of the Way, though the hour seems by Nature assign'd rather for Repose, than matter of Observation; yet Grief as well as Love measuring Time only by the Duration of it self, to whom Seasons are not numbred, Day and Night having neither Light nor Darkness to those whom Passion has rendred incapable of distinguishing, those Circumstances are of too little Force to beget any Diversion from their Prepossession. Grief, I say, being of a restless Nature, incapable of Repose; You may, in entring this House upon your Left, see what it can do on a young Hero, whose Wife (a Woman as to his Temper, of inimitable Merit, because she was Passive and Obedient) lies Dead amidst her Relations, to whom she was very dear. See! the *Bed* incompass'd with her weeping Kindred and Acquaintance; behold the *breathless* Fair! an *Iron* slumber sits upon her painful Brow! irremediable Death having for ever clos'd her Eyes! she was yet in her Bloom of Life! an Air of Sweetness still remains! something that speaks the Goodness of her Temper, and the Agreeableness

ableness of her Manner. In that *Face*, his *Aspect* is neither *Grim* nor *Terrible*! an *absence* of Mind, an *uninforming* Faculty; *something* we find wanting, *something* that is *inexpressible*, and yet not *frightful*; *Something* that has banish'd Life, and yet has made it defective of no other Charm, but *Motion*. Who would not be reconcil'd to the *Arms* of Death, if his Possession were every where so lovely? The Compassion which your *Divinities* have for what relates to poor unhappy Mortals, makes you regard this *moving* Spectacle with Concern; I see you both are touch'd, I see you almost in *Mourning*. Pass we on to the next Apartment, to exchange this Impression for another.

There's her Husband! Behold that goodly fair extended Person! he is weeping, and he believes himself in earnest: See! how advantageously his Sorrow has posted him on a Bed, between two Ladies of different *Merits* and *Pretensions*. The youngest of them is his Cousin, who does all her Endeavour to divert his Sorrow, through a Desire of having her Fatigue of Duty, her Attendance upon Decency the sooner over. Not so the Lady on the Left, her Concern is real, and for himself, but he regards her not, because he will not, he cannot reward her; his Heart is for his *Niece*. In this guilty Apartment, he has not wasted, but liv'd away his Winter Hours, in the Company you see. His own Lady, retir'd of Temper, pleas'd when he was diverted, tho' apart from her Conversation, seldom mingling her own with theirs, conscious of an inferior Capacity, a Vertue rarely to be found in Wives, who think the Name alone of sufficient Force to center

all Regard. Virtue and Goodness are indeed extremely Meritorious, and should beget Esteem, nay Admiration to the Professor: Yet if those sparkling Sallies of the Mind be wanting, *brilliant Conversation*, an *Air of the World*, a distinguishing Intelligence of what is done in that World; how apt are the *Hearers* to languish, and go in search of those that have such Amusements? Humankind being fonder of Diversion than of Instruction. This was our *Mourner's* Case: He laments her Dead, whom he neglected living. See his Irruptions of woe! what Sallies of Mourning? What incessant Tears? Behold his Cousin! who cannot for Life, suffer him to impose upon her, as he does upon himself. She too well remembers all he has said to gain her Heart; how no Intreaty, no Extremity of his Lady's, could scarcely tear him, though but for a moment, from his Niece's Conversation, to whom, with all his Endeavours, he was never acceptable. See how she *tears*, and almost *smiles*, upon her Partner in Consolation! who tho' Mistress of more Sense, yet has she the Command of Less, because Love shows her the wrong end of the Perspective, and makes her, against her Reason, believe all that the Object of her Passion requires her to believe. Hence if you but observe, her Arguments are really fitted to his appearance of Sorrow. She admits that a Man whom she knows in love with another, and who neglected his Wife yesterday, when living, can sincerely lament her to Day, when Dead, without allowing for what is hourly perform'd by weak Minds, subject to every impression; and who suffer their Senses to be affected, and to run away with what their
Hearts

Hearts have in reality no part in. Hence they *rejoyce*, they *mourn*, they *weep*, they *laugh*, they *look*, but they scarcely *see*; all their *Movements* are *superficial*, they seldom go to the Head of the Spring, rarely ever examin into the true Motive, and throw out either *Tears* or *Smiles*, either *Joy* or *Grief*; not as they are in Reason and Reality *affected*, but as they are *infected* by *Custom*, and sway'd by *Decency*. Though as I told your Divinities before, our *Hero* thinks himself sincerely in earnest, he knows not how to believe that he is so happy as in a little time he may find. His Lady has left him an undisputed Fortune, Childless, and the Reputation of having been a good Husband; no common Merit, in these pretended, reform'd virtuous Times: But whence did that Reputation arise? Was it from his being really a good Husband, or from her being a Wife so Excellent, that no Husband could be bad to her? If the latter, where then is his Merit?—He redoubles his Lamentations! his Grief is so excessive, he cannot for his Life permit any Company but these the most ingaging of the Family! what have those of his own Sex, or old Women to flatter themselves, that they can alleviate Sorrows so deeply rooted as his? He was griev'd, he has mourn'd since his Wife has been no more! 'Tis now some hours since his formidable Woe took Birth. He cannot bear any *Interruptions*! *Consolations*! or *Condolence*! he shuts his Doors against *Relations* and *Foreigners*; he cannot speak with *Civility*, nay *Decency*, to any but his Fellow-Mourners. See! how he takes the Hand of the one and weeps over it, how he presses it to his Lips, and remits it to his Heart, that she may feel the *Anxiety* where-

with it is *agitated*! Whilst the other (most officious, tho' neglected) passes hers over his Face, holds his Head, remarks the *Burning* and *Throbs* that she fancies it sends forth, prescribes Remedies. She sighs in Consort, but her Sighs are unregarded. Oh unequal Distribution! Be contented, neglected Maid, with the *Post* your ill Fortune has placed you in: You *Love* and are not *Belov'd*; nay, which is yet worse, shall never be beloved. And with all your *Sense* and *entertaining* Conversation, are only *endured*, not as you have those Merits, or your Auditors *half* so much; but as your Presence makes a third, and forbids *Scandal* to prevail; as it would certainly do, perhaps to the Ruin of the young Lady's Honour, which in this amorous Age is not always safe from Pursuit, not even from a Relation, and consequently must expect to meet with its *Portion* of *Censure*, where two Persons of *different* Sexes are so perpetually together, and so much alone.

Astrea.] With what Charms has Nature adorned *Variety*? 'Tis *that* only could recommend any other Object before the deceased Lady to her inconstant Husband: Her *Merit* you have confirm'd, and her Face even in Death, without *Hyperboly*, is more agreeably than that of either of the two Ladies stretch'd on either side the Mourning Husband. Whatever we conclude of his Grief, we must commend his *Cunning*, that has chose to wear it away with Objects, who by their Presence *alone* forbid the Continuance of it. But what seems most wonderful to me, is, how the Person can so far impose upon himself, as to fancy he is griev'd! That he can thus outrageously regret her *Dead*,
for

for whom he had not the greatest Consideration when *living*!

Intell.] 'Tis one great Property of humane Kind, upon the simplest Movement to impose first upon their own Beliefs; so self-deceived are better fitted to deceive others. The Person whom you lately saw, has not only these two Ladies for his daily Consolation; but his Grief being excessive, he is not willing by Night to be trusted with himself. His Lady's Woman, for whom he was suspected to have more than a Platonick-Liking, is henceforward to set up in his Bed-chamber: He is too *nice*, too *delicate*, to permit any Servants but those of the *softer* Sex to such Intimacies, and even among *them*, none but the *Young* and *Agreeable*. An old Officious impertinent Nurse, would have pretended to that *Honour*, but Age and Wrinkles are more affrighting *Fantoms* than any his *Sorrow*, nay *Despair*, can raise up to his deprav'd tortur'd Imagination.

The next House furnishes with a Scene no less an Object of *Satyr*: You will see there a young Lady, who has long suffer'd under the barbarous Persecution of her *Mother*; she would persuade her she was a *Lunatick*, and used her accordingly, 'till at length she has in reality made her not very far from one. As a Proof of it, she is gone to live with her again; notwithstanding all her ill Usage. We find the Lady born with an elevated Genius in a Family of considerable Circumstances, her Father a *Chevalier*. *Corinna* had a genteel, agreeable Person, with an abundance of roving *Wit*, superficial *Sparklings*, without much *Conduct* or any *Judgment*. Her Mother, a *severe parcimonious* Lady, allow-
ed

ed her no Advantages from *Education* at Home, or *Conversation* Abroad, so that *Corinna* bred her self, and took a *bent* not easily to be streightned. She had so much of my Lady in her Temper, as to be Covetous; to which she has ow'd Misfortunes. The Original of her Mother's Aversion for her, had its rise from an intercepted Letter that *Corinna* wrote to a Confidant; where complaining of the little Diversions she met with at home, she summ'd up the Family in these two Lines,

*A Hen-peck'd Father, an imperious Mother,
A deaf Sister, and a lame Brother.*

From which she desir'd her to make a Judgment of the Agreeableness of her Entertainment, and whether such Company could have any part in her Fondness. My Lady was resolv'd to make good the Character her Daughter gave her, and used her with such Tyranny and Ill-nature, that *Corinna* could not support it. The Chevalier her Father was concern'd at it; but according to what his Daughter had said, durst not Complain. The young Lady made him a Request, that she could not very easily expect to have had granted. My Dear *Papa*, says the *carressing Corinna*, I know you do; as if you lov'd my Mother, never *contradicting* her any thing; but I am sure you love your *Girl*, because you are uneasy at her *contradicting* me in every thing: You know, my Dear *Papa*, that I'm an excellent *Houfewise*, my Lady herself can't say against it; ~~all~~ she will allow me to be her Daughter in, is, because I have a great deal of her *preserving Temper*. I have no Inclination to Marry,

Marry, rather an Aversion that way; you have said my Fortune shall be Forty Thousand Crowns, this you would not scruple to pay down upon the Nail, to any old *Curmudgeonly deformed abject* Monster, that shall hit my Mother's *Foible*. For if she says it must be done, there's no Remedy; we must both consent, tho' my eternal Quiet is sacrificed to her *Caprichio*. Such a one I'm inform'd she is in Treaty with; Old *Adorno*, you know him, my Dear *Papa*; but what are his large Possessions to me? I shall ever hate him; Can your *Girl* be happy with such unequal Merit? When my Lady has brought Things to a Conclusion, if you refuse your Consent, it will make a perpetual Quarrel; if you grant, then *Corinna's* mortify'd and undone. Therefore, my Dear *Papa*, trust your poor *Girl* for once; give me the Possession of those Crowns, I'll take a little House, two Maid-Servants, a Woman, one Footman, and a Coachman, and you shall see how distinguishingly I shall Live. Resolving never to marry, you will have my House to be easy in, when my Mother makes you otherwise at home. If you can be so obliging, you will render me eternally Happy, and if I Prophecy right, you'll have no occasion to Repent of it. I will at least answer on my Part, unless some unfortunate *whirl of Fate* thrust between me and Happiness, to Poyson that Quiet I promise to my self; but however, this I may almost venture to be a *Sybil* in, my disappointment shall never arise from Love; and what young Woman was ever yet known entirely Miserable without it?

To be short, she gain'd her Point, the *Chevaliere* made her absolute Mistress of Forty Thousand

and Crowns, and of her own Conduct, settled her in a very pretty House, for which he paid the highest Price, I mean his own Life. My Lady grew so outrageous to see her Daughter entirely out of her Dominion, that she never ceas'd a Moment from teizing her Husband; who so well knew her Temper, and the Ascendancy she had over him, by his love of Ease, and refusing to exert himself, that he had put it out of his Power to recal *Corinna's* Fortune, as he certainly must have done, if possible. My Lady would, however, take out her Revenge upon his Quiet, and so successfully pursu'd her Point, that he fell a Martyr to her Tongue. A Landmark for Husbands, how they suffer the growth of Authority in that *Tyrannical unruly* Member!

The Gentleman who own'd the House *Corinna* liv'd in, was a *Cadet of Justice*, with no large Estate, but that was then the worst part of him, for his Person was agreeable enough, his Temper Soft and Amorous, exact in his Dress, not wholly free from Foppery in his Manner; he could not see his Fair Tenant without a Tenderness for her. She had many Pretenders, and some Admirers; but Don *Alonzo*, so was he call'd, prov'd to be the Man. She had some Relish of his Conversation, had read a great deal, and much of Love, but was never touch'd with any thing that interfer'd with *Interest*; she liked with her *Eyes*, but her *Heart* had still a true regard to the World, more than Merit. However, finding herself Mistress of an easy Fortune, resolv'd against the Marriage-Chain, and entirely at her own Dispose, she wav'd too scrupulous an Enquiry into what she ow'd her *Virtue*, and determin'd

termin'd not to deny her Satisfaction for a Circumstance. She had an Idea of the Joys of Love from others ; all who have ever felt it, speak with Rapture of its Delights. Those who can Write but indifferently on other Subjects, if once they have been truly agitated by it, Write well of *that*. Her Curiosity taught her to prove whether there was in it that *Pang* of Pleasure, as she had been made to believe ; but the Affair was a little nice, Don *Alonzo* had an honourable Opinion of her Virtue, and visited her accordingly. 'Twas true she was a Virgin, but weary of being such, and yet she did not know how to exchange her Condition, without making herself that *Slave a Wife*, as she call'd it. However, a Lady, or her Lover, must be very dull indeed, in the Freedom of Conversation, if one cannot give, and the other explain, their Desires without speaking. Don *Alonzo* was perhaps as long again in guessing at her Design, as another less prepossess'd would have been ; because he desir'd to Marry her, and was very unwilling to believe but indifferently of a Lady he had such an Intention towards : He press'd hard upon the Point, but she was deaf as Storms on that side ; but when he would urge the Excess of his Passion, the height of his *respective* Flames, the *Ardor* of his Pains, his *Impatiency* for Happiness ; she would smile him a gracious Look of Approbation, suffer'd him to kneel at her Feet, to grasp her Knees, to meet the *Sofiness* of her Eyes, with greater of his own ; would lean her Face to his, where (all Coward, as Love had made him) the kindling Youth could not be so lost to Native Hope and Instinct, as not to attempt the hanging
Cherry

Cherry of her Lip, that seemed to stoop for pressure. But oh! which was greater, his Astonishment or Delight? When he found that an Action which he fear'd had merited Death, was feelingly receiv'd, and repay'd with blushing *Usury*; his Heart throb'd as if 'twould leave his Breast; he felt inestimable Pleasures, between his Fears and his Desires. Her Sparkling Eyes cast a Day of Hope around him, to animate his doubting Love: The Virgin-Guard of awful Modesty was willingly thrown by, she left the dazzled Youth no time to pause or recollect, but answering all his eager Sighs, his Kisses and Desires, she lean'd upon a Bed was near her, whether the Amorous Youth in Heat of Ecstasie pursu'd her. Then was his time (he thought) to gain the warm'd, the yielding Maid's Consent; he press'd for Happiness, he press'd to Marry her—— to lengthen out his part of Bliss, and make it durable as great—— *Corinna* paus'd —— and yawn'd upon the Importance. —— Have you ever seen Water thrown upon aspiring Flames, that rise to cover all they meet with Ruin? Such, and so damp'd, seem'd the Burnings of the defeated Maid. At length oblig'd to answer his repeated Proposition, embolden'd as he grew by that degree of Favour she had lately shown him; —— Why, ay, *Alonzo* —— answer'd she —— 'tis true —— Marriage is indeed for Life, —— but who can tell what sort of a Life? —— Do you think we can't Love without Marrying? At least it seems rational to us that have our Understanding about us, to try those nearer Intimacies, which are said, either to ravish or disgust! to make us Fonder or more Indifferent. Whatever
false

false Notion the World or you may have of *Vir-
tue*, I must confess I should be very loath to
Bind my self to a Man for ever, before I was
sure I should like him for a Night; I don't take
you to be so Dull, that I need explain my self
any further. I have hinted to you my Inclinati-
ons, I think it is now your Business to convince
me of the Extent of yours.

Don *Alonzo*, who had an early Taint in his
Composition of Self-Conceit, did not fear that
Possession could abate of her Inclination towards
his fine Person; he rather believ'd it would
heighten it, a receiv'd Maxim, That Women be-
come *fonder* of whomsoever they admit to those
Intimacies. He did not doubt his Charms, nor
his good Fortune, by a mistaken Notion, con-
cluding it would give him a Right over the *dis-
honour'd* Fair, and that then she would be glad to
Marry him with the soonest, at least if she should
happen to be *pregnant*.

But he had to deal with a Lady infinitely more
Politick; she had gratify'd her Curiosity, and
became doatingly fond of his Conversation,
perpetually teizing and sending after him when
he was never so little a time absent from her;
but still she would not, she was too Wise, or too
Covetous, to Marry him. A Neighbouring La-
dy, whom he had introduc'd to her Intimacy,
press'd her hard on Don *Alonzo's* Part, to make
his Happiness lawful, representing a thousand
Things to ingage; among the rest, his vast
Respect, nay, Adoration for her Person. *Corin-
na* said, she was indeed obliged to him; but,
Madam, she pursu'd, what should I Marry him
for, to make him the Master of my self and
Fortune, only for a Name? I love his Company,
whilst

whilst he is thus *Obliging, Insinuating, Careful of Displeasing, Tender, Complaisant, Amorous and Ardent*; but these Qualities, so conspicuous and valuable in a Lover, will be lost, or vanish in the Husband: *Neglectful, Sullen*, perhaps *Morose*; all his Attributes will be *inverted*; he will then expect to be pleas'd, 'twill be my turn to *Oblige and Obey*, at least I must endeavour it, and perhaps without succeeding, I shall find him *Positive, Arbitray, Cold*, as if he never had had any *Fire*, or that I had lost the Art of *kindling* it; tho' I must confess to you, the Defect of my own Constitution, I should not stick with him for that Trifle, because whatever Lovers may talk of *Joy*, I find there's nothing in't. If I were to judge of all Ladies by my self, I should think it lay chiefly in the *Head*; therefore must be mad to give up my Possessions for nothing, to lose all that is indearing in Don *Alonzo's* Conversation, and not be able to find my Account any other way: No, no, Madam, I'm wiser than that comes too. I am Mistress of my own Liberty and Fortune, I shall put on none of his Fetters, since all I shall be entitled to by 'em, is, clearing his *Mortgag'd* Estate, and paying his other Debts.

Mean time, her Mother (through some extravagant Sparklings in the Daughter's unheeded Conversation, with her Intimates, who ridicul'd a Wit they did not understand) fail'd not to represent her in all Companies as a *Lunatick*; she thought if she could but succeed, her Forty Thousand Crowns would fall to her share: *The truly Covetous have never enough!* The Charge of keeping her under those Circumstances would be Insignificant; at length she proceeded so far,

as to have her seiz'd in her own House, by Doctors and Nurses, and put under the Operation. Don *Alonzo* rescu'd her, they had a trial at Law, where *Corinna's* Woman depos'd, that for a length of time together, she had given her a Powder every Morning in her Chocolate, that my Lady had furnish'd her with, pernicious to Health, and capable, by slow degrees, of ruining the strongest Constitution. Don *Alonzo* pleaded Merit from the Service he had done her, and urg'd her to Marry him, which perhaps she might have been brought to, since the Name and Quality of a Husband, was all that was left to skreen her from her Mother's malicious designing Pretences, if an unlucky Story had not reach'd her Ear. It seems, during the time of her Persecution, Don *Alonzo* had the Reputation of Courting a Lady only for his Pleasure, who made no scruple to receive his *Visits* and his *Presents*; but yet at the long run refus'd him her *Favours*: He was out of Patience with the *Filting* Fair One, and as the scandalous Chronicle recites, having one Day found a lone opportunity; he very robustly gave her two or three sound Blows that stun'd and threw her on the Ground; where, as 'tis reported, he took the opportunity of accomplishing his Desire. The *Cadet* so us'd to do *Justice* to others, wou'd not refuse it to himself; for, as he said, his *Presents* had bought the Lady; the *Favours* she had to bestow were his, and he wou'd take 'em where-ever he had an Opportunity.

This ruin'd him with *Corinna*, who tho' she had found nothing in't, was not very willing another shou'd. Her Mother got her again, and kept her a Prisoner at a House in the Country, whence

to free her self, she did the thing in the World she had least Inclination for, and that was to Marry the Son of the Family she was in, a *pert* young Man, without the *Ballast* of Understanding? He might have made himself and *Corinna* happy; but with weak Heads, good Fortune has Fumes that very often turns the Brain. They were forced to submit to another Trial at Law, to acquit her from being a *Lunatick*; one (no undiverting) Circumstance, inclin'd the Judge to give Sentence in her Favour. A Gentleman of the Long Robe, named *Vagellius*, was eminently against her.

One reputed long,
 For strength of Lungs and Pliancy of Tongue :
 Which way he pleases, he can mould a Cause,
 The Worst has Merits, and the Best has Flaws.
 Five Pieces makes a Criminal to Day,
 And ten to morrow takes the Stain away :
 Whatever he affirms is undeny'd, &c.

To be short, nothing can be added to the *Satyrists*' excellent Description of him, but a Word or two of his Person : Where we find a study'd Elegance of *Dress*, and Stiffness of *Behaviour*, that distinguishes him as much as his Tongue. This *Spruce*, *Affected*, not *Unhandsome* Lawyer, had made the Overture of his fair Person to *Corinna*. You have heard that only Necessity could determine her Resolutions (against her Inclinations) to Marry at all, and therefore when she was not under that Necessity, she refus'd *Vagellius*, who as little in his Revenge, as he was great in Rhetorick, ingag'd himself of her Mother's side, and said all that cou'd be said, to convince the Judge she
 was

was a *Lunatick*. *Corinna* begg'd his Lordship to hear her but one Word upon that Head, related the Circumstance of *Vagellius's* Courtship, and then appeal'd to his Lordship's Judgment, if they cou'd rationally condemn her for a *Lunatick*, who had been so wise as to refuse to Marry him, with his little share of real Estate, and his large Portion of Children? for he had Six. This determin'd the Court of her side; she was discharg'd, and left to her own and her Husband's Management, who in a little time behav'd himself unworthily to her, kept two Women for his Pleasure, in her very Eye, and Rioted out the Income of her Fortune in such blameable Diversions, 'till he had quite weary'd her out, and forc'd her to take up with her Mother's House, to revenge her self upon her Husband. He quickly, upon her Desertion, fell into a want of Money, and failing to carry her off, when he came to my Lady's to demand her, he fell into a *Lunacy*; the first effects of it was fatal to his Friend, whom he had brought to assist him; for, without any Provocation, as they were walking, he let him go a little before, and then discharging a Pistol behind, shot him into the Body, of which he dy'd. He also let fly another at the first Person that he saw in the Road. He was seiz'd, and brought to Justice; but his Madness saved his Life. He is now under Cure, and *Corinna* bury'd and forgotten in her Mother's Persecutions; a Lady, who bating some Circumstances, deserv'd better Fortune, all her Misery and Wrongs being deriv'd from her that shou'd, by Nature and Duty, have done her utmost to shelter her from being wrong'd by others.

Behold the illustrious Palace of *Beaumont*, in Prospect ! Has your *Divinity*, since your second *Descent*, seen any thing so Glorious ? These are the Avenues : Ha ! the Household grand Druid, and a Lady with him in Tears ! There is in that Man a *Harmony* of Soul, the Beauty of true Holiness without the *false* Austerity : Observe the Lineaments of his Face ! Is not *Sweetness*, is not *Goodness* triumphant there ? Do not they seem *calm* and at *ease*, seated as if in their native Resistance ; something that reflects Mercy and Integrity to all who shall have the good Fortune to approach him ? He is *Brave*, he is *Loyal*, not to be overborn by the Hopes of a prevailing-Party, for any Advantages of theirs, to quit his own. He has the Honour of the young *Prince's* Ear ; but he never approaches it but to confirm in him the *Hero*, to reward the *Meritorious*, encourage the Professors of *Sciences*, intercede for the *Unfortunate*, and to receive from him Commands of *Magnificence* and *Benignity*. Then there is a Charm in his Pen that is irresistible, all the *Harmony* of *Numbers* in his *Prose*, all the *Sweetness* and unconfin'd Beauty of *Prose* in his *Numbers* ; his *TEMPLE* of *FAME*, more Immortal and Renown'd than even my *Princess* herself, shall blaze for ever a Standard in that way of Writing, 'till the end of Language, and not to be equal'd but by those other Compositions of his own. O ! how happy is the young Prince in a Capacity of judging, of distinguishing, of rewarding such exalted Merit ! He is *foremost* in his Household, always consulted, and ever approv'd. How blameless must the young *Hero* wear away his Hours of Mortal Life, that can have his every Action witnessed by so wise, so holy a Monitor ?

Pause

Pause we a little ; they speak ; the Lady seems distress'd ; it may not be unworthy your *Excellencies* Curiosity to attend to their Discourse.

Delia.] You would, my Lord, know the particulars of the unhappy *Delia's* Misfortunes. Ah ! It is not of the smallest Pennance you could have enjoyn'd me : Where I should be so fond of Esteem, I am entring upon Methods to destroy it. Can you allow for extreme *Youth* and *Innocence* ? Will not that atone for my unwary Conduct ? However, since it is my Wish, as well as Glory, to obey any Commands of yours ; the *Native* Love I have for *Truth*, as well as due Respect to the Person I am entertaining, who, perhaps, has it in his Power to disprove me, if I in the least Tittle depart from it, shall make me carefully consider nothing so much, in the Relation I am going to make you.

You know, my Lord, my Father was the *Chevalier*—— ; and if it be counted a piece of good Fortune, as doubtless 'tis, to be born of worthy Parents, I may do justice to mine, and say, that none could be more *Brave*, more *Loyal*, more *Virtuous*. He was also distinguish'd by his love of Letters, his Perfection in most *Languages*, his general Love of *Science*, and his *Humanity*. Oh, how unfortunate was his Loss ! My Mother was dead whilst I was yet an Infant. The inhuman Civil Wars, that rent asunder the Kingdom of *Atantis*, involv'd my Grandfather's Possessions in its Ruins ; and when afterwards that a Calm succeeded, and the Royal Line was restor'd, unhappy *Counsels* prevail'd. Those that had been sufferers were the least regarded, through a *dangerous* wife Maxim of the then *Minister*, who told the young *unthinking* Monarch;

narch, He must encourage and employ his *Enemies*, to try to make them his *Friends*: For as to those that were so out of Principle, they wou'd be his Friends still, without other Incouragement. Thus the suffering Loyalty of our Family, like Virtue, met little else but it self for a Reward. My Father had, indeed, a Military Employment, which, tho' not of half the Value of that Paternal Estate which was lavish'd in the Royal Service; yet, upon his Decease, we were sensible of the Loss of it. He left behind him three Daughters, and a Son; my Brother was kill'd in his *Marine* Command, in the late War under *Henriquez's* Government. Thus all the Support we had remaining, fell in the Defence of an ungrateful People; who never consider the unhappy Relicts of a Family, desolate and neglected: Never extend their Regards to those that remain Monuments of their Injustice, tho' their Misfortunes and Ruin have no other Foundation than the Loyalty of their Ancestors; their Contempt of *Life*, and an *honourable*, nay glorious Loss of it in Defence of their Gods, and of their Country: What then can remain with their ruin'd Off-spring, but stubborn Discontent, Heart-burnings, and Complaint of their undoing?

Neither was a Brother of my Father's (tho' by an Error in Education made of the Faction Party) more fortunate. He had considerably enrich'd himself; but purchasing a wrong Title, upon the Restoration of the Royal Line, it reverted back to the former Possessor; so that he was left with several small Children, an unpitied Example of Rebellion. To the Eldest of these my Father took care to give the Education of a
Gen-

Gentleman, and endeavour'd to tincture him with true *Principles* : He lov'd him with a distinguishing *Tenderness* ; something that he could not have for his own Children, because they were too young for that reasonable part of Conversation which he met in Don *Marcus*. To him it was, that, upon his dying Bed, he left the Care of my youngest Sister and my self ; the eldest having much the advantage of us in Age, was marry'd, and gone off with a Husband so ill-natur'd and disobliging, that our Family no longer convers'd with theirs. My Father associated with Don *Marcus* two remote Relations ; one immediately after dy'd ; the other was old, had gain'd a large Estate in the World, liv'd at the distance of above two hundred Miles from us, lov'd his Ease, and resolv'd to enjoy it ; so that he left the Care of us, and our Affairs, wholly in Don *Marcus's* Hands. He had always had an obliging Fondness, that was wonderfully taking with *Girls* ; we lov'd him as much as it was possible. He sent us into the Country, to an old out-of-fashion Aunt, full of the *Heroick Stiffness* of her own *Times* ; would read Books of *Chivalry* and *Romances* with her Spectacles. This sort of Conversation infected me, and made me fancy every Stranger that I saw, in what Habit so ever, some disguis'd *Prince* or *Lover*. It was not long before my Aunt dy'd, and left us at large, without any Controul. This immediately reach'd Don *Marcus's* Notice : He took Post, and came down to fetch us to *Angela*. He was in deep Mourning, and, as he told us, for his Wife. We congratulated with him for his Deliverance from an old uneasy Lady, that we remembered

enough of to hate, ever since we had been Children. She had buried herself for many Years in the Country, a vast distance from *Angela*; so that none of our Family retain'd any Correspondence with theirs. My Cousin Gaurdian immediately declared himself my Lover, with such an Eagerness, that none can guess at who are not acquainted with the Violence of his Temper. I was no otherwise pleas'd with it, than as he answer'd something to the Character I had found in those Books, that had poyson'd and deluded my dawning Reason. However, I had the *Honour* and *Cruelty* of a true *Heroin*, and would not permit my Adorer so much as a Kiss from my Hand, without ten thousand times more Intreaty than any thing of that Nature cou'd be worth. But not to dwell upon such Trifles, I fell ill of a violent Fever, where my Life was despair'd of. Don *Marcus* and my Sister never quitted the Chamber in sixteen Nights, nor took any other Repose, than by throwing themselves alternately upon a little Palate in the same Room. In short, having ever had a Gratitude in my Nature, and a tender Sense of Benefits; upon my Recovery I promis'd to marry him. 'Twas fatally for me perform'd in the Presence of my Sister, one Maid-Servant, and a Gentleman who had married a Relation of ours. I was then wanting of Fourteen, without any *Deceit* or *Guess* of it in others. 'Tis true I had formerly heard Don *Marcus's* Lady repeat, in the Violence of her Rage, the base Method's he had took to gain her, producing Writings to a good Estate, when he had but the expectation of a small one, and that not 'till after the Death of his Father.

I should not urge this Particular against him, but to acquaint you that mine was not his first *Deceit*, his Lady is still (for ought I know) a living Witness of the Truth of this: To sum it all in a little, I was marry'd, possess'd and ruin'd. He brought me to *Angela*, fix'd me in a remote quarter of it, forbid me to stir out of Doors, or to receive the Visits of my dearest Sister, any other Relation, Friends or Acquaintance. I thought this a very rough Proceeding, and griev'd the more excessively at it, since I had marry'd him only because I thought he lov'd me, those that know his Person will easily believe that I was not in Love with him. He was about two or three and twenty Years older than I was, and as I have often heard him say himself, a *Man*, and with my Father in the next Chamber, when I was born. Then as to his Person, his Face and Shape had never been handsome; what he values himself upon most, is a sort of an out-of-the-way blustering *Wit*, by no means *polite*. You know him *Vain*, *Talkative*, *Opinionated*, mixing a thousand *Absurdities* with every *Grain* of Sence; then so perfect a *Libertine*, that he never deny'd himself the Gratifications of any of his Passions, every way a *Debauchee*. Yet can this Man talk of *Honour*, of *Loyalty*, of losing all for his *Duty*, tho' wholly forgetful of it, when he join'd *Henriques* with the *Count de Grand Monde*, securing the strongest Citadel of the Kingdom, against the reigning Prince, and naming it the *Glorious Cause*. But not succeeding in his first Pretensions (where he put in for being one of the *Divan*) he revolted back to the *Royal Party*, and made himself all that Reign, a *distinguishing nosy Tool*,

Tool, only fit to *ſpeak* there, what the Men of Diſcretion of his ſide, were well enough contented to hear.

Neither could Intereſt be ſaid to move me, unleſs his Wife were Dead. I muſt find him a Beggar. She had indeed a pretty Eſtate, but her Daughter was to have it; and whiſt ſhe was living, I could not pretend to the uſe of any ſhare of it. This may ſuffice againſt the ill-natur'd part of the World, who when my Miſfortune began to be publick (for I was the laſt that knew of it) were ſo malicious to ſay, that either I was never Married, or elſe could be no Stranger to his Ladies being alive. The latter part I have ſufficiently answer'd, by the little Inducement I could have from his Perſon or Circumſtances: And as to the firſt, my *Siſter* and *Servant* are both alive, and Witneſſes of my Marriage. The Gentleman indeed is Dead, but it was not without all the Detestation imaginable, at being made a Party in the Deceit. Doubtleſs he had called Don *Marcus* to a ſevere Account, but that my Prayers and Intreaties, tender of Bloodſhed, deferr'd that Revenge, which ſoon after, his Death prevented him from purſuing.

I was uneaſy at being kept a Priſoner, but my Husband's Fondneſs and Jealouſy was the Preſence. I had always lov'd reading, to which I was now, more than ever oblig'd, or much of my Time had hung upon my Hands. Soon after I prov'd with Child, and ſo perpetually ill, that I implor'd Don *Marcus* to let me have the Company of my Siſter and my Friends. When he could have no Relief from my Importunity (being aſſur'd, that in ſeeing my Relations, I ſhould learn the more than barbarous Deceit he had us'd to bearay me) he thought that it was
beſt

best for himself to discover it: After having first try'd all the Arguments he could invent, then the Authority of a Husband, but in vain, for I was fixt to my point, and would have my Sister's Company; he fell upon his Knees before me, with so much Confusion, Distress and Anguish, that I was at a loss to know what cou'd work him to such a pitch. At length, with a thousand interrupting Tears and Sobs, he stab'd me with the wounding Relation of his Wife's being still alive! conjur'd me to have some Mercy upon a lost Man as he was, in an obstinate, inveterate Passion, that had no Alternative but Death or Possession; could he have supported the pain of *living* without me, he wou'd never have made himself so great a *Villain*. But when the Absolute-Question was, whether he should *Shoot himself* or Betray *me*? Self-Love had turn'd the Ballance, tho' not without that Anguish to his Soul, as had poison'd all his Delights. Having a thousand times started in his guilty Sleep; my Fathers Form perpetually haunting his troubled Dreams, reproaching him as a Traitor to that Trust, which in the Pangs of Death, he had repos'd in him. And as a double Villain, casting an impure, an indelible Stain upon the Honour of a Family, which was so nearly his own: Representing to his tortour'd Imagination, all the Expence and Care he had of his Education; more like a Father, than an Uncle, for which he had so ungratefully rewarded him, in the ruin of a Daughter, who, but for him, might have flourish'd Fair, an Ornament to his House, at least not a Reproach to it. My rising Grief forbids me to dwell upon so distressful a Subject, or on half those Accusations with which

Don

Don *Marcus* cunningly loaded himself, to be before-hand in those he expected I should make him. But alas ! my Surprize and Grief were beyond the ease of Words, beyond the benefit of Tears. Horror ! Amazement ! Sense of Honour lost ! the World's Opinion ! ten thousand Distresses, crowded my wounded Imagination ! I cast my Looks upon the conscious Traitor with horrible dismay. The stubborn Tears refus'd to flow to my relief ; I could not Sigh, I could not Groan ; my *Blood* was stagnated, so was my Reason. He carried me to the Bed all motionless. Oh that some pitying God had that moment tore me from his impious Embraces ! that I had had but Strength, or Courage, to have abandon'd the Villain ! to have left him to perpetual Remorse ! to the never-ending Invasions of his own Conscience ! O that I had but then proclaim'd him through all the Streets of *Angela* ! for the Betrayer of my Glory ! the Destroyer of an ancient, worthy Family ! which had never (in their Women) had a Stain ! Then had I probably secur'd my self from the reproach of being a conscious Partner to my own undoing. Oh unexperienc'd Youth ! Oh unavailing Reason ! why is it that you never appear in an Age that has most occasion for you ? — My Lord, I tire you with the repetition of my Woes — Alas ! what Relief was there for me ? My Brother, that might have reveng'd my Wrongs, was newly kill'd at Sea, the nearest remaining Relation of a Man was *Him*, the Traitor that had seduc'd me to Ruin by a specious Pretence.

My Fortune was in his Hands, or worse, already lavish'd away in those Excesses of Drinking and Play, that he could not abstain from,
tho'

tho' he had lately Married me, a Wife, whom he pretended to be fond of; I was young, unacquainted with the World, had never seen the Necessities of it, knew no Arts, had not been expos'd to any Hardships. My Father, a Man of true Honour and Principles; nicely just in his Affairs with all the World, liv'd in a handsome manner, and so I had been Educated. What cou'd I do? forlorn! distress'd! beggar'd! to whom cou'd I run for Refuge, even from Want and Misery, but to the very Traitor that had undone me? I was acquainted with none that wou'd espouse my Cause, a *helpless, useless* load of Grief and Melancholly! with Child! Disgrac'd! my own Relations either impotent of Power or Will to Relieve me!

Thus was I detain'd by my unhappy Circumstances, and his prevailing Arts, to wear away three wretched Years in his guilty House, tho' no Intreaty, no Perswasion, cou'd ever again reconcile me to his impious Arms; conscious to my self of having there done my Duty, whatever appearance my living with him had as to the World. My wretched Son, whenever I cast my Eyes upon him, was a mortal Wound to my Repose; the Errors of his Birth glared full upon my Imagination. I saw the future upbraiding him with his Father's Treachery, and his Mother's Misfortunes. Thus forsaking, and forsaken of all the World, in my Morn of Life, whilst all things should have been Gay and Promising, I wore away three wretched Years, without either one Companion or Acquaintance. As my Reason increas'd, so did my Sense of Honour lost. I began vainly to consider whether it was an impossible Attempt to retrieve it.

Don

Don *Marcus* had lately got a considerable Employment; the Duties of it oblig'd him to go into the Country where his first Wife liv'd. He took a tender farewell of me, and promis'd a due Care of my self and Child; said he would now endeavour to do me Justice in my Fortune, and save the greatest part of his new Income, to repair the Wast's that he had made; persuaded me to have gone with him into the Country; and to seduce or quiet my Conscience, show'd me a fam'd Piece that was newly wrote in Defence of *Polygamy* and *Concubinage*, by one who was afterwards *Grand President*. When he was gone, he soon relaps'd into his former Extravagancies, and unworthily left me to Repine and Complain at his Neglect and Barbarity; happy only in being releas'd from the killing Anguish, of every Day having before my Eyes the Object of my Undoing.

When by Degrees I began to look abroad in the World, I found the Reputation I had lost, (by living in such a clandestine manner with Don *Marcus*) had destroy'd all the Esteem that my Truth and Conversation might have else procur'd me. O nice unrelenting Glory! is it impossible to retrieve thee? impossible to bend thee! wilt thou for ever be *inexorable* and *ingrateful* to my Caresses? Is there no retrieve for Honour lost? the gracious Gods more merciful to the Sins of Mortals, accept Repentance, tho' the nobler *Part*, the Soul, be there concern'd, and suffer our Sins to be washed away by Tears of Penitence. But the World, truly *inexorable*, is never reconcil'd! unequal distribution! Why are your Sex so partially distinguish'd? Why is it in your Powers, after accumulated Crimes, to
regain

regain Opinion? when ours, tho' oftentimes guilty, but in appearance, are irretrievably lost? Can no regularity of Behaviour reconcile us? Is it not this Inhospitality that brings so many unhappy Wretches to Destruction? despairing of Redemption, from one vile degree to another, they plunge themselves down to the lowest ebb of Infamy.

Oh my Lord! all things are in your Sacred Power, you only can restore me. Represent me through your charitable Glafs, with that *persuasive enchanting Eloquence*, to the two shining Princess's of *Adario* and *Beaumont*: Wou'd either of such bright Examples, but lend a Ray of Favour to the unhappy *Delia*, who shou'd dare to dispute her *Virtue*! Nay, her *Merit*? have they not by their own unblameable auspicious Conduct, got into their hands, the Power of Life and Death? Their Authority can preserve or Ruin! Introduce me with Success, let me be but there receiv'd, and I have never had a Stain!

Grand Druid.] Believe me, Madam, there shall be nothing wanting on my part, to make you an Exception to the general Rule. A Penitence so sincere as yours, a Distress so moving, has pleaded powerfully for you. You that might have met many Advantages of Fortune, and cou'd not have missed Esteem, shall be sure of all my Endeavours. The Princess of *Beaumont*, and the Princess *Ormonda Adario*, his Aunt, is now with his Highness of *Beaumont*; the first opportunity that offers shall be yours, I will even engage his Eminence to compassionate your Sufferings; and know you not that in so *great*, so *true* a Hero, to Compassionate is to Redress? free from those prepossessions, that sway the generality

lity of Mankind, he is not afraid to raise and reward obscure Merit.

Astrea.] I am weary of being entertain'd with the Fopperies of the Fair; what Care shall my Prince be able to take, to prevent the growth of forbidden Love? How is it possible to hinder the Women from believing, or the Men from deceiving? the Penalty must be there, and something of a quicker Sense (if possible) than that of Honour lost! since we see the tender Sex, with all their *Native-Timorousness*, *Modesty* and *Shame-fac'd* Education, when stung by Love, can trample under Foot the consideration of *Virtue* and *Glory*, tho' by the loss they are reduc'd to be the despicablest part of the Creation. In one weekly agitated by Reason, but strongly by her Passions; and who is not to be wrought upon, even by the exemplary Ruin of others. What hopes, whilst the price of Flattery runs so high? Inborn Pity and Gratitude teaches the Fair to compassionate the pretended Sufferings of him, who craftily advances her above the Heavens, and in all her Charms, compares her to *Cytherea*, whence she descends in Pride of Power, to save the Wretch who rais'd her! 'till her self is truly lost. But to such a Villian as Don *Marcus*, I would for ever have him branded with the notoriousst Ignominy. My Prince shall make it Death to those who can be prov'd to have seduc'd a *Virgin*. Since sense of *Shame* and *Reputation* can't withhold 'em! since *Conscience*, *Honour*, and what the World calls Principles, can't deter those *Betrayers*; the Laws must, and those shall be Sanguinary. My Prince shall adore, and serve the Fair, by Methods truly advantageous! truly to their Glory! not by *false-deluding-Praise*,
Heart-

Heart-breaking Sacrifice, or fond Complaints of Cruelty and Charms; but in being their Champion against all unlawful Invaders. Never shall he cast a glance of Favour, or reward with *Riches or Employment*, an *Adulterer or Debauchee*; and for those who are found Guilty of Don Marcus's Crime, they shall die without the hope of Mercy! *branded and unlamented.*

Intell.] In *Atalantis* there are Laws in force against plurality of Wives; but they have found an easy *Evasion* from the *Penalty*. The Woman who seeks for Justice, after a great Expence of Time and Money, meet nothing in return but *Censure*, and the Imputation of being *Implacable*, and *Litigious*, and are ever after ridicul'd as *Jealous and Revengeful*. Besides the *Courts of Justice* are so corrupt, that in the very beginning of a Cause, we are sure it will be determin'd on the side where there is most *Money or Favour*, which is seldom or never found upon that of a *prosecuting Wife*. Then their Arts to prolong and spin out to a prodigious length, what they fear will be determin'd against them, with ways to procure *false Evidence*, is sufficient to frighten the *Necessitous and Just*, from attempting an impossible or tedious Relief. But of this more in its proper place; when *Astrea* shall be conducted to the awful Seat of *Justice*, where she will be fir'd with a generous Indignation, to see what should be the Emblem of her beauteous Self, with *Favour and Corruption* in the Ballance, *Ponderating* the Scale, not as they ought, but as they will. Don Marcus's Crime, whether he were Married or no, is to be detested: Her Frailty, (were she Guilty) could be no excuse to his Villany, in corrupting a young Creature under
his

his Care, so near a Relation, the Daughter of a Father to whom he had a thousand Obligations, to whom he ow'd his Education, who honour'd him with so many Marks of his Indearments, and receiv'd by him into the nearest Trust. I can't tell whether his Marriage may not be the most excusable part. For though her Advancement in the World be by that means prevented, yet are her *Principles* and *Vertue* uncorrupted, whilst innocent of her undoing, the deluded Maid is blameless as to Honour. But if he made her a conscious Party to her Ruin, that villanous Industry of his, to overthrow a well-grounded Education, and those excellent Morals which must needs have been taught her by so worthy a Parent, will sink him, with eternal Infamy, into the black Waters of *Cocytus*. Certainly, whoever first seduces a young *Virgin*, is answerable for all the Crimes and Misfortunes of her future Life; were he even to die for it (as your Excellency proposes) it would indeed be a just Punishment to him; but too weak, too feeble an *Equivalent* for *Honour* lost; her indelible Stain, tho' got in an Age, before she knows the use of Reason, or can have a true Sense of Glory, being not to be wash'd away with Blood, no, not even with her own!

The Race of Men are arriv'd to that Perfection in *Arts*, *Sciences*, *Villany* and *Penetration*, that there can be no Laws contriv'd, how binding soever, in Intention and Appearance, but what they can extenuate. When some new one is just past, of what Nature soever, the firmer the better, there's the more Glory to be gain'd, the whole Body of the Gentlemen of the *Long-Robe*, fall severally and immediately to consider it in
its

its nicest strongest Capacity ; and whoever is the Man that unties the *Gordian*, as some such is always to be found, his Fortune is made, his new acquir'd Reputation is the Omen of Preferment and a large Estate, all People thronging to employ such a *Head-Piece* ; for with them a crafty, long-sighted Lawyer, is an extraordinary Person, an excellent Man, a worthy Counsellor, deserving not only treble Fees, but all the Honours of the Gown. There was something like what your *Excellency* advances in Debate in the *Divan*, some Years ago, where it was propos'd that whoever was catch'd in *Adultery*, should die. A certain *Military Tribune*, fam'd for Lewdness of Life, and a number of Amours, gave his Voice to pass it into a *Law* : His Friends enquir'd afterwards, what he meant by it, he that was known to be so notorious an Offender ? He answer'd, That was true, but he thought they did deserve to die that were such Fools to be catch'd ; for whereas he had but shut the Door before, he would be sure to lock it now.

Astrea.] Oh how pleasing is this Retreat ! those beautiful delightful Avenues, noble *Vista's*, accomplish'd blendings of *Art* and *Nature* ! How they prepare our Expectation for what it terminates in, that goodly *Pile*, which with its proud *Eminence* aspires almost above human Sight. The magestic *Genius* of this Isle is himself the peculiar Guardian of *Beaumont* ! Behold him, my dear Mother, conspicuous to us, tho' impervious to Lady *Intelligence* and *Elenora* ; his dazling Throne rests upon that Golden Globe, cast in Imitation of *Phœbus's* refulgent *Orb*, the extremest Ornament of the Building ! See ! how *Bounty*, *Hospitality*, *Honest-Love*, *Heroick-Courage*, smile
 O 2 upon

upon his Face! Emblems of what he inspires in-
to the Breast of the Young *Hero* his Illustrious
Charge! His Head is compassed with a be-
coming Wreath of the *ever-verdant Laurel*, and
faithful Olive. Behold! that portly *Ship of War*,
which he bears in his Right Hand! the Left
declines towards a fertile *Shore*, which fair *Li-
berty* and *Plenty* hover over; whilst self-poiz'd
above 'em all, *Imminent* and *Attractive*, is to be
seen *unshaken* Loyalty, with *over-shadowing*
Wings, the Guide and Supporter of unaltera-
ble *Beaumont*! Oh happy *Hero*! the appropri-
ated Care of the whole Cœlestial Race! Oh Mor-
tal! truly worthy our Regard, compass'd
round with all the Ornaments of Virtue! *Astrea*
feels in approaching thee a glow of Pleasure
and Delight! the sympathetick Result of Hea-
ven-born-Joy! Let us enter! let us behold his
Person at a nearer View! He that dares be
Honest; that dares be Loyal, when it is so much
the manner to be otherwise; when it's become
scarce more than a Name, and that too very
near *forgotten*: He, who chooses to walk almost
alone, rather than mingle with the Illustrious-
guilty-Herd; rich in that native much-becom-
ing-Pride, of well-performing Duty. Who with
a smile of Contempt look'd down, and despised
those inglorious Preferments and Rewards, with
which they would have tempted his early, his
unwary Youth!

Intell.] Would not Mortals be struck with a
certain Awe and Reverence, [at entring this
High, this capacious Hall? Hark, the resound-
ing Dome! Eccho seems to have fix'd here
her chiefest Habitation; the Voice reverbera-
ting from every side, gives the *tatling Fair* her
fill

fill of Repetition! she is doubtless fond of so
 lovely a Mansion. Pass we on to entertain your
 Divinities with one of the Heaven-Born-Sciences;
 behold what noble pieces of Painting! Is not
 all that you see greatly Beautiful! the Orna-
 ments fitted for the Place, as the Place for
 them! See! that Chamber! are you not as you
 look around, in a beautiful *Parterre*? Has not, in
 these Hangings, Art almost exceeded Nature?
 Does not the Rose blush here with a purer Red
 than upon the Bush? Mark those lovely Carna-
 tions! What *Elysian* Garden can boast of any
 thing so fair? View the hanging Purple of the
 early Violet! Is not whole Spring before
 us? There is no need of Imagination to heigh-
 ten Art, for Art even out-does Imagination;
 All this is the glorious Dowager of *Beaumont's*
 Performances, the beautiful Product of those
 leisure Hours, which others of her Sex and
 Rank squander away unaccountably. 'Tis to
 her Needle we owe this true and wonderful Re-
 presentation of Nature! The Florist need not
 be solicitous of Storms and Seasons: 'Tis here
 perpetual Spring, and ever-enduring Summer.
 I will lead you next to the Household-Altar,
 sacred to mighty *Jupiter*! her nice-performing
 Fancy has not left any thing of well-chosen
 Magnificence to be added to the consecrated
 Dome; as if there was nothing, no not even
 Religion it self, but what he could adorn! O
 Daughter! truly worthy thy immortal Father,
 who fell a glorious Martyr in the Cause of his
 Royal suffering Master! Her Loyalty, her Perse-
 verance, is of Force to atone for the Misfortune
 of one of her Brothers, and the Errors of
 both. Meritorious of the Arms and Heart of
 her

her illustrious Consort; to whose exalted Worth and Memory, just and delicate thro' a long Train of Sollicitations, has preserv'd thy Widow'd-Bed sacred from any second Embrace; conscious, that one Age could not supply a double *Phoenix*!

Leave we these high-bought Ornaments of *Art*, to behold what an equal mixture of it, with *Nature*, in the Enchanting Gardens can perform! Shall we not be lost in this Wilderness of Beauty? These Verdant Labyrinths, that returning in themselves, and at once please and amaze, with a delightful wandering Error. See how those Rows of goodly well-shap'd Trees defend the inquisitive Rays of *Phæbus*, from darting into the sacred Recesses of this forbidden Scene! Hark! how *Artlessly*! yet *Melodiously*! we are saluted from above by the feather'd *Natives* of the Wood; whilst the Ambient Air's perfum'd with the Odours of those Flowers that adorn the Banks beneath. See! where the *Nyades* and *Fountain-Nymphs* have taken up their beloved Habitation! Behold! what mortal Invention and Experience can perform in those harmonious Water-works, inverting the very Nature of the Element, forcing that to *aspire*, which would by kind for ever *Emerge*! View farther what *Art* and *Industry* can produce. Here! both the *vegetable Indies* reside: What beautiful Ranks of foreign Greens? All that is admirable of that kind throughout the known habitable World, are transplanted here! Nor do they feel the *Inclemency* of a less warmer Climate, whilst an artificial perpetual Heat supplies that Defect, and suffers 'em to flourish independant of the Sun, oppress'd by no Northern

Northern Blasts, intermixtures of driving Snow, or wintry Showers : When the Natives of the Soil no longer appear ; when their Beauties are no more wither'd, fallen, and forgotten ; these charming Foreigners supply their *Bloom*, and maintain an everlasting Spring.

See ! the Crown or Garland of the whole, the auspicious *Beaumont* walking between his illustrious Consort, and the Princes *Ormonda Adario*. Once more view that lovely Face ! please the Divine *Astrea* to observe the *Resemblance* ! Is there not the very *Features* and *Air* of your *Beautiful Mother, Virtue* ? 'Tis she, 'tis her very self ! so *Graceful* her *Motions* ! so *enchancing* her *Smiles* ! her *Glances* so very bewitching ! Does she not alike create *Love* and *Admiration*, in the Hearts of all her Beholders ? Were your Ladyship for ever to disappear from mortal Eyes : You would yet live below in that glorious Representative ! your *Temples* and *Altars* would be still crowded and oppress'd with the *Incense* and *Adoration* of those, who beholding her, would have wherewithal to justify their Mistakes, and make even *Idolatry* excusable.

Then is her *Soul* as much of *Kindred* to you, as her *Form* ! how partial soever the Age is grown to *Favourites* and *Parties*, how greatly divided in themselves about the Taste and Estimation of Things ; yet do they all unite in a general Harmony of Voice, to praise her *Character* ! How tender a Wife ! how obedient ! I wish I needed not to say how suffering ! how full of *Perseverance* in her Duty ; without ever giving her Lord the least Excuse for a Failure in his ! The height of all her *Resentment* having never been known to exceed (upon repeated

News of his Inconstancy) this Exclamation ! *Who can but love that Man !* Then there is a Story current of her *Goodness* and *Justice*, tho' but upon an humble Theam, that I yet never knew repeated, without drawing Tears of Emulation and Applause into the Eyes of those that heard it. I do not speak of the *Envious* or *Covetous*, they can be moved at nothing *Generous* or *Good*. In the late Wars under *Henriquez*, when that part of the Island (where is the Prince *Adario's* Estate) lay under the miserable Harass of a *civil* War, and no Returns of Money cou'd be expected thence, the Prince himself in the Army abroad ; the Affairs in his Household subsisted chiefly upon Credit. A poor Butcher had trusted 'em with all he was worth himself, or cou'd procure upon Trust with others, to the Value of Three Thousand Two Hundred Crowns ; a mighty Estate to so mean a Trade. In a Family, where the Domesticks have such Authority as in that of the Prince *Adario's* : The *Princess* is seldom acquainted with the real Circumstances, and true Posture of Affairs. If all things that she calls for be but ready, she is not so much as to guess at the Inconveniencies by which they are procur'd, or the extended Patience of the suffering Creditor. The poor *Butcher* was threaten'd every Day by his merciless *Graziers* to be clap'd up in an everlasting Prison. Everlasting ! because if he shou'd once enter *there*, it was impossible for him to have, or hope any other release but Death. His Wife and numerous Children must be reduc'd for Bread, to ask publick Charity of the Well-dispos'd. This carry'd the poor Fellow, to solicit egarly, and much beyond the natural Modesty of his Temper ; who had

had suffer'd his Demands to swell to such a Sum, before he cou'd press with any Warmth for the Discharge. He had been often delay'd, and at length severely repuls'd by the *Intendant*, for coming only in humble wise to sue for part of his own, with as much Humility as if he were to beg it. At length a short Day was appointed by his Creditors, as the Extremity of what they wou'd give him to procure Money for 'em, or to a *Goal* he must go. The good Woman his Wife put him upon speaking to the *Princess*; she was sure she would have Compassion on them, the Difficulty lay only in gaining Access to her. Necessity gave him Courage and Diligence to watch the Gate, for an Opportunity to get in, when there was the fewest of the People below; the poor Fellow was so luckily to gain without Remark the Head of the Back-Stairs, that answer'd to the Dressing-Room; the Princess was then at her *Toilet*. He met a *Groom* of the *Chambers*, and the *Page*, who imperiously enquir'd what Business a Fellow of his Aspect had there? He answer'd, He wanted to speak with the Princess, to deliver her a Petition; he was her poor undone *Butcher*, and without her Compassion utterly ruin'd. The haughty Domesticks bid him be gone, it was not for such Wretches as he to hope to speak to their *Princess*; he said he could not, nor he would not go; for if he did it must be to an eternal Prison! They were provok'd at his daring to capitulate, and took hold of him to throw him down Stairs. He struggl'd, he baul'd out, for the sake of *Jupiter* to let him speak to the *Princess*: He must and wou'd speak to the *Princess*, or he was for ever undone! The Divine *Ormonda* heard the Noise,
and

and call'd to know what it was. The *Officious Page* ran to give her an Account, in Terms no way advantageous to the poor *Butcher*, who pressed after him close to the Door, and begg'd, for the sake of all that was *Celestial*, to let him come to the *Princess*. The *Princess* bid him enter. He cast himself upon his Knees, wrung his Hands, and cou'd not speak for weeping! the more he endeavour'd the more his Passions oppress'd him; so that the Opportunity he had, was like to be of no Use to him, 'till the charming Goodness of the *Princess* reinforc'd his Courage by the tender Accents of her sweet Voice. When with much Interruption of Sobs and Tears, he had told the Story of his Woe, she ask'd those about her if it were true? The poor *Butcher's* Distress was no News in the Family to any but the *Princess*, his Sufferings had reach'd the Ears and Compassion of the *prying Women*, who assur'd her *Highness* it was too true, the poor Man and his Children were like to be undone for ever. Here the *Divine Ormonds* was all *her self*! was all *your selves*! however heavenly you are? I have no Money, answer'd the sweet *Princess*, but take this Diamond-Necklace (which lay upon her *Toilet*) 'tis worth a great deal more than your Debt. Borrow upon it as much as you can to relieve your Necessities. Keep it 'till I can redeem it, but do not let the *Intendants* know of it. The miserable reliev'd Wretch, in receiving it, was out of himself! Joy had like to have been more fatal to him than his Distress! he once more fell upon his Knees with Transports, a little a-kin to Madness. He *blest*'d! he *pray*'d! he *ador*'d the *Princess*! he cry'd out! what my *Wife* and all my

my Children sav'd from *Beggary*! my Debts paid!
 and my own Body preserv'd from Prison! I
 shall go wild with Joy! When he was gone,
 Tears of gracious Goodness fill'd *Ormonda's* Eyes:
 She said, *How happy am I, that can make one*
Wretch happy? This was her Divine Reflection
 upon so good an Action. Unlike what was
 done by a *Minister* and *Favourite* in the Reign of
Sigismund the Second; who in erecting a glorious
 Palace (near a *Villa* where the King used to
 reside during one Season, to have the Diversion
 of Racing) had been furnish'd by a Stone-
 Cutter, who himself got Credit but upon being
 employ'd by so great a Man, to the Value of
 Fifty Thousand Crowns in *Parian Marble* and
 Stone. But he cou'd get none of his Money,
 no not a Ducket, he dy'd starv'd in Prison.
 His Wife and Children begg'd about the Streets!
 Some of his Creditors unable to bear the Dis-
 appointment of their Money, were involved in
 his Ruin. Yet the *Minister* had not the least
 Compassion, but enjoy'd the Benefit of their un-
 doing without Remorse, or so much as vouch-
 sasing to read one of the numerous Petitions of
 the poor Widow, or giving a Morsel of Bread
 to the wretched Orphans; tho' he left this and
 another beautiful Palace, with a large Estate to
 his only Daughter, and without the Incumbrance
 of any other Children.

How does your *Divinities* like the *Princess* of
Beaumont? Does she not resemble *Cytherea*? Has
 not she Charms enough to bless her *Hero*, and
 give her self the Promise of ever filling his
 Arms without the dread of a Rival? She is yet
 too young to have a Character unless for her
 Person. But the Goodness of her Temper, her
 Incl-

Inclination to Virtue, gives us a Promise of all Things that are Excellent and worthy the Noble honest Race, from which she is descended.

Astrea.] I am charm'd with all I see! the pleasing Habitation! the well-order'd Family! the Perfections of the Prince, and both the Princess's; had we but a few more such Examples, I shou'd be tempted to a second Abroad upon Earth! How Young and Graceful is *Beaumont*! Are not all the Charms of a hundred Monarchs, his Royal Ancestors, united in him alone? And yet he seems to center his Regards in *Cytherea*; her Resemblance gives me to call her so. Were the Libertine to behold their Happiness, wou'd he not be forc'd to acknowledge, that all the Pleasures of Variety, have not the least Comparison with the Joys of honest Love and endearing Marriage! the sacred Fire of their Connubial Union, shall mount without any damp or decay of Lustre, 'till it hit the Stars! *Beaumont* shall uninterruptedly enjoy the blooming *Cytherea*! and the charming *Cytherea*, without a Partner or Pang of Jealousie, possess the accomplish'd *Beaumont*. Death only shall have Power to shift the Scene, and cause 'em to change their mortal, for immortal Joys. Oh illustrious Prince! to be perfect you have but to remain your self; nor can we raise our Wishes for you to a higher Pitch than to say, *Be always as you are! persevere but to the End, and you shall be crown'd with a never-fading Garland, the graceful Blendings and Contribution of all the Virtues!*

Intell.] I am puzzling my self about the Order of your next Entertainment. 'Tis too soon for the Palace, or the Favourites. I wou'd have your Eminences behold both in their utmost Splendor.

dor. It is almost the Hour of the *Divan*, at least for the Men of *Business*; those few who in effect have got to themselves the Management of the whole. They *propose*, *debate*, and often *conclude*, when they get the Board to themselves, which is generally too early an hour for the *Libertine Debauchee*, and the *Fop*; who if we may judge of their Number by the Time of their Appearance, are at least two Parts in three of that *numerous* Assembly. The Distance is not great, the Walk very *agreeable*. Behold that Coach! it makes a halt before us; view well the Lady upon the Right! she has opportunely introduc'd her self to furnish me with Matter of Entertainment 'till we reach the *Divan*. What are her *Charms* in your *Excellency's* Opinion? Or rather has she *any*? Is she not rather *Disagreeable*? Yet has she been often *belov'd*, and the second time *marry'd*, under all the Disadvantage of *Character*, of that of a Wife divided from her Lord for *Unfaithfulness*. Marry'd! to a very pretty Gentleman of *good Estate*, *good Sense*, and *good Nature*; which makes me conclude with *La Bruyere*, *When an ugly Woman is beloved, it must certainly be very desperately; for either it must proceed from a strange Weakness in her Lover, or from some more secret and invincible Charm, than that of Beauty*. She is as much known by the Name of *Iantha*, as by her *Title*. Her first publick Amour was with a young *Count*, who never yet had *any* of his *private*. But what truly heightens the Horror of this! he was her Nephew! The young Gentleman stinted in his Allowance by his Mother, found his *Aunt's* Generous, Amorous Temper, extremely Commodious to his Necessity for Money, and the
In-

Inclination he had for *Intrigue*. *Ianthe* is clean-Limb'd, well-shap'd, and, as her Lovers say, one of the handsomest Women in *Aralantis*, from the Chin downwards. But there has been a Remedy found out extremely *delicate*, against the few Charms of her Face; where indeed there is not to be met all the Softness of Features we cou'd desire. A *Gauze Handkerchief* of *Turkish Embroidery*, she has suffer'd, by her *nice well-contriving Lovers*, to be cast over her *Visage*, lest something *less* charming than her Body, shou'd pall their *Ardors*, and abate of their *Excess*. Superlatively ingenious in this *Oeconomy*; for as it defends against the happy Lover's disgust, the Sight being entertain'd with only the Shine of *Gold* and *Silver* in a beautiful Mixture of *Embroidery*: So the *Transparency* of the *Vehicle*, does not forbid her from enjoying the Pleasure of *seeing* all the *Charms* of her Adorers, in the height of their Perfection: An Article of very valuable Consideration, especially when the *Black Indian Favourite* was in Place, known by the Name of the *Handsom Roman*, as remarkable for his Beauty as the large *Diamond* he wears on his Finger, which *Ianthe* once placed there, in the midst of all their Indearments.

She that was in the Coarch with her, is one of the Widows of the *New Cabal*; what an irregularity of Taste is theirs? They do not in reality love *Men*; but doat of the Representation of *Men* in *Women*. Hence it is that those Ladies are so fond of the Dress *En Cavaliere*; tho' it is extremely against my liking, I wou'd have the *Sex* distinguish'd as well by their *Garb* as by their *Manner*. That bewitching *Modesty*, which

is so becoming to the *opening Veil*, is against kind in the *confirm'd, bold and agreeable Air* of the *Hat, Feather and Peruke*. If in this Dress you retain the Shame-fac'dness of the other, you lose the native Charm that recommends it. If you dismiss it, you dismiss the highest Beauty of the Sex: For without regard to that much-in-fashion *Virtue Assurance*, next to real innate *Modesty* in Ladies (which indeed never fails of giving the appearance) I think the outward Blush, and *seeming Habitude* of it, one of the greatest Ornaments they can wear.

But to return to my Widow of the *Cabal*. She fell in Love with one of the *fair Female Comedians*, when she was Acting the Part of a young *Lover* and a *Libertine*. The Widow sent for the Girl, and made her very considerable Presents, order'd her Picture, in that Dress, to be taken at length, by one of the best Hands, and carry'd her to remain with her, during the Season, at her *Villa*. The *Comedian* was dazzl'd at those Indearments and Advances from a Lady of Fortune, and did not know how to behave herself in a manner regular enough; (for her Conversation had been pretty much at large;) however she added her whole endeavours, and by that means became tolerably uneasy to her self, not abundantly us'd to *decorum* and *constraint*. The Widow redoubled her *Kindness* and *Cares*; assur'd her of her *Tenderness* and *Amity*; she even proceeded to gentle *squeezes* and *embraces*; nothing cou'd be more *innocently indearing* than her Transports! The *Comedian* was at a loss to know only how to *Merit* so many Favours, but of the *meaning* of 'em: She was also weary of the *solitude* and *splendor* of the Widow's Family,

mily, and wanted to return to the *Amorous Hurry* and *Theatrical littleness* she had been us'd too, and therefore receiv'd those Honours with no *New-Cabal-Air*. But as if rather disgusted at such *amiable* Proofs of *Amity*, told the Lady she did not like those *hugs* and *indearments* from her own Sex, they seem'd *un-natural*; did they come from a *Man*, she shou'd be able to guess at his Design, but here she was at a loss — The *Widow* found her *Companion* not of a Taste virtuous enough for the *Mysteries* of their *Union*; her mind ran all upon what she had been too much us'd too, the other Sex. The *Comedian* had been vitiated by *Amour*! by *abominable Intrigue* with the *flethy odious Men*! and was not therefore worthy the Honour of being admitted into their Community. She withdrew those *Airs* of Fondness from a Tasteless undeserving Wretch, assum'd more coldness in her Behaviour to her whilst in the Country, and at her coming back by little and little drop'd her very Acquaintance. When she was return'd to her House in Town, to show the lurkings of her Malice, or rather her *Detestation* to Vice, tho' but in *Effigy*, she caus'd the *Comedian's* Picture to be let down, and with our own Hand cut out the Face; so stamp'd upon and abus'd, sent it back to her whom it represented, at the same time causing her to be told, she had by her *loose Libertine-Life*, made it a Scandal to her House to have such a Picture seen in it. The poor *Comedian* fell a crying, and said, she might have let her alone; she did not for her part seek nor covet the Acquaintance; she was no worse now, than when 'twas *first* drawn; neither could her manner of Life be a Secret to the Virtuous Widow

Widow ; she should have objected it to her then, before she gave her the trouble of setting, not to affront her Picture so : But she guess'd the Reason of it, and wou'd leave her Ladyship to be punish'd by the Reflection of it.

We are entring the *Divan*, 'tis so called in *Atalantis*, having borrow'd the Appellation from the *Turks* their Neighbours, and at an Hour so early, that we have it all to our selves ; the height of the *Dome* will secure the Persons below from hearing my Voice ; addressing to your *Eminences*, as I shall take care to do in a proper Key. If by your Heaven-born Power, your *Divinities* wou'd be pleas'd to erect a Throne of condens'd Air, lofty as the Roof, you might at due distance be entertain'd. 'Tis done as soon as propos'd ; we sit extremely at ease, and in a proper capacity for Observation ; they begin to assemble. I will first make you acquainted with their Persons and History, before I speak of their Constitution ; but do not believe a quarter of 'em are worthy your Excellencies Notice ; many are as much below the Dignity of *Satyr* as *Encomium*, even not knowing themselves what Business they have here, or indeed in any individual Scene of their whole Lives ; who open their Mouths with *Ay* and *No*, but as the leading Man, upon whom they depend, gives his *assent* or *dissent*, eminent neither in *Virtue* or *Vice* ; a tasteless Mediocrity is in their Composition. There's an early Lord ! he comes out so betimes to save any Bodies Breakfasting with him at home ; when Youth was his, he was reckon'd Handsome ; yet does he not stoop so much with Age as Custom. *Constitution* has made his Blood *adust*, and given

him to look perpetually below ; but what think you are his *Contemplations* ? Not the Study of *Letters* or *Humanity*, that would have taught him better ; but how to weigh out his Provisions to his Family, to seal up his *Oven*, that the hungry *Domesticks* may not pinch wherewith to appease the cravings of Nature, from his number'd Loaves. He would have found it much to his Humour to have been a *Royal Favourite* ; he might then have had opportunity of getting, whereas he has now no hopes nor ways to increase his Store, but by saving, and that he is Eminent in to the last *Doit*. Even his being a *Party-Man* can't make him *Generous*, tho' to the *unfortunate* and *distress'd* of his *Party*. Nothing of Human Occurrences has amus'd me so much, as giving my self a Reason how this Noble Count came to be of the side opposite to the *Court* ; the *Court* ! a Heaven to the Lucky ! where a moment's Grant often enriches the numerous Years of their whole Lives ; and where, tho' he was not sure of succeeding, his desire of getting might have made him undertake the Application. His Brother was truly a *Hero*, and shall for ever be renown'd in my Mistress's Court ; all that is greatly brave and glorious was in his Composition, yet emulated and travers'd from above, was sent upon a desperate Attempt, with unequal Numbers, to lose his Life upon a Foreign Shore. Never upon any Incident that brings thee to my Remembrance, shall I forbear to celebrate thy Virtue. O mighty Shade ! was it not possible for thee to have remitted some of thy exuberant Excellencies to so near a Breast as a Brother's ? Impart to him from thy *Elysian* Glory, one Ray of thy Humanity and Generous Love of Mankind !

kind ! yet sorting to his Humour, we will not ask thee to give him too diffusive a brightness ! Let his *Mercy* and *Compassion* shine only upon *himself*, and part of *himself*, his suff'ring Heir. Let him *Eat*, let him *Wear*, let him permit his own *Name* and *Person* to *live*, if not according to his Estate, yet something nearer to his Dignity, that he may seem to remember *that* that has given the unhappy a sort of claim to his Charity. But if it be too much, O impartial Shade ! favour his *Children* and *Domesticks* so far, as that the former may seem to wish they had been so happy to have been born, tho' of *Ig-oble* Parents, yet in *rural* Plenty ; and the latter, that they may have their Necessities of Life reliev'd, and their Hungry Bellies appeas'd by something more substantial, than the airy Honour of being Attendants upon an *Atalantick* Lord, without the expence of their Wits, in contriving how to deceive his Diligence in a careful Watch of the *destin'd* Food, or of having even what is allow'd begrutch'd 'em.

Let me descend from this *Ejaculatory* Digression, to inform your *Mightinesses*, that this *sordid* Count has besides a prodigious Bank of ready Money, near Fifty Thousand Crowns of annual Rent ; yet is there neither *Plenty* at his *Board*, Fire in his *Kitchen*, nor Provisions in the *Larder* : His *Wardrobe* has nothing to boast of but *Antiquity* ; so far indeed a *Patriot*, that he lengthens out the *Old* Modes of his own Time ; and is an Enemy profess'd to the *New* fashionable expensive Taste of Variety. A Stranger that came to see his Gardens, and had something of an Awe at the Name of an *Atalantick* Noble-Man, seeing him stand at the Gate in an

obsolete Garment, ask'd the Count for himself? Whether the Count were at home? His Lordship answer'd in the *Negative*, trembling at the Interrogatory, lest it should threaten him with the Expence of some *petty* Entertainment. The Gentleman had only his Curiosity to gratify, as to the Walks, and was very well pleas'd to hear of his being abroad, that he might with greater Liberty indulge the Pleasure he propos'd, in an agreeable Solitude. I am credibly assur'd, that seeing the great concourse which his *Villa* drew thither, during one Season, to enjoy the conveniency of *Air* in a beautiful Walk and shade of *Trees*; he debated with his Lady, and a niggardly Confidant or two, upon setting a Capitation-Tax upon all Strangers who should resort thither; and was over sway'd, but with much difficulty, and an abundance of regret. It was pity indeed so elevated a Project should happen to drop, without any Benefit to the most *Noble*, most *Ingenious* Projector!

He suffers his Daughters to Fade ungather'd, because he can't find in his Heart to give 'em, whilst he lives, a Fortune worthy their Birth; not considering *Youth* and *Beauty* are but for a Season, and any Lady whatsoever, that shall happen to out-live those Attractive Ornaments, can't with any Assurance propose to Marry with near the Advantage, as when she was adorn'd with 'em. Besides, a Husband must not in good Sense be suppos'd to set half that value upon a Wife, whose Bloom he never enjoy'd. That *Charms* will fade if they live to a certain point of time, is certain; but then the *Possessor* and the *Possessed* decay together, just like their own Faces in a Looking-Glass, which being every
Day

Day the Object of Sight, perfect Habitude permits 'em not to discern that frightful difference that there is between *Age* and *Youth*. If any one were but for Ten Years forbid that Representation, and then to have the Perspective brought; I do not doubt but they wou'd be as much at a loss to know their own outward Form, as many are to know the inward, and be infinitely more mortify'd at the Alteration, than they are by any other exchange; the Charms of the Person being obvious, and in which we are the easiest flatter'd, and fondest of that Flattery; all desire 'em in themselves before those of the Mind, which they seldom take up a Merit upon, but in default of the others. Hence if a Lady wants *Features*, she refers to her *Shape*; if both, then her *Wit* comes in to rescue her from the Arms of *Contempt*. There was scarce ever any so despicable but had something to recommend 'em, if not to the *general*, yet to a *particular*; according to the Maxim, *That Nature has made nothing in vain*. But to apply to the Count, and his *fading* Daughter; *Youth* may do without any other *Charms*, but all the *Charms* in the World can never do without *Youth*. The change that is inevitably wrought by Time, is a melancholy Consideration, and remarkable in the Count himself; for I remember to have heard an old Lady report, that she was once among Nine Ladies, where the Count wore the handsomest Face of 'em all, tho' none there were disagreeable, and two of 'em reputed Beauties.

Were I to repeat, as I could, a thousand *Meannesses* of his, he might justly hate me for the extent of my Memory; let him forgive the little I have said, in consideration of the much

could be said. I recommend the same thing to *Lamthe* and the Count her Nephew, and will finish with the Usage he bestows upon his Heir, who has Married strongly against his Approbation. But is not this unfortunate Match due to the *fordid* Temper of the Count, that neither gave his Son an Education fitted for good Company, nor supplied him with a suitable Expence to keep it? Permitting him an inglorious bent, with raskally *Footmen* and *Domesticks*. Lolling whole Days out of an upper Window, with one of the former for his Companions, playing Tricks, and laughing for their Diversions, at those who passed along. Then his Dress was as *fordid* as his Father. The Linen he wore so coarse, and so seldom shifted, that where it should be visible he us'd a finer sort of *Plebeian* Surtout to cover the Deformity. I question whether ever he was Master of a Ducat at a time in his whole Life before he Married. Thus adorn'd, in both the Habits of *Mind* and *Body*, with nothing in his Purse to atone for those Defects, what Genteel, Well-bred, Well-dressed, Sensible Company, would suffer him among them? No wonder that such a *lazy, idle, lolling* Life, should leave depraved Nature to it self, and give him to think of a Wife, where nothing of a liberal Education interpos'd to employ his Thoughts another way. In this waste of Time, I rather think it strange that he Married so well, than that he Married at all; or that some of the *bright She-Domesticks* did not fall under his Choice, as perhaps the *Butler* may be his *Sister's*. But I think in that House they have neither the Spirit of *Plenty* to enliven their *Pretensions*, nor *Gains* sufficient to put them in a Habit *Spruce* enough
to

to maintain 'em. A certain intriguing Lady had dishonour'd her Family : Her Father in leaving her a Fortune, left her without the pretence of Necessity to soften her Sin of yielding her self to the lawless Embraces of one of the Princes of the *Empire*. She had several Children by him, her eldest Daughter fell into the Acquaintance of the Count's Son, and

——— *He who had never seen*
A Creature look so Gay, or talk so Fine,

purfu'd her to her Mother's House, who examining into the Merit of the Youth's Pretensions, found half of his Fathers Estate entail'd upon him, so that she did not forbear to manage him to the best Advantage, 'till she had fix'd him her Son-in-Law. The Count's parcimonious irreconcilable Temper, has made him forget he is his Child, and by that unnatural Oblivion is become the Theam of the young Gentleman's *Morning* and *Evenings* Devotions ; he begs, he implores Relief from *Jupiter*. He *must*, he *can't* but desire the Death of his Father, that *himself*, his *Wife* and *little ones*, may have wherewithal to eat ! Oh unnatural Count ! Have you no Tendernefs, no Compassion, for those Creatures who had never *Been*, but for you ? Had you no other end in putting them into the World, but to make them *unhappy* ? Oh Heart-wounding-reflection ! what generous Breast can bear the *Tortour* of seeing any remote Wretch in Misery ? But to have my own Child indigent and poor, when my Coffers are crowded to the brim, and made so by my *Persevering*, *Avaritious*, *Inexorable* Temper. I could not *endure* the Supposition ! Remember ! un-

thinking Count, that him whom you thus expose, is to wear your *Name* and *Honours*, to convey your Noble *Family* down to succeeding Ages! Will you continue to permit *Him*, in whose Person your *Glory* must Centre, not only to languish in Expectation to wish you may be no more; but 'till that happy Moment shall arrive, to Taint his Mind and Manners with low *Plebeian* Vices, from which he may never have Power to reform; to *sharp, deceive*, and run in Debt, 'till some common Prison be his Refuge. How corrupted must be his *Principles*? How *abandon'd* his *Behaviour*? How *infectious* his *Vice*? How *catching* is *Imitation*? What Monster may he not be, if the Gods lengthen out your date of Life, but to an indifferent Period. Relent! Relent! unnatural Father, before it be too late! Remember, that on this side the Grave, you must take leave of all your *numerous* Store! That in Death there is no occasion for any thing, and but an impossible Attempt, to carry the least Grain of that shining valu'd Mettal into the other *World*! where only the report of your *good* and *bad Actions* shall remain to you, of all your Possessions!

That Gentleman who sits next him, was one of *Henriquez's* Generals, and had much such a Father to deal with as is the *Count*, but he had the successful contrivance of Plundering him once of a considerable Sum, and the *natural Heroick* Assurance to challenge him in Defence, for which his Father would have had him Crucify'd like a common Thief, if the Sovereign had not interposed. He was in very good Favour with his Master, remarkable for his *Bravery*; and resigning himself and all his Hours to the Dominion of his

Mistress,

Mistress, of whom a very entertaining History might be made. He took her from that old-out-of-Fashion-Lord (in every thing but Politicks, and his very much-in-Fashion-Lady) who when he heard she was going to be the *General's* Conquest, did all his Endeavours to retain her upon his Knees, and with Tears beg'd her not to forsake him; he would sacrifice all to her, his *Estate*, his *Wife* and *Children*, at her least Command. To whom the *Mistress*, with a cool, unconcerned Air, My Lord, you offer me nothing, your *Estate* is entail'd, your *Wife* you don't love, and your *Children* are none of your own.

View that Person who is entring, he is now of the *Atalantick* Nobility. One of the finest Women of the Age, was, when he was young, in love with him, and your Divinities shall hear how us'd by him. Her Name was Lady *Diana*, her Dowry large, of a Family that had the Honour of being among the Counts of the Empire. Her Person lovely, as the most lovely Imagination could form it. The darting Lustre of her Eyes, were like the *Lightnings Flash*, so awful and so piercing. But having cast the dazzling Death, they rould into a rest from Fire, and gave the Gazers an *Alternative* of pleasing Pain, with leave to wonder at their various Beauty, for Languishments would take their turn, and show the Mine of Love within. A Mine which threw abroad such Sparkles of Desire, as spoke the amorous Temper of the Fair: She was the Queen of Love herself, in all her Attributes! so bright, so soft, so warming, so enviting, so envited, as if she languish'd for a part of that *Delight*, which her *Beauties* must necessarily inspire into the Hearts of her Beholders. Thus circum-

stanced,

stanced, she was Married to the *Conde de Bedamore*, a Man much older than her self, afflicted with a Distemper, that one part of the Year, took from him the Benefit of his Feet, and confin'd him to his Bed or Chamber; where the lovely *Diana*, was forc'd to be a sharer of his painful Hours. But then he was infinitely *fond* and *indulgent* to all her Desires; he ador'd his beautiful Consort, and being in himself an honest Gentleman, and good Natured to all the World, the most admirable part cou'd not miss the favourable endearing Effects of it.

Madam de *Bedamore* had been most of her Youth abroad; she had seen the *superbous Palaces* of the *Romans*; the *Magnificence* of the *Venetian*; the *Politeness* of *Turin*; and the *united Splendor* of the *Louvre*; had even acquir'd the *Manners* of the most Accomplish'd thro' all the Courts she had pass'd; nothing was more *easy* or more *enchanting* than her *Dialect*! she spoke with the *flowing sweetness* of the *Graces*. Her *Beauty* was not at all necessary to make her Conversation be admir'd; for even if your Eyes were shut upon the Charms of her Face, your Heart must be open to those of her Wit. The *Atalantick* Court was ravish'd when she appear'd, and there was nothing omitted to indear it to her; that she might be but persuaded to stay, and adorn it. But that was not as she pleas'd; the *Conde*, tho' without any *Taint* in his *Temper* of *Jealousie*, wanted her at his *Villa*. He shou'd there have her all to himself; he lov'd the Diversions of the *Field*, better than those of a *Court*: All the *Delights* a *Court* cou'd give him, were center'd in *Diana*; neither did she express any great Disgust at retiring from that World of
Ad-

Admiration which crowded her Steps and Eyes. The Hour was not yet come for her to distinguish in. *Promiscuous* Adoration is much a lesser Enemy to *Virtue*, because you have not Leisure for a *Particular* Regard. Coquetry may make the Fair *ridiculous*, but Love can only make her wretched; that infectious Distemper of the Heart, that poysons all the noble Faculties, deduces the Sense of *Glory*, degenerates the Taste of *Virtue*, and by degrees lays the very *Remembrance* of all Things but it self, into a *Lethargick* Slumber. Let the tender Sex suppress the very first Suspicion of Inclination that sway 'em to a liking of one more than another: If they stay but till that Suspicion be confirm'd, they stay too long, it will be too late to retreat; neither can all its Delight be in the least an Equivalent for Honour lost. The best that can be said of Love, is that 'tis a *fading Sweetness*, mix'd with *bitter Passions*; a *lasting Misery*, chequer'd with a few momentary Pleasures! Love gives the Thoughts Eyes to see, to penetrate every where; and Ears to the Heart to listen with *Anxiety* after all Things tho' never so minute. 'Tis bred by permitting themselves leave to desire, nursed by a *lazy Indulgence* to Delight. Wean'd (after strong Endeavours and much *Uneasiness*) by Jealousie; kill'd by *Dissembling*, and buried (never more to rise) by *Ingratitude*!

The Conde's Villa was near forty Leagues from *Angela*. The House was an old irregular Building; *Diana* look'd upon it as in effect it was design'd, the Prison, where all her Charms were to be buried, and therefore desir'd that it might be made as delightful, as by *Modern Architecture* it cou'd. Her Lord thought the Request so worthy

worthy of his passionate Desire to please her,
 that he resolv'd to pull it down to the bottom,
 and rebuild it with a Magnificence fitted to
 the Beauty of her it was to enclose. But how
 to dispose of the bright *Diana* and *Himself*, 'till
 the Work was perfected, without a return to
 Court (which must be by no means approved
 of) was a Point he could not so easily adjust.
 There was at some few miles Distance, a House
 that had the Name and Form of a Palace. Don
Tomasio Roderiguez (by the Favour of *Henriquez*,
 now the Baron *Roderiguez*, him that I directed
 your radiant Eyes to, that this moment whispers
 to the *General* I was last speaking of) was the
 Owner of it; with no large Estate, yet such a
 Competency, as gave him to be number'd among
 those Gentlemen that do not make the most in-
 significant Figure in their Country. He was then
 Young and Handsom, marry'd for Conveni-
 cy, upon an equal Foot of Fortune, to a young
 Lady who had had her Education apart from
 Courts; yet without any rustick or forbidding
 Airs, either in her Person, or Conversation.
 She was such a Wife, as might very well pre-
 tend to ingage the Heart of any Husband of
 her own Rank, where the dangerous *Diana* was
 not in Place. In short, it was not her Fault
 if she did not please, for she courted her Glass
 as much as any Lady of the *Circle*, attempted
 at dressing, though she did not know how to suc-
 ceed. Had Nature had but the Assistance of a
 little *fine Conversation*, and a few better Exam-
 ples, she had made a perfect *Belle*; for there
 was admirable Inclinations towards those *Co-*
quet Accomplishments, that recommends the
Modern Fair. But being left only to her self,
 there

there was a perfect *Olio* in her Manner, of what she *saw*, what she *imagin'd*, what she had *read*, and what she *ambition'd*. Don *Tomasio* was a very civil Husband, because *Olivia's* Father was a Gentleman of a large Estate, and of very good Interest; besides what he had given his Daughter, there was still hopes of more, if he but approv'd himself such as he ought. But alas! what are these petty Considerations when Love comes in place? No sooner did he see the *Day* of Madam de *Bedamore's* Eyes, but he thought to himself he had hitherto wander'd in *unaccountable* Darkness! the Lustre of her *Charms* flash'd full upon his Heart: He was wounded! he was disarm'd all at an Instant! she had but to behold to Conquer! he was surpriz'd at the Suddenness of the *Invasion*! but before he could well reflect, he was confirm'd in her *Victory*! he *oppos'd*! he *struggl'd*! but it was but the more to *intangle* himself! The *Suare* was unavoidable! he neither *eat* nor *slept*! *Olivia's* Caresses were but vain; they had lost even that little Relish which *Novelty* might give to a Husband not prepossess'd. She did not want Penetration, for let a Lady have never so much *Self-love* and *Self-flattery*, she finds out nothing sooner than an Abatement in the Ardors of her *Love* or her *Husband*. Madam *Roderiguez* had no other Amusements, so that she found Field-room enough for Reflection. At first she thought it might be an Indisposition, an ill habit of Body, and officiously administred accordingly; but all her Endeavours, and impertinent Discourses upon that Head, did but the more *disgust* her to him, and *indear* the polite *Diana*, which he never approach'd

proach'd without a new Theam for Admiration.

When the *Conde* had resolv'd with himself to rebuild his House, according to the *Magnificence* of the *Moderns*, Don *Tomasio* was transported at the Opportunity of offering 'em part of his. Madam de *Bedamore* easily inclin'd her Lord's Consent; and *Olivia*, who was become a perfect Mimick, when tho' but at a distance of Lady *Diana's* modish *Airs*, was delighted to have the *bright Original* brought home to her.

Let your Divinities be pleas'd to imagin 'em all under the same Roof, and Don *Roderiguez* transported at those thousand Opportunities he had of every Moment seeing and obliging the *inimitable Diana*. He could there make a greater Progress in a Week, than in a Year at any other Place. *Nature*, more than *Education*, had given his Soul an agreeable Turn of Gallantry. Add to this his whole Endeavours to attract; and one no mean Inducement, being almost the only Man that had the Honour of her Conversation, at least the *only one* of his agreeable Form, and whose Mind had a Cast so nearly approaching to the Accomplishments of her own.

These Motives, with that of the Solitude she liv'd in, her own Tendernefs of Heart, and an active Principle of *Fire*, that cou'd not suffer her to languish in an inglorious Supinenefs, join'd to the Efforts of the little God, who thought he had too long wanted the Adorations of so bright a Votary, determin'd the Inclinations of Madam de *Bedamore* in Favour of Don *Tomasio*. No sooner did she feel an Alteration of Mind, but she (who tasted so few *refin'd* Delights) too easily gave in to this. She never examin'd whether

ther the dangerous Guide would lead her, 'twas all new! *sparkling! enchanting Brightness!* no Road cou'd be displeasing in such agreeable Company. Her killing Eyes now seem'd to lay aside their Darts: Languishments usurp'd upon the Fire, and gave Don *Tomasio* unmolested leave to gaze, where all he found was *Sweetness*, and sympathetic *Tenderness*. Thus whole Hours wou'd they entertain each other, in that mute Intelligible Language of the Eyes. 'Tis true they sometimes sigh'd, as if to ease their burthen'd Heart of an oppressive Load, as if both were dumb; the one thro' fear of *not* pleasing, the other thro' a conscious Shame at *being* pleas'd. Yet whose Courage is so easily reinforc'd as a Lovers? If sometimes he proceeds thro' *Showers* of *Scorn*, *Disdain*, *Affronts*, and even the Prepossession for a Rival; how shou'd he be long a Coward, where all the Darts of Cruelty are laid aside, where *Love* and *Nature* both appear to Friend, and nothing but a modest Blush in place to dash the Hopes of Conquest, and which yet wears a seeming Wish of being conquer'd? This and more (as there are a thousand *silent* Regards to encourage a Lover, whom they wou'd have encourag'd) gave *Tomasio* strength to declare his Passion; he took the *unguarded* Fair in all the height of *wishing* Nature, urg'd his *secret*, *long*, *respective* Flame; and being really agitated, even beyond the Power of Words, he gain'd immediate Credit with the Love-sick-fair; who easily concluded from her Pain, that his was real. Yet *Truth* and *Honour* made a Contest in her Breast. She knew not how to chide; she knew not to dissimble: The Lover's Flames had lighted hers, and sent 'em sparkling to her Eyes
to

to raise his Joys, and speak her own. But then her Duty to her Lord, the feeble Sense she had of Virtue, gave her an Alternative of Pain : She sigh'd ! the artful Lover begg'd the Explanation. She, who had never known what was Disimulation, reveal'd the Cause, and told him of her Prepossession ; she own'd she felt for him, what she had never felt before ; that she had even often wish'd for that Moment that she now enjoy'd, tho' Glory forbid her ever to improve it to that Advantage as her Inclination for him wou'd perswade her ; therefore conjur'd him to watch her *nodding* Duty, and to be himself the *Guardian* of her Honour, since she found a lazy Friend within, that in his behalf, forbid her to exert her fainting Force, in any Point that cou'd oppose his Love. The ravish'd *Roderiguez* fell upon his Knees, he wou'd have thank'd the bounteous Fair, he wou'd have grasp'd her *Hands* ! her *Limbs* ! he wou'd have spoke, but the unutterable Delight, too mighty for any Voice, confin'd the Transports to his Breast, where they became too *big* to bear ! *Nature* must yield to *supernatural* Force. He cou'd not get the mighty Struggle over, but sunk upon her Lap without, or Voice or Motion. How advantageous was this Extasie ? What Lady cou'd be insensible, at seeing the Effects of her own Charms, at seeing a Lover dying with Delight, at barely finding himself belov'd ? It almost tempted her to make the Experiment of what *all* her Favours cou'd do, since only the *single one* of speaking, had thus entranced her Adorer. She remoxed his Head from her Lap, and repos'd it upon a height of Cushions that rested upon the Couch where she was setting,

and cast her self upon her Knees in the same Posture he was, with her beautiful Face to his: That absence of Knowledge in him, gave her to indulge the Desire she had often felt of having her Lips press'd by his, so that using no other Endeavours to recal him, nor apprehending any danger of his Life from that amorous Lethargy, she cast her Arm round his Neck, fix'd her Mouth to his, and transported by Fear, and an unusual rising Delight within! she press'd 'em with that *Eagerness!* that *warmth* of Love! as darted new *Rays* into the dying Lover! He felt the quickning Life! he felt intolerable Joy! he felt a Repetition of his *Extacy!* He egarly clasp'd himself about her with all the force of Love; and lengthening out the ravish'd Kifs she gave, wounded the lovely Lips to which he had ow'd his Delight! Inchanting Sweetness, ineffable Rapture, cry'd out the extatic Lover, who wou'd not die upon the Blifs? Here *Alicia*, my Lady's Woman (who from the adjoyning Chamber had heard the amorous Exclamation) came running to inform the transported Pair, that her Lord was just alighted from Hunting, and wou'd in two Moments be with 'em. This Alarm gave 'em the *reluctant* Courage to rise from the Ground, and take a more separate and convenient Setting. Lady *Diana* looking upon her Handkerchief, that she apply'd to her Mouth, found the Blood running from the Lip, which had been wounded by that lovely Excess she had endur'd! Her Lord was just entring, so that in rising to receive him, she had only time to cast a regard of amorous Languishment upon *Roderiguez*, that

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bespoke

bespoke the Pleasure she felt at that Proof of unusual Agitation!

Madam de *Bedamore*, when she was next alone, reflected upon those dangerous Evidences of Frailty she had shown her Lover; returning Honour gave her to repent the past, and to take Resolutions against the future. She began by avoiding all lone Opportunities with that Invader of her Rest. He was as diligent as Love and Desire, as one that wants nothing but a happy Opportunity to put him in possession of the Charms of his Mistress; but seeing how industrious she was to prevent him, he gathered from thence an undoubted Omen of his Fortune; he thought she cou'd not answer for the Consequence, and therefore wou'd not put her *Virtue* to the Trial. If it be so, said the presumptuous Lover, it is my part to secure that only wanting Article to make my Happiness compleat. The *Comde* had Business in the *Divan*, that call'd him to *Angela*; *Roderiguez* saw him go with the Exultings of a prosperous Rival: The beautiful *Diana* met his Eyes, where, in spight of all her affected Cruelty, he cou'd find nothing in hers, but what seem'd to Congratulate him upon that unexpected piece of good Fortune. What he had next to do, was, to remove *Olivia's* Impertinencies, who was never apart from Madam de *Bedamore*; taking her, as I have told your Excellencies, for a Pattern in Perfections, she did not fail to give her and *Roderiguez* (who both remark'd the Imitation) a good deal of Diversion by seeing how lamely she succeeded. Art in that case can never be so bewitching as Nature. Don *Tomaso*, to revenge himself upon the Disappointment or Delays, which

which her Presence put to his Hopes, resolved to give her a Dose, which without any hazard to her Life, shou'd yet confine her to her Chamber; an *Emetick* Powder, which he cunningly convey'd into her *Chocolate*. It was not long before she felt the ill effects of it. But here *Roderiguez* was as much at a loss as before; for whilst she was under the Operation, tender *Diana* waving all *niceties*, never stirr'd from her *Bed-side*; tho' he had taken care to gain *Alicia* to his Party, who did her Endeavours to draw her Lady from the sick *Olivia* to her own Apartment: She guess'd her Motive, and was positive in not leaving Madam *Roderiguez*. He saw there was no time to lose, so that putting on a riding Dress he came to his Wife in an affected Hurry, and told her he had not a Moment to stay with her, Business of extream consequence call'd him to the *Capital* of the Province, from whence he shou'd not be able to return 'till about the same Hour to Morrow. He begg'd her to be well, and with a cool Kiss took his leave; but of Madam *de Bedamore*, with his Eyes full of Respect, and an intermixture of Despair, as if to speak his Resentment at the *Cruelty* she pursu'd.

When he was gone, the beautiful *Diana* (who lov'd that Chamber no otherwise than as it shelter'd her from the Pursuits of a dangerous powerful Lover) pass'd down into the Gardens; she had nothing on but her Night-Dress, one Petticoat, and a rich Silver stuff Night-Gown that hung carelessly about her. It was the Evening of an excessive hot Day, she got into a shade of *Orange* Flowers and *Jessimine*, the Blossoms that were fallen cover'd all beneath with a profusion of Sweets. A Canal run by, which
Q 2 made

made that retreat *delightful* as 'twas *fragrant*. *Diana* full of the unreasonings of Mind that Love occasion'd, threw her self under the pleasing Canopy, apprehensive of no *Acteon* to invade with forbidden Curiosity, her as numerous perfect Beauties, as had the Goddesses. Supinely laid on that repose of Sweets, the dazzling Lustre of her Bosom stood reveal'd, her polish'd Limbs all careless and extended, show'd the Artful Work of Nature. *Roderiguez* (who only pretended to depart, and had watch'd her every Motion) with softly treading Steps, stole close to the unthinking Fair, and throwing him on his length beside her, fix'd his Lips to hers, with so happy a Celerity, that his Arm was round her to prevent her rising, and himself in possession of her lovely Mouth, before she either saw or heard his Approach. Her Surprise caus'd her to shriek aloud, but there was none in hearing; he presently appeas'd her, and with all the artful Address of powerful Love, conjur'd her not to remove from him that *enchanted Prospect* of her Beauties! He vow'd he wou'd not make himself possessor of one Charm without her willing leave, he sigh'd, he look'd with dying! wishing! Soft-regards! The lovely she grew calm and tender! The Rhetorick of one belov'd, has strange bewitching Force; she suffer'd all the glowing pressures of his roving Hand; that Hand, which with a Luxury of Joy, wander'd through all the rich Meanders of her Bosom; she suffer'd him to drink her dazzling naked Beauties at his Eyes! to gaze! to burn! to press her with unbounded Rapture! taking by intervals a thousand eager short-breath'd Kisses. Whilst *Diana*, lull'd by the enchanting Poison Love had diffus'd throughout her

her form, lay *still*, and *charm'd* as he! — she thought no more! — she could not think! — let Love and Nature plead the weighty Cause! — let them excuse the beauteous Frailty! — Diana was become a *Votary to Venus*! — obedient to the Dictates of the Goddess! —

But when her Reason return'd, and she saw the Triumphant Lover, all *Charm'd* and *Grateful* for the Blessing she had bestow'd; his dancing Eyes bespeaking the glorious *Victory* he had obtain'd: She tore herself too late from his Embraces, and wept such Tears of Penitence, as if they could have wash'd away the Memory of her Crime; but said, it was in vain to try to shun her Destiny; she was to be *undone* by Love. Ask'd him if he could be *true*? If he could be *silent*? If he could be *honourable*, and not reveal the Outrage she had done her Virtue, or protect her against her Lord's Repentment? There was nothing left unsaid by him, to appease her; he told her, he would be all she could desire. That Heavenly Form, was never made only for an *old, sickly* Husband's Arms; that a Beauty so perfect as hers, shou'd not be suffer'd to appear abroad, in pity to Mankind. She ought to be enclos'd! to be lock'd up from all desiring Eyes! since in looking on her, they must necessarily Sin! the Lover forget his *Mistress*! and the Husband loath the Embraces of his *Wife*! No other Woman had any degree of Charms, compared to hers!

Begging your Divinities Pardon for my Interruption, the *Divan* fills apace, I have a thousand Stories that crow'd my Memory. Those Objects before me creates *occasional Remembrance*, and will make me the sooner conclude

Roderiguez's Story, who for a considerable time omitted no Opportunity to possess the lovely *Diana*: Whilst *Olivia*, neglected and observing, lay upon the watch to cancel or confirm her Suspicions. The Preference was too big for the slender pretence of Good breeding and Quality. Their Eyes were of Intelligence, she had often remark'd her false Husband's endeavours to single out *Madam de Bedamore*, at Entertainments, Walks, or any other Place, where they might have the Pleasure of talking by themselves; whilst she, no less obliging than her Lover was assiduous, made him all those necessary Advances, that cou'd bespeak a perfect Correspondence.

One fatal Night, (let Lovers never forget this Proverb, *Time and Chance reveals all Secrets*;) the Conde and his Lady, *Madam Roderiguez* and her Husband, were at Cards; where the latter mistaking *Olivia* for *Diana*, was the whole Night very eager in pressing one of her Feet between his, which she had purposely extended, that he might take it for *Madam de Bedamore*. She had observ'd of late, that those Mornings when the Conde rose early to go a Hunting, *Don Tomasis* also quitted his Bed upon frivolous Pretences. She was resoly'd the next time to see what he did with himself at that Hour. The next Day, after the Courtship of the Foot, she heard him rise and go down Stairs, believing he left her a sleep, she slipp'd on her Night-Gown, and softly follow'd him, till she saw him fetch the compass of the House, and go up a pair of back Stairs to *Madam de Bedamore's* Apartment. *Alicia* was yet in Bed in a Room within her Ladies. The impatient *Roderiguez* threw off his Robe, and cast himself into *Diana's* Arms, never having

ing had the Precaution to fasten the Door, which, upon his precipitate Entrance only fell too, and remain'd upon the *jar*. *Olivia* ascended those fatal Steps, in pursuit of her faithless Husband; but seeing the Door unlock'd, she durst scarcely believe her own Eyes, or that she had beheld him enter that Chamber; and therefore paus'd, to find a proper Excuse (for disturbing her Ladyship at that early Hour) if she should happen to find her alone. But then recollecting, that Jealousie, as false as it was, could not so far deceive her, she pursu'd her first Intentions, and coming softly up to the very Bed, drew back the Curtain, blasted with that killing Sight, of seeing *Madam de Bedamore*, where none but her self ought to have been!

She gave a Shriek of Horror! and turning her back upon the guilty Pair ran out of that fatal Apartment into her own, putting on the next Garments she found. She was going out when her Husband entred: He immediately dress'd himself, and ran after her into the Fields, where she was making all imaginable haste to her Fathers, who liv'd at the distance of twelve Furlongs. He catch'd hold of her Garment, and fell upon his Knees, begg'd her to return, to spare my Ladies Honour and his, upon which he promis'd her never more to speak to *Madam de Bedamore*. But she was inexorable, and he was forc'd to go back without being able to prevail. At his going out, he had order'd a Groom to saddle him a Horse, which at his return, he found ready at the Gate, he nimbly mounted, and was going to make the best of his way, without reflecting what would become of the miserable *Diana*; when she appear'd to his in-

grateful Sight, all *trembling* and *amaz'd*: calling after, and conjuring him not to leave her alone to meet the Fury of a Husband justly incens'd! who at his return from Hunting, would *probably* Sacrifice her Life, to atone for the Honour she had rob'd him of! *Roderiguez*, won by her Tears and Intreaties, suffer'd her to be set up behind him, and without a Domestick, or a cross of Money in their Pockets, rode away: The Lady all undrest, without any thing on but the very Cloaths she rose out of Bed with, one Petticoat, a loose Night-gown, but neither Bodice nor Westcoat.

They crossed the Country thro' narrow Lanes and all the bye-Roads, 'till they gain'd a considerable Town, about ten Leagues from their own House, where Don *Roderiguez* being unknown, had much ado to procure wherewith for the Distress'd Lady to refresh her self, who was in the worst of Circumstances, that of a Breeding Woman. The silver Trimming of her Petticoat, that was loosely set on, had suffer'd by their precipitate Flight; the Hedges had tore off a great part, and defaced the Beauty of the rest. There was no Cloths to be procur'd her in that place; all that could be done, was to Hire a Chariot and six Horses to depart early in the Morning. Their Business was to gain the *Capital*, the safest Receptacle for the *Guilty* and the *Unfortunate*. If they had not staid to indulge the Lady's Constitution, by giving her some repose from the Fatigues she had endur'd, but immediately have got into the Coach and made for *Angela*, they had possibly escap'd the *Conde's* pursuit.

Some of his faithful Domesticks rode after to find him where he was Hunting; yet with much Regret, for they ador'd their Lady's
Good-

Goodness of Temper, and reverenc'd her Beauty. The *Conde*, full of pity for her *Youth* and *Frailty*, resolv'd to tear her from that *Infamy* she was pursuing; his own *honest compassionate* Soul taught him to have *Commiseration* upon her *Weakness* of hers; the remembrance of the *Charms* came in to rescue her from the cruel Effects of his Indignation. He dispatch'd his Servants thro' all the Roads it was probably they cou'd take: He did not doubt but their Design was for *Angela*. The most sensible of 'em had the Fortune to come to the very Town, where was refug'd our unhappy Beauty. *Fidelio*, so was he call'd, immediately went to all the *Hostelries* and *Cabarats*, and taking a turn into the Stables under various Pretences, at length saw Don *Roderiguez's* Horse, which he very well knew, living so long in the same House. He ponder'd with himself how he shou'd retrieve *Madam de Bedamore*: He thought it must be by Stratagem, as the only means to save her Honour. He was *alone*, so was Don *Tomasio*, therefore he determin'd to try if he cou'd succeed without Force. He might indeed, as another less discreet than *Fidelio* had doubtless done, have taken the Magistrate of the *Villa* to his Assistance; but that was proclaiming my Lady's Infamy aloud, and making her Honour the Theam of every Country-Wife's Discourse. To challenge *Roderiguez* was his Resolution, if by Persuasion he would not yield *Diana*. Thus determin'd, he waited the slow approach of Day, never once entring into a Bed; tho' he understood too plainly that the guilty Lovers were together, and not likely to rise, 'till urg'd by the Necessity there seem'd to be for their Departure.

The

The Chariot and Six Horses that *Roderiguez* had order'd was come to the Gate before the happy Lovers were stirring. *Fidelio* watched their Door with Assiduity; and having permitted 'em time to get themselves ready, he enter'd the Chamber with a respective Boldness, becoming the Character of a Servant, faithful to his Master. Madam *de Bedamore* gave out a loud Cry at his Sight, and immediately drop'd into a Sound. *Fidelio* ran and took her in his Arms, and laid her tenderly upon the Bed; then turning to Don *Tomasio*, he told him, his Lord was at hand with the *Magistrates* and *Officers* of Justice, that in six Minutes he expected he wou'd be there, and therefore advis'd him, thro' the Respect he knew his Lady had for him, to withdraw immediately, if he intended to go off with Life. *Diana* (now recover'd) perceiving by his Air, that he thought the Advice good, and was going to depart, cry'd out to him, That they might die together; conjur'd him not to forsake her, for to a *Heart* that was sincere and truly engag'd like hers, Separation wou'd be worse than Death. Told him the veriest Coward that had yet ever breath'd, wou'd find Courage to defend his Love, if it were true he did Love. But if that were over, still Sense of Honour shou'd give him with his Life to protect a Lady that had ruin'd her self for him, was under his Care, and had never been guilty, if his faithless Love had not seduced her. But a thousand Lamentations cou'd not prevail over *Roderiguez's Discretion*. He told her, 'twas time for 'em both to be Wiser, there wou'd no harm come to her, her Lord's Fondness would protect her; and as to his own Part he must take
care

care of his Life; so, very politically, he made the best of his way to the Stables, and for Expedition assisted the Groom in saddling his Horse, which he precipitately mounted, and made all the haste imaginable to *Angela*.

Diana more afflicted at being so unworthily abandon'd by her Lover, than in being detected by her Husband, fell from one fainting to another, 'till *Fidelio* almost despair'd of her Recovery; but kneeling by her with all his honest Endeavours, persuaded her at length to Reason, and a Calm in her Lamentations. She wou'd have brib'd that faithful Domestick, by any Promises, to have carry'd her to the next Sea-shore, where she might put her self Aboard the first Ship that might bear her Person and Infamy from the Sight of her Lord, whose Indulgence (which *Fidelio* assur'd her) wounded deeper than his Cruelty; she wou'd be set upon some foreign Strand to starve unknown and die alone! But at length seeing she cou'd not prevail over his *Fidelity*, she call'd for a Draught of Wine, which she drank to reasssure her Spirits, having before refused any Support or Refreshments that *Fidelio* offer'd. Then giving him her Hand to help her from the Bed, she fix'd her Resolutions, and firmly said, she wou'd depart. Let us go *Fidelio*! says the the *majestick Beauty*, let us go, to meet the Punishment our *Folly* has so well deserv'd. Ingrateful *Roderiguez*, thy Coward-Heart was never design'd a *Lover*, unworthy the *meanest* Lady's Favour: Thou mightest at least have staid to see whether the *Conde* were indeed at Hand, and not to be frighted, as thou wert, with a few Words from an inconsiderable *Domestick*, so to forsake her who had abandon'd all for thee.

thee. O the Power of Guilt ! 'tis by that that we are both weaken'd ! Methinks I do *more* than dye by resolving to *live* 'till I *again* behold my injur'd Lord : I chuse it as the greatest Pen-nance that can be inflicted for so detestable a Crime as mine !

My Lady *Astrea*, and you my Lady *Virtue*, may sooner imagine, than I define, her Pertur-bation of Mind, and the *Heart-killing-anguish* of a *convicted* Criminal, who has still a Sense of *Glory* and *Duty* remaining. As soon as she reach'd her Lord's Presence, who receiv'd her with Tears in his Eyes ! Tears of Tendernefs and Commiseration ! she fell upon her Knees more convicted by that *unweary'd, unexpected, unground-ed Goodness* of his ! than she cou'd have been by any ill Usage or Reproaches. Indeed her very *Aspect* was enough to raise Compassion ; the *Fire* of her Eyes seem'd quite extinguish'd by the op-posite Element. *Water* had gain'd the Ascen-dant ; her Air was *dejected* ; Her Habit *forlorn*, fitted to represent Distress. The Bryars and Bushes thro' which she had pass'd, had not only torn and sully'd the Fashion of her Garment ; but the lovely *Face* and *Hands* had suffer'd by their Outrage. Add to this her being great with Child, and the Conviction of her own Conscience, with her Indignation at the Baseness of her *Lover*, and grateful Sorrow at the Ten-dernefs of her *Husband*, which gave her a Re-morse so becoming and inexpressible, that it was impossible for any Eye to have seen a Beau-ty dazzling as hers, in such Distress, without wishing to acquit her of a Fault. I am come my Lord (says she with a languishing Sorrow) and willingly, to meet whatever Punishment you
can

can inflict. Self-convicted as I am, I dare not meet your Eyes, nor pretend to Mercy! If you take away my Life I cannot complain, because I have deserv'd from you the cruelest Death! But if you design, as the greatest Torture, to prolong it to its native Date, let me *voluntarily* put on your *Chains*! let me enter your House a *perpetual* Captive! let me never again *converse* or look *abroad* into the World, which I have so justly arm'd with occasion to destroy my *Fame*. The ungrateful *Object* of my *Crime* has prov'd as *base* as *Comardice* cou'd make him. You are *there*, my Lord, sufficiently reveng'd; I shall never again throw away the minutest Thought upon such a Wretch, but to detest him as the Author of my Folly! I will for ever mourn! for ever lament! my fairest Hours shall be wasted in Penitence! I will incessantly count my *Prayers*, and my *Tears*, and say 'em all for you.

The *Conde* granted her Request. She shut up her self in that magnificent House that had been destin'd the Seat of her Pleasures, and no longer convers'd abroad. Her Lord, who had not a Temper fitted to the *Italian* modish taste of *Revenge*, *assassinating*; nor *Health* and *Vigour* sufficient to call Don *Tomasio* to an Account in the Field, for the Outrage he had done his Honour, was persuaded to ruin him at *Law* for invading his Property. But *Roderiguez*, who had had Courage to abandon Madam de *Bedamore's* Protection, when her Beauties were still before his Eyes, and the continued Possession of 'em, like to be his Reward, did not at all scruple, when he no longer beheld her, to sacrifice her *Fame* to his own *Security*, to defend himself from whatever *Mulct* they should lay upon him, producing in the

the open Court his *Domesticks* in Evidence, that Lady *Diana* ran away with *Him*, and not he with *Her*; it was *her* Request: Neither did he yield to oblige her, but after the most *servent* Prayers, and *earnest* Intreaty!

The Folly *Olivia* show'd in her Resentment, destroy'd all the Pity which her Husband's faithless Usage would have otherwise procur'd her. In Don *Tomasio's* Absence, she had caused his *Cabinet* to be broke open, where she found all Madam de *Bedamore's* transporting Letters to him; for tho' they were in the same House, yet not having always a Freedom of Conversation, they would write, and give one another their Billets. These Madam *Roderiguez* expos'd to the meanest Work-Women in the Fields, and to all Comers, reading 'em Paragraph by Paragraph, with her wife *Reflections* and *Observations*; 'till after a long run of Folly, that she had made both the Lovers and her self as ridiculous as she cou'd, her Father reconcil'd her Husband to her, where he deservedly suffer'd the Penance of publick and private Reproach, 'till her Death reliev'd him from the Uneasiness of her unforgiving Temper! unforgiving! because 'tis a certain Proof that a Fault is not pardon'd, when the Person against whom it was committed, does not cease to upbraid.

I know not how Don *Tomasio's* Usage of Lady *Diana* was so far forgotten, as that he could persuade her, who is now his Wife, to marry him under a Character so disadvantageous, with but a small Estate for a *Baron*, and Children to incumber it. The eldest of his Sons is intoxicated with Vice, the most profligate abandon'd Wretch alive. Yet is *Tomasio* sometime since

since marry'd to a Lady of Quality, and who has but one Sister to share the *Inheritance* with her of all their Father's *Possessions*. It was a long time before the old *Count* wou'd be reconcil'd to her; but at present they live in very good Correspondence; and Baron *Roderiguez* is, as your *Excellencies* may remark, seated in the *Divan* !

Astrea.] I don't find Lady *Intelligence*, that in this *World* of yours, *Vice* is an *Obstacle* to Advancement. Cou'd any Person be more ingrateful than the *Baron* ? Poor *Madam de Bedamore* met the Reward of her Indiscretion, and was sufficiently punish'd by her *Lover's Ingratitude*, and her *Lord's Indulgence*; for to a Breast, sensible as hers seems to have been of Benefits, they wound and disarm more than the severest Reproaches ! she is lost and forgotten by her Crime ! But see *Roderiguez*, *Prosperous* and *Flourishing* with his ! How can this unequal Distribution be accounted for ?

Intell.] *Henriquez* drew him from out of his Obscurity, from the little, or rather contemptible Figure he had made in the Country, to shine at the Head of a Court ! The Country ! where his Desertion of Lady *Diana* had so far ruin'd his Credit with the Ladies, that he was forced to be regular, and confine his Caresses to his Wife. The meanest Woman wou'd not be brought to trust him, for fear he shou'd betray her, and report as before, that she had seduced him. It was his good Fortune to be able to do *Henriquez* some Service in his Province. *Henriquez* ! who to his other *Heroick* Qualities, had this in Perfection, of never leaving any one unrewarded that but attempted to be Serviceable, whether
they

they succeeded or no. We have a *thousand shining Examples* of his *Royal lavish Magnificence* towards *Favourites* and *Others*, that were useful; but not *one* Complaint of his Ingratitude! The *Generosity* of his Temper rather inclining him to the much less blameable Excess, *rewarding* the Unworthy, than leaving those who had been *faithful* to him, *unrewarded*!

How likes your *Eminences* the beautiful Prince who is now entring? Can't that graceful Form be a sufficient Excuse for Vow-breach, when it is in favour of one so lovely? His *Princess* has reviv'd in her Person the Story of the *Ephesian Matron*. Good Heaven! how tender a Relict was she? How did she mourn with exorbitant Grief for the Death of the late *Marquis* her *adored Lord*? What *did* she not say? What *did* she not *suffer*? How did she eternally *devote* her Years of *Widowhood* to his *Memory*? Protesting never to receive a second Embrace! Her *Resolutions* were *firm*! she needed no *Obligation* to *fix* 'em. But to bring all Mankind into the Opinion of her Sincerity, because they are never too apt to credit the *Asseverations* of *young Widows*, she made a *Deed of Forfeiture* to her Sister of all her *Possessions*, that very Moment that she shou'd be found to have contracted a second Marriage. But alas! what are Obligations, when so lovely a *Prince* comes in Competition? It has been remark'd, that *one Extream* as to the *Passions*, the sooner inclines to the *other*; from the *violent* Excess of Grief to the *tender* Excess of Love, there is a much shorter Passage than can be imagin'd. To see a Youth, cast in so fair a Mould, intreating one to make themselves happy, to exchange the *Height of Woe* for the *Height of*
of

of Joy! the pale Glimmering of a sickly Lamp; that feebly breaks the Mists around; for the sprightly Day of the *Hymenial Torch*! The course deforming *sable Dress* of Horror for the becoming-White, and glittering *Robe* of Bridal Joy! But above all, that attractive Inducement! that Bribe indeed! that which deserves to be esteemed a Bribe! the *Antitheses* of lonely dark and mournful Nights! the warming Young and near Embraces of a wishing Husband all transporting and transported? Must one not have more than mortal Resolution to reject such envying Considerations? The *Marchioness* was no more than a Woman, neither did it appear that any Supernaturals offer'd to come to her Aid: She had vow'd, she had proclaim'd it indeed; nay, which was worst of all, had bound herself, upon Forfeit of all her Possession, never to marry again. But here was the Misfortune, the young Prince was of a Country that consider'd Interest as well as Inclination; who are remarkable for their Indigence, and for making a *Ducat* go as far as those of *Atalantis* can fix. How desirable soever the *Marchioness* might be in her self, she wou'd still be more lovely with an ample Fortune: When once secure of her Assent to Marriage, he did not forbear to hint as much to her. The Lady did not quarrel with him for a Circumstance: She had pass'd the *Line*, and did not care how soon she reach'd the other *Extream*. 'Twould be as quick a Grief to miss of him now she was come to desire him, as it was to lose her Lord: Therefore in her Cabinet-Council, she cast about how to retrieve her Indiscretion of the Deed. You may imagine the Access to her Sister's, was easy at all Hours;

she knew in what Place the fatal Writing was lodg'd, and as soon as an Opportunity offer'd, took the Print of the Key in Wax, by which the Prince got another made. The *Marchioness* thought every Minute seven, till she had prov'd the Operation: Her impatient Star did not let her long attend, for her Sister went into the Country for a Day, when the *Marchioness* pretended to await her Return, reposing her self carelessly upon a Bed. The Women withdrew, the strong Box was luckily open'd by the help of that clandestine Key, she seiz'd the Instrument, the present Object of her Joy; and making a precipitate Departure, got into a Chariot and six Horses, that by appointment waited for her, with which she went to take up the Prince and drove immediately away together to her *Villa*, where they were instantly marry'd, to the no small Delight of the *Many*, and the particular Regret of the *Few*, that were to gain by her dying a Widow; the former being pleas'd at any extraordinary *Theam* upon never so ridiculous a Subject, tho' we can scarce produce any that are new; what Incident soever arrives, they are ready with a Parallel, as I told your *Excellencies*, in the Case of the *Marchioness* and the *Ephesian* Matron.

There is another handsom Prince entring, one of the Blood, how *majestick* is his *Mien*? How *lofly* his *Air*? How *portly* and *well-fashion'd*? He has all the *Royalty* of his *Father*, and the *Beauty* of his *Mother* in his Face; yet his Soul is but remotely allied, tho' his Circumstances being but narrow for his Title, gives his good Husbandry the better Excuse. He is eminent for his length of Constancy to one Mistress as *cunning*

ning as a *Witch*! as old as his *Mother*! and as ugly as a *Sybil*! He had as 'twas thought convicted her in a point of Unfaithfulness (tho' unwilling ever to own what no Body but himself disputed) and took the Heroick Resolution to break her Chain: He had said so much a hundred times over; and therefore the Mistress did not put her self in much Pain about it. Her Ascendant over him was as wonderful as her Person: But in a little time observing that he did not return as usual, to ask her Pardon, after she had offended him; she sent to intreat the Honour of a Visit. He refused her; she Writ to him, he return'd her Letters unopen'd; she employ'd some of his *worthy* Favourites, her *exalted* Acquaintance, to interceed for her. His Eminence has ever been remarkable for his Humility, as to the *little* People he converses with. The Prince lov'd their Company, but not upon her Subject. She left nothing untry'd to reconcile him, but he was obdurate, he even put her into Despair; at least she had but one Refuge left, before she arriv'd at that disagreeable Lodging. You may believe, by the Methods she took, that she was perfectly acquainted with her Man. She calls for her Veil, and stepping into a Coach of common Hire, bid it drive to the *Prince's* Stables, from whence there was a Back-door that his Highness often made use of on such Occasions. She sends for the Favourite Foot-man, and putting a Pistole into his Hand, desir'd him to get his Lord to come to her, as if she were some new Adventurer that he was not yet acquainted with. The *Prince's* Breach with his Mistress easily disposed him to a second Affair; he presently came to the Coach-window, which

being let down, the Lady rais'd her Veil slowly with one Hand, whilst she extended the other with four five Pistole-pieces of Gold, at the same time bowing in a suppliant manner, begg'd of his Eminence that he would be pleas'd to hear what those *Mediators* could say in her behalf, they were come to plead for her, and she hop'd with *Success*. How invincible is the Power of Gold? It *raises* and *destroys* Animosities; the *Prince* found his so far allay'd by those *shining Intercessors*, that he graciously receiv'd 'em, and told the Mistress with a Smile, she had indeed pitch'd upon such as were *irresistable*!

That *Baron* who stands next loves Musick excessively, is a great *Performer* and *Composer*; the latter is a *Talent* that I know none of his *Rank* besides himself that are eminent in. His first Lady left him a Fortune, by which he has been capacitated to marry a second, a Daughter of one of the late Favourites: But alas! what Man of Quality in *Atantis* is faithful to his Wife? They do not so much as think 'tis their Duty to be so, at least whilst they have any Desires remaining. This Gentleman did all his Endeavours to be well with a certain Woman of some Fashion. Her Husband was a *Tribune* in the Army. After the usual Formalities and Assiduities, the *Baron* succeeded in his Pretensions; the Lady was no longer *cruel*; they lov'd one another exclusive of all others, at least such was that Pretence. The Baron us'd to call her his *lovely Gipsie*, and his *lovely Gipsie* us'd to call him her *seducing Baron*. But alas! what Faith is there in Man? This *musical Lover*, at a Midnight Debauch, from one Excess to another (Women being introduced) got a Present which he imparted to the
Mili-

Military's Wife; a Present not so very creditable for a marry'd Woman to bestow upon her Husband. Soon as the *Baron* found the ill Symptoms, he sent to acquaint his *Gipsie*, who by good Fortune had not been so bounteous to divide the Spoils with her Soldier. She wept! she complain'd! but Tears cure nothing! The *Baron* would have her make a Pretence to abscond, where she might go under the Operation unknown. The Advice was good, the Lady submitted to it. Not doubting her Lover's Generosity, she had not took all the necessary Precautions against a deficiency of Funds; and therefore quickly found her Expences were what they could not answer. She sent a Friend to the *Baron*, who heard her reasonable Request for Supplies very coldly; at length pulling out his Purse, he toss'd over a good parcel of Pistoles; and taking two, gave 'em the Ambassadors to give her Lady; at the same time desiring she would never do him the Honour to send again upon such an Occasion; for when once with him an Affair came to that, the Pleasure of it was over.

See there, who enters! a certain *Chevalier* almost as much renown'd for his *Nicety*, as his two Wives were for Gallantry, bating that his Fame is not quite so extensive. He is Master of a *glaring Library*, design'd for Show; for I hear of no other Use he puts it to. The Glass-Doors are mounted upon *Joints* as near as the best wrought *Snuff-Box*. Is it not an *awkward out-of-the-way* Expence? If one were not bid to consider it (as he never omits to do that) who would remark the extraordinary, unnecessary Workmanship of those New-fashion'd Hinges?

ges? He is more *delicate* than that *Top*, who had his Butcher to cut up all his Meat with a Fork; for this, if it were possible, wou'd cut up his himself: As he cleans all his *Tea-Equipage* with his own Hands. Whatever Business his Company may have; whatever haste they are in, they must stay 'till Monsieur *Le Chevalier* has perform'd this Ceremony, the Things replaced, and as they were with all imaginable *Parade* and *Decency*: The Linen that he makes use of on that occasion to dry his Cups are like large *Handkerchiefs* of *Cambric* mounted with rich *Flemish Lace*, and always sent as they are used to the *Clear-servers*. He has been long an admirer of one of the *Maids* belonging to the *Empress*. But Monsieur *Le Chevalier*, she is not for you, a lucky *Warrior* has her Heart; for him she refuses all those advantageous Offers that have been made her, singular and renowned for Constancy, in an Age where *Interest* too often triumphs over Love. Your Divinities shall see this languishing Beauty waiting at her Mistress's Chair. You will also in seeing pity her, for having been so long delay'd the Possession of the only Person she can love, and whom all must conclude worthy of being beloved.

There's a handsome *Atlantick* Lord, with a bundle of Papers in his Hand, as if the Affairs of the Nation rested only upon his Lordship; who as much affects being now *too busie*, as he formerly did being *too remiss*. There was no *flight* that *Youth*, *Wit*, *Wine*, *Women*, *Fire* and *Love* of *Debauch*, cou'd inspire, but what were conspicuous in his early Years. He has indeed reform'd, but the Occasion is more wonderful than

than his Irregularity was. There's a certain Court Lady and her two Daughters, one of 'em very handsom ; they pass'd us so suddenly in the *Prado* last Night, and staid so small a time, that I knew not how to direct your *Excellencies* to their Observation : You might have also seen this *Baron*, but that his Coach always follows theirs as if by Instinct. *Ogling* into it with all the Application of large handsom Eyes, one would think it were a very unnecessary Question to ask who it was he *ogled*, the *frightful* Mother, or her *beautiful* Daughters? And yet it is at the former. If there is such a thing as *Incantation*, as *Magick* to bewitch the *Affections*, *Ephelia* has certainly made use of it in regard of the *Baron*, to cause him to doat with such *supernatural* Fervency upon a Face *hideous* as hers. They tell you of her comick Wit, *satirical facetious* Vein, with a peculiar knack of entertaining Company agreeably ; that she sings well, is *Coquet* to the height, and full of *Amusement*. But all these Attractives are foreign to a Woman of her *Age* ! her *Squab-shape* ! the Aspect from her Face ! which would rather create *Mortification*. I ridicule no Body for being *ugly* ! I beg your *Divinities* to believe it, nor for any Defects that arise from Nature only, but in the Application of those Defects: What has such a Woman to pretend to *Charms* and *Lovers* ? bless'd with the indearing Caresses of an honest Gentleman her *Husband*, whom she ungratefully repays, by her open Preference of the *Baron* ; not but *his Charms* deserves any Preference that were not *Criminal*. Oh ! the pretty remarkable Ways they have of making *Assignations* ! the Lady is at Cards at some one House or other, the

Baron has notice before-hand, and is sure to be there: Some Companies are *malicious*, they dare not whisper after so much *ogling*, so many *wishing languishing Looks*, that would be giving the Matter for gone: that would confirm all! but yet there must be ways found out how to appoint a more fortunate *Assignment* than this is like to be. The Lady, vain of her *Conquest* (as very well she may, I defy her ever to enslave another, I do not mean of his *Worth*, but any *Worth*, tho' those were *Happiness's* her *Youth* and *Charms* were well acquainted with, for she was not always so frightful as now) *Airy* and *Debonair*, takes a *Billet* from her Bosom, and gives it her dear Lord in Confidence to read, as some pretty *satirical piece of Wit* or *Court Character* that none of the Company are yet to see, she wou'd not have such a thing publish'd from her Hand; she does not for her part love to be *Malicious*; but the *Baron* is discreet, she is assur'd of him. Whilst she is thus running on with her senseless Apology, which is as easily seen thro' as *Ianthe's Gauze Turkish Handkerchief*, his Lordship with a grave *Air*, and now and then a seeming forced Smile, reads the *Billet of Rendez-vous*; pretends by his Silence and shrug of the Shoulder, to proclaim his Opinion, that it's some notable dangerous Thing, wisely offers to put it in his Pocket, and falls to his Cards without speaking a Word of what it contains, or should contain. Here the Lady makes an Admiration! she won't be serv'd so, she must have her Paper again; 'tis of too great Consequence to leave in any one's Hands, even in his that she believes discreet, but no Body has seen it from her but the *Princess* and her shining Favourite.

Favourite. It may in a little time be publick— with all her Heart — it shall never be so for her; she does not love to destroy Reputation— Thus with a world of Intreaty the *Billet* is *restored* and *replaced* between those *no-small-beautiful-Breasts of hers.* The Assignment given; and the Lovers in a fair way of being as happy, as they can make one another.

But it is not always, that they are thus straiten'd; such Difficulties are remov'd at *Barsina's* House, where all things are at their Devotion. The mutual Confidence that they have occasion for, creates mutual Conveniency. Shining *Barsina*, whom when we see her set a-loft and resplendant, would one believe her born of the Dregs of the People, or that her Mother made her Daughter a Gentlewoman, by selling Complexion to the *Ladies* and *Beaus*? who no longer scruple to mend Nature, no more than the Women; they have as much occasion for it, since the Fair Sex doat on a soft out-side, and love *Cherry* and *White* in their Lovers as well as in themselves. *Barsina's* Mother was always a notable Worldly Woman, and therefore treated her poor, useless Husband, with a vast deal of *Plebeian Insolence*; she was wont to leave him whole Days in Bed without *Refreshment*, when he was afflicted with one Distemper, that would not permit him to stand or rise. This inhuman Wife, scarce allow'd him any part of the courtest cheapest Food. Endeavouring one Day to turn himself in his Bed, when he had none to assist him, as that was usual, he broke his Leg, which was very odd but very true; he roar'd out with the very Anguish, his Wife came to him, he told her his Misfortune, that he was ready to die

die with Pain, and intreated her to send for a *Surgeon*. She bid him hold his Tongue for a cowardly *Sot*, 'twas likely indeed, he could break his Leg as he lay, still in Bed; he expected to be pitied and nursed, did he, but he should have none from her. Thus abruptly she left him, not to Languish, but to roar out in Torture for three whole Days and Nights, without ever ceasing. At length she found her self so disturb'd by his Noise, that she got a Surgeon to him, who actually show'd her, that his Leg was broke short off at the Ankle, by endeavouring to turn, when he had neither Strength nor Assistance; and which was worse, that the Anguish had inflam'd his Blood, and put him into a Fever, of which in a very few Days he dy'd, much to the Satisfaction of his Wife; who being void both of *Shame* and *Remorse*, thought it a very lucky Chance to have remov'd one who lay as a dead Weight upon her, sustain'd at her Charge; never once consulting nor thinking of the obligatory binding *Marriage Vow*, nor her own *Barbarity*, which had apparently sent him out of the World before his Hour.

Mean time, *Barsina* is advantageously Married. But she would have it thought, that her eldest Daughter, is the effect of some tender Moments she had the Honour to taste with the Prince of *Sira*, before he went abroad. This is certain, that the first Visit he made after his return, was to *Barsina*. Another *Amour* that she became desperate in, was with the *Squat-Dapper* Gentleman that was poring upon a Book in the *Prado*, that I show'd your Divinities; the young *Courtesan* *Laurentia's* Lover, whose Rays are diffusive as the Sun, shining

ing upon all Womankind, and as changeable as the *Moon*, or *more*; for scarce ever any Mistress but *Laurentia*, maintain'd her *Orb* a whole Month under his Influence: Tho' with all his Inconstancy, one of the *Empress's* lovely Maids, has lately ventur'd to ingage him for Life; waving the Examples of Gallantry, that can be produced from his Conversation, during his Marriage with his first Lady. When *Barsina* first found the mortifying Effects of being forsaken; she pass'd thro' all sorts of *Irresolution* and *Anguish* of Mind. *Tears! Complaints! Horror!* and what not? Before she arriv'd at the last Stage, *Despair!* Where she was no sooner come, but she *fixt*; so as by her Intention never to remove. She order'd her Woman to buy her a *Drug*, the *Indian Opium* liquify'd; which has a property of benumbing all the Senses, an Enemy mortal to Life! then caus'd her Husband to be told she was indisposed, and would lie alone. It was almost Morning before she could positively resolve to swallow the *soporiferous Death*: Nature wou'd have rescu'd her from the Arms of Despair; she struggled, but the latter prevail'd, and she was going to be his Sacrifice, had not her good Natur'd, Tender Husband, prevented it. He wou'd see how his Wife had rested, and was at first very glad to hear from her Woman that she was yet a sleep; but Noon coming, and the Lady still in the same Condition, he began to be alarm'd, so did her Servant who had bought the Stuff. She told her Master, that her Mistress had order'd her to procure such a quantity, of such an *Opiate*; he bid her fetch the Bottle, that he might see how much she had taken; but they were both surpriz'd to find it quite empty. The
Hus-

Husband became truly alarm'd, ran immediately to her, and help'd to put on her Cloths senseless as she was ; sent for proper *Emetick* Remedies to make her give up the Drug ; and in short, never forbore leading her backwards and forwards, between himself and his Footman, 'till the Operation was over, which was not in several Hours ; not once permitting her to set down, or allowing her the least Interval of rest. Is this not an Ingrateful Wife ? Were there no Duty in the Case, wou'd one not be strictly just to a Husband so indearing ?

I have Spleen and Indignation at seeing that handsome Baron, whose every Motion is agreeable, and whose fine Sense is so distinguishing, lavish away those Perfections upon a Woman like *Ephelia*. But he has had a large Experience of the Sexes Inconstancy, and perhaps thinks he may keep her to himself ; there will be few at this time of Day of his Taste. However, she happen'd formerly to please, when Youth and no ill Accidents were of her side. If Appropriation be his Design, he could not more successfully have pursu'd it, for there is no surer a Defence against the Inconstancy of a Woman, than their want of Charms, and want of those that may make Application. Their Taste is so irregular, that Variety is often their only Director, else the Baron's own Lady, had never quitted her young Lord for his older Uncle. He had Married her against his *then* Interest, without a Fortune or the hopes of any. They were both Young, his Lordship had given Proof sufficient of his Irregularity, or rather unaccountable Wildness, hers was to come. He carried her down to his fine *Villa*, where he show'd an excessive Regard
and

and Fondness of her. When his Affairs recall'd him, he resign'd her to the Care of his Uncle; whom he conjur'd to make it his Business, to serve and divert her in his Absence. The *Traytor* perform'd the last Part with no ill Success, he corrupted her *Principles*, tho' her *Education* and *Temper* had not made it a very difficult Work. In a Word, he supply'd by Night the Absence of his Nephew, being really fallen in Love with his Niece's Charms, which he pursu'd the Conquest of without any Remorse. But having once taught her what it was to make a Breach in her *Duty*, she would enjoy the Benefit of it, without confining herself to him alone. In effect, she *Coquetted* with all the Country, so greedy of *Flattery* and *Adoration*, that she fell as low as the Vilest to procure it, even from those that dishonour'd her. At the *Baron's* return he quickly saw, (being a Man clear-sighted, full of Penetration and Understanding,) the *Libertine Airs* she had assum'd: She was yet very dear to him; he could not have a suspicion of her *Virtue*, without mortal Pangs to his Repose. But not to put her on her Guard, he forbore to complain, yet, so dexterously and successfully pursu'd her, that he had the Mortification to surprize her in his Uncle's Bed, after which he never saw her more. She fell to the *many* and the *unworthy*, and made herself so Scandalous, that an Uncle of hers (justly Incens'd) died and left her Lord a Hundred and Forty Thousand Crowns, for no other Merit as to him, but using her as she deserv'd. Conscious of her Charms, she has not dared to sue him for a Pension. But this Stratagem, as some pretend, has been found out by her *needy* Lover of the *Divan*, to have it given out, that she

she was cast away in a Storm, coasting the *Island* from one Port to another; upon which she has chang'd her Name and remains conceal'd; not doubting but the *Baron* would Marry as soon as he was assur'd of the News; which he could not very well be, because that all the Wretches in that little *Vessel*, where the *Baroness* pretended to be embark'd, were cast away. 'Tis a moot Point if she be really *dead* or *living*, if the latter 'tis scarce known to any but her *Lover*. But however the *Baron* dares not trust the Report, for fear she should be alive, and finding him Married, have Power to sue him as the *Prior* Wife, and at least secure to herself a Consideration, besides the *Obloquy* that would rest upon his second Lady and her Children, if he should have any by her. There is in that Lord a prodigious share of *good Sense* and *exalted Wit*. As he is a Favourite of mine, I forbear to mention the Sallies of his early Years, with this just Consideration, That none can regret the Memory of 'em so much as he does himself.

Oh! that *Atalantick* Lord, that shows himself not only to us, but by his good Will to the whole House. Observe his *Airs*, yet is he handsom, past the Power of *Affectation* to make him otherwise: He succeeded a Brother of his in a glorious Estate; a Brother so like him, but rather more advantageously form'd and more affected, that I never see this without calling the other to my Remembrance, who was kill'd by a Fever, the consequence of a *Duel*, to revenge an Affront given him by one not so *polite* as himself, who aim'd at ridiculing his *advantageous* Manner. There is an enchanting Lady, who without having any prodigious *eclat* of Charms, has

has a *mine* of Agreeableness, that seduces with a willing Propensity the Hearts of all whom she converses with. She does this *Baron* the Honour to have great Condescensions for him, to the Prejudice of her own Glory, and the Duty she owes the *Chevalier* her Husband. Inconsiderate Fair, has no Friend told you to what use he destines your *Charms* and *Favours*? Have you not been inform'd that he has ridicul'd your Midnight-Walks in the *Tuilleries*, and expos'd your Letters to all those that would *hear* in the Publick Chocolate-House? Oh unworthy Lover! Is then a Lady's *Reputation* of so little regard? Is it not enough, that you can persuade her to be *Criminal*, but you must proclaim it? Is then your *Vanity* of a quicker Sense than your *Passion* for her? Or rather does it not predominate over all your *Passions*? What Lady should trust her Honour to so weak a Guard? Or rather to such a Traitor; who as in the Case of some *Statesmen*, have advised their *Sovereign* by their *insinuating* seeming *Sincerity*, and the *Opinion* had of their *Truth* and *Capacity*, to commit *Faults*, by which he must necessarily fall under the *Odium* of the *People*; and then are sure to expose, and do their Endeavours to have him suffer, to have him fall under common Detestation! to undergo the *Punishment*, that with much more *Justice* ought to be inflicted upon them the guilty Advisers!

Observe that *Prince* of the *Blood*, he has something very *August* in his *Aspect*! All his *Royal* Father is there *Conspicuous*? Like him he is *nicely* shaped; and has inherited his *Humour* and entertaining *Wit*, which none of his other Children can boast. What *Excursions* of *Flame*? What *wild* *Flights* of *Fire*, has he not been guilty of?

ty of? But it was in an Age which best becomes unlimited Pleasures. He is sometimes since settled, and has, with the Applause of those of his own side, applied himself to the Business of the *Divan*; having espoused a *Party*, not for any particular Interest of his own, but because he has been brought by a *refined Politician*, who has taken no small Pains to make him believe (contrary to the Principles of his Imperial Birth and Education) that it is the Interest of *Atalantis*. He has show'd himself in the Army to be brave, has a Largeness of Soul worthy the *Royal Moment* to which he ow'd his *Being*, magnificent in all things, wholly free from that sordid Vice of interested Marriage; the Object of his Choice is such whom all the World must behold with the Eye of Love. Tho' her Dowry were large, yet not of near that Extent the Prince might have pretended to, if Interest had been his Consideration. This lovely Mother has given him a Daughter, the most perfect Beauty of the Age, like a *glittering Star* at Noon, she shall quickly be set aloft, the Gaze and Admiration of Mankind!

There's an old *successful-projecting-Chevalier*; successful I mean to himself, he has found in a corner of *Atalantis* the *Mines of Potosi*. By a dextrous manner of *Imrigue*, the *Essay* of his *Oar* gave *Indies* of hopes to the Sanguin. This new sort of *Philosopher's Stone* drew thither in Crowds, numbers of those, who would venture *Certainties* to make themselves Master of *Imaginaries*. But like that *great Work*, the *Day of Projection* is not yet arrived; nor I don't find that they can so much as guess when it will. However, *Monsieur Le Chevalier* (a skillful Operator as to himself) is destin'd to enjoy the present

Benefit, and to feed them with *distant pretended Hopes* : No easy Task to *content and delay* (and by which he shows his vast Capacity) the Expectations of such a *Multitude*, stung with the quick-est, the universalest of all Passions, the Desire and Prospect of becoming suddenly Rich.

Be pleas'd, your *Divinities*, to direct your *glittering Eyes* to that *Country Chevalier* now entering : I show you him as the only Man of Honour in *Atalantis* as to Amour. About twenty Years ago his Person, which you see is still very passable, was then extremely agreeable, the *windest* Lady of the *Age* fell in Love with him. She had also the *Face* of a *Wit*, much *Sprightliness*, and but little *Beauty*. The *Muses* took up their Habitation in *Olinda's* lovely Breast : All she wrote was *Natural*, *Easy*, *Amorous* and *Sparkling* ! I will give your *Eminences* a Taste of her Strain, tho' sung so many Years past that it's almost quite forgotten : A Fate nothing of hers should ever endure, yet will it be always new to the *Ingenious* ; these are the Words.

O D E.

I.

A^H poor *Olinda* never boast
 Of Charms that have thy Freedom cost,
 They threw at Hearts, and thine was lost !

S

II.

II.

*Yet let none thy Ruin blame,
His Wit first drew thee to a Flame,
And saun'd it with the Wings of Fame!*

III.

*In vain I do his Person shun,
I cannot from his Glory run,
'Tis universal as the Sun!*

IV.

*In Crowds, his Praises fill my Ear!
Alone his Genius does appear!
He, like a God, is ev'ry where!*

That smile of *Approbation* from both your Divinities has more than paid me for my *Recitative*, and emboldens me to proceed. *Olinda* was marry'd by the *Chevalier* her Father, to a *President* of the *Long Robe*, who was also a *Chevalier*, but *Old*, *Infirm* and *Humorous*. *Olinda's* Virgin-Beauty were thus sacrific'd without any regard to the *Delicacy* of her own Choice, which had long before determin'd her in favour of that *Chevalier* before us. He was too happy in that Distinction not to wish to improve it. His pleasing *Idea* made the old *Presidents* intolerable. A Love-sick-heart inspir'd by *Wit*, and all those dangerous Sallies that proceed from it, soon found it an impossible Attempt to live from the Object below'd; but which was worse, to abide perpetually with one that

that was hated; yet long and ardently the *Chevalier* importun'd her before she would consent to withdraw her self into the Country, to a small Town within a League of his own *Villa* (and but eight Furlongs distant from her Brothers) where he had another House which he fitted for her Reception with the Ostentation of a Lover. All Things that were *curious, rich, neat* and *well-imagin'd*, were the *Ornaments* of her *Solitude*. Here the happy *Chevalier* possess'd whatever Delights sparkling Wit, and reciprocal Love, could bestow. As his Fortune is large, he knew no other Use of it, but gratifying not only what *Olinda* really *desir'd*; but all that the most *Profuse* of the Sex could *Ambition*. The old *President* try'd his good-natur'd Attempts to recal her; but finding that Impracticable, he join'd his own Endeavours to his Lady's, to help the Deceit. He would not believe that she lov'd *another*, tho' he might have been very well convinc'd, she did *not love him*. However, he was so far necessary towards preserving *outside* Opinion, that *Olinda* thought fit to have his Visits encourag'd, because his Possessions were large, and two or three great Bellies would have been rather matter of *Infamy*, than Joy to her, if his Fondness had not given him at least the Pretence to 'em. Till having secur'd her self of a Daughter to Heir her Lord's Estate, she agreed to the *Chevalier's* warmer *Proposition* of leaving that House (at too great a distance from his) to come and live at home with him at his *Villa*. This gave an unbridled License to loose Tongues that were not confin'd before. The *President* began to open his Eyes; he did not by any means approve of that Conjunction, and as in reason good refused her

any part of her former Allowance whilst she liv'd there, the *Chevalier-Lover* had the *Heroick-assurance* to demand a Consideration for maintaining the *President's* Wife and Children: This by the way of preserving Reputation, not thro' a Principle of Covetousness; and when the *old out-of-use* Husband would not comply, he was not afraid to sue the Gentleman, tho' of the *Long-Robe*. The *Chevalier* being of the Party, and in the Interest of those whose Opinions are become the Fashion, and consequently the strongest, he got a Decree in *Madam de la Presidente's* Favour, by which she enjoy'd a large separate Allowance, and still continu'd to reside without Disturbance at the *Chevalier's Villa*. At length the Old Husband was so obliging to die, and leave her the World to herself. But here both your *Divinities* be pleas'd to remark how the *Chevalier* approv'd himself, that wonderful Man of Honour! as after seventeen Year's *Amour* and (as it was censur'd by the Malicious) *Possession*, he marry'd *Olinda*; no longer in her *Youth*! never *Handsom*! *Amorous*! *Termagant*! *Jealous*! *Revengeful*! and so little Mistress of her Passions, or so defective of the Art of concealing 'em, that they had often made her, with all her distinguishing Wit, both the Object of his Pity and Contempt.

Some there are, who never hear of any *Action* perform'd, that sounds extraordinary, but their Ill-nature gives 'em if possible to look into the Spring of that *Action*. Hence they tell you, that the *Chevalier* durst not but have marry'd *Olinda* if he meant to live! for she had often threaten'd to shoot or strangle him with her own Hand, if ever he refused or delay'd to repair her *Honour*, should Fortune be so obliging to put it in his Power!

They

They bring his excessive Debauch as to Wine, to confirm that his Ardors were considerably abated towards a Lady older than himself, sometime before the *President's* Death. His perpetual Habitude of being every Day, and almost half, sometimes all the Night, at a *Cabaret* a League distance, where he seem'd beholding to any Company that would wear away the Time with him in Drinking of *Bumpers*. But above all, their Accusation was strengthen'd by this not un suspicious Circumstance; that after the Wedding-night they never came into the same Bed, tho' all the Day in tolerable good Correspondence. Is not this prodigiously unaccountable? If you believe the Report of the World, and that of their own Servants, they never rested apart whilst it was unlawful for 'em to meet! and now 'tis blameable for 'em to part they never meet! tho' my Lady with no ill inuendo of her former Innocence, was one Day lamenting to those that spoke to her of an *Heir*; that *Monsieur le President* had liv'd a little too long. Her Daughter will be a vast Heiress if the *Chevalier*, (whom the Ill-natur'd World concludes to be her Father,) leave her 'tis believ'd he will, all his Estate. She already enjoys a very good one, as she is *Heir* to the *President*. The *Chevalier* is excessively fond of her, and divides himself between some of her Company, a little of her Mother's, a great deal of Wine, and much Politics; in which he is very busy, very hearty, and very considerable in his Country, and serves here to strengthen the Party upon all Occasions of Debate, by his according Voice in the *Divan*.

Pray your *Ladyships* be pleas'd to stretch your radiant Eyes with a more than ordinary regard to those two renown'd *Politicians* that stop at the

Door in deep Conference with each other. They have had a successful *Ministry*. Time was when their young Ambition durst not cast away one improbable Wish of being Masters of the Tenth Part of what they are now in Possession of. Then all they pursu'd was to be applauded for Men of *Genius* in the *Airy Region* of *Parnassus*; they both wrote, and both with Success. Nor can there be better Judges of Writing: And as an everlasting Monument of their Praise be it recorded, that they have not been afraid to applaud and reward the Performances of others; free from that Emulation which has stung even some of the great Emperors of Old, who would be thought Poets. They have in their two Persons more conspicuously encourag'd and rais'd the Ingenious, than has the whole Race of the *Atalantick* Nobility beside. True, they have had a larger Power than most, and have more distinguish'd it. Have they enrich'd themselves suddenly and surprizingly? 'Tis meritorious in one Respect, because they do good with it to others: Both have had the lucky Circumstance of finding it to be for their Interest still to remain of the *Party* they first fix'd in. The Methods they have took to raise their Fortune, gives us but little hopes that they would have persever'd in any Principle that should but once appear to be contrary to their Interest: But since no such Change has arriv'd, let us charitably applaud 'em, as Men remaining true to their first Professions; a Virtue rarely found in a Statesman.

One there was, once upon a Time at the Head of the *Atalantick* State, who tho' long since dead, his Crimes can never die. An Original! immortal Villain! of him alone we ought to make an

Ex

Exception to the general Rule, *Of the departed, speak not ill.* His Vices should be recorded on *Monumental Marble*, or *ever-enduring Brass*! that no Time, no Age, may be able to deface the *horrible Remembrance*! who submitted an *infinite, natural Capacity*, and *vast strength of Parts*, to the *inglorious, villanous Practice*, of first *seducing his Prince*, and then *betraying and punishing him for it.* A Prince! who lov'd and embrac'd him, *implicitly* pursuing all the *Measures* of his *Pernicious, Traiterous Councils*, because they were *his.* A *Villain*! for the sake of *Villany*! *False*! and *Foolish* in his *Falseness*! a private Pensioner to *three Monarchs* of different Interests, at the same time betraying them to each other; and yet an imparer of his own large paternal Estate, and by means unknown and unaccountable. What did all thy *Treasons* avail, *inglorious Statesmen*? What the *Beauty* of thy *subtle Parts*? Whom hadst thou to boast of ruining? A *weak*, a *short-sighted credulous Prince*, that *trusted thee*! a Prince! full of this generous Maxim, *That it is a much lesser Shame to be deceived by, than 'tis to distrust a Friend.* What Reward hadst thou for thy Treachery? Didst thou ever dare to wear those *Honours* to which thy *Ingratitude* aspir'd? Or could thy *Treasons* raise thee *higher* than thou wert before? Hadst thou not contracted so *universal an Odium*, even to those that rejoic'd at the Effects thy *Villanies* had produc'd? That like an *obscene Bird of Night*, thou durst never after publicly appear! a *Cloud of conscious Guilt* hung hovering o'er thy thoughtful Brow, *self-convicted! self-punish'd!* Live eternally here above, in the *infamous Memory* of thy *consummate Mischief.* Below! like another *Prometheus*, may thy rank perpetual Liver grow with ne-

ver-ceasing Supplies, to gorge *immortal Kulturs*.
 'Till all Mankind, warn'd by thee, grow Good and
 Honest, because they will find it their Interest to
 be unlike thee !

This Digression (for which I humbly beg
 Pardon of your *Excellencies*) has given my pair
 of *Poetical Statesman* time to separate. The
 nearest to us was ever an *implicit* Servant to the
 Commands of his Master. No *Encomium* can
 reach the *Merit* of his *Parts* ; he has all that a
 prodigious *Foresight*, confirm'd, *extensive-Judgment*,
Perspicuity, *Wit*, *Wisdom* and *deep Design*, can be-
 stow. Yet, as an allay, to all this Brightness,
unforgiving ! implacable ! and consequently *re-
 vengeful !* What a pity it is, that his *fine Sense*
 cannot master a *defect* of Nature ? Nature, that
 has fitted him for the *Government* of the World,
 yet cannot give him to govern his own Temper.
 He that has Generosity to *reward*, should be
 asham'd to want what depends upon *himself*, the
 much more *valuable*, *difficult* part, *Forgiveness*. A
common Genius, does *common* Things ! but so ex-
 alted a one as his, should produce exalted Effects,
 that *true Pride* of *despising* and *forgetting* Injuries.
 He cannot but reflect, great Power gives a *Mil-
 lion* of Opportunities of *Offending*, to almost
one of *Obliging*, and the *Offended* will be apt to
 recriminate. 'Tis Misfortune enough to a Hu-
 man Breast, that he cannot always be relieving
 the Distresses of the Unhappy. But Lord *Arta-
 ban* to punish for any Resentment arising from
 a Distress, which perhaps your unavoidable Sen-
 tence has occasion'd, is below the Majesty of
 your *perfect good Sense*. You, to whom the latter
 part of this Saying of *Pythagoras* may be so
 justly applied, *He that knows not what he ought,*
 is

is a Brute Beast among Men; he that knows no more than he needs, is a Man among Brute Beasts; But he that knows all that may be known, is a God among Men.

I think *Artaban* worthy the Honour of a peculiar regard from your *Mightinesses*, and will therefore conduct you to his *Sultaneſs's Seraglio*, where you may behold the unbendings of this Lord. You will unavoidably compaſſionate the Composition of Elements, in the Race of Humankind; ſince one of the greateſt of 'em (I mean ſo far as mighty Senſe can exalt a Man, and therefore call him *great*) has his peculiar Weakneſſes. You ſhall inſpect the Oeconomy of this nice *Sultana's Ruel*. 'Tis to her the other Ladies owe the Invention of having ſinging Maſters to teach their *Parots* the more ſoft Harmonious Cadence. Her *Seraglio* abounds with all things fitted to the Taſte of ſo nice a Judge as *Artaban*, even to the very *Preservatives* and *Reſtoratives*. Nay ſome will tell you (becauſe the Lady is ſtill willing to maintain the Empire ſhe has held ſo long) ſhe is not ſcrupulous of calling in *Auxillary* Charms to ſupply the *depar-ture* of her own. Fix'd to this point, That Lord *Artaban* ſhall go no where in ſearch of any *Satis-factions* her *Address* and *Industry* can procure him.

The other *Atalantick-Poetick-Lord* is *Horace* and *Macenas* both. His Gallantry has not been ſo confin'd as the others, tho' he was once a Married Man. He is ſtill remarkably Amorous, and remarkably Agreeable. I will alſo do him the Honour of a Viſit from your *Excellencies*, but not to Day; for the full Hiſtory of the *Divan*; the *Imperial Apartment*, that of the *Favou-rites*, with the *Evening Walk* of the *Tuilleries*, will more than employ us. To Morrow, earlier than the

the Sun, I pretend to conduct you to the Camp, where you shall be at the General's rising, there you'll find Matter enough of *Speculation* and *Admiration*! To vary the *Diversion*, the Evening shall conclude at the *Theatre*. The next Day, the Courts of *Justice*, the *Arsenal* and *City*, shall be the Divine *Astrea's* Entertainment. After which, we will carry you to peculiar Palaces, and restore you to the *Macenas* before us. No Age can present you with *truer* Endeavours than his, to support the Interest of his Friends; he has *Agents* and *Spies* in all the eminent Families in *Atalantis*? What young Man of Quality does he not find means to supply with a *Preceptor*, who may infuse his Principles into him, tho' never so *opposite* to those of his *Noble Ancestors*? How indefatigable is he, on all occasions, that may *confirm* and *strengthen* 'em? He was not more assiduous in making his own *Fortune*, nor expeditious in amassing that Stock of Wealth, of which from Nothing he is grown to be in Possession of. Then he has a *Genius* fitted for ever thing. Almost the *first* (tho' not now the *only* Example of a Man) who in the beginning, tainted with the Love of the *Muses*, could descend from those airy Imaginations, to the more *sordid*, *solid* Business of Gain.— Yet, as I remark'd to your *Divinities*, still a Patron and *Incourager* of *Poetry* in others, himself declining it, because he grew so great a Lover of Truth. He has a *Gallery* adorn'd with the Pictures of the Ingenious, among which *Daphne* has the Honour of a Place; whether seated there for her *little* Talent in Poetry, or her larger one in *Amour*, I will leave to his Lordship's Decision. We will show you his incessant Carelesses to all those of his *Opinion*. What indefatigable Industry to Corrupt the
other?

other ? *Enervating-Luxury ! Wine ! Love ! Musick ! Balls ! Cards !* all those round of Diversions, where-
in the *Thinking Part* may be the *soonest* buried.
These for the *Young and Gay*, who are not to be seduc'd but by *Pleasures* and *Gradual* Insinuations.
To those who have out-liv'd the *Poinancy* of *Luxury*, and begin to value *Money* for an *other* use than *squandering* : *Bills* and *Preferments* are at hand to purchase their *Compliances*. Time will disclose to us, what the long, under-ground, never-ceasing *Workings* of this *busy Mole* can intend ! His own *Fortune* is made ! it is not *himself* he is now serving ! it is the *Interest* of a *Party* ! A *Party* ! big with *Prospect* of the *Future* ! full of *distant Views*, and long, *fore-sighted Regards* !

O, your irresistible *Divinities* ! be pleas'd to cast a *Glance* of peculiar *Emanation* upon that young *Favourite* of mine, and of all his *Beholders*. Observe the opening *Blossom* hast'ning to attain an early *Bloom*. He is descended from a *Noble Family*, who have long been *Counts* of the *Empire*. We will lead your *Ladiships* to the delightful *Villa* of *Count Serini*, *Loyalty* is inherent to him ; he will live to adorn and revive the *Name*, now almost *obsolete*, like the *ever-enduring Beaumont* ; *Erect* and *Stedfast* to his *Principles* ; the *Ornament* of the *Crown*, the *Glory* of the *Empire*. His gives us an early *Prospect* of that *Renown* he shall attain to, the *Restorer* and *Patron* of declining *Poetry*. Born from a *Father* who did not disdain to make it his *Companion* and *Amusement* in his *Confinement* ; with so happy a *Genius*, that those who had the *Honour* of seeing his *Performance*, regretted that he so seldom exerted it. *Fine Sense* is as much *Serini's* *Inheritance*, as *Estate* and *Title*. A great *Queen* submitting to the *Cor-*
rection

rection of one of his *Ancestors*, not only her Notions of Government, but a *Dramatick Translation* that she made from one of the *Greek Tragedies*. The young Count neglects no Opportunity of adorning Nature; he summons all the help of Art to embellish her, and a never-fading Lawrel shall be his Recompence. The Impressions of Good, when stamp'd in Youth, *no Age nor Fortune can out-wear*; nor shall he hereafter need to blush at the Repetition of his Actions, tho' the Deeds perform'd in Youth, are seldom so blameless; but its better to amend than declare 'em, as if all things were *Monuments of the Follies of the Young*; much easier it is to be born Great, than continue Great. Be wary oh lovely Count! that no near Examples of Pride taint your *Heroick Blood*! Read that admirable saying of Socrates, *Pride should of young Men be heedfully avoided*; of old Men utterly disdain'd; and of all Men suspected and fear'd. The proud Man thinks no Man can be humble. But imitate to the height that *God-like Charity* to which you are lately allied! That Commiseration of the Distresses of your Fellow-Mortals! That *Angelick Virtue*, which gives a comparative, a remote degree of God-head to the Possessor, and bespeaks Reverence even from the Covetous. How has Juno blest and adorn'd your Nuptial Bed? *Age may be allow'd to gaze at Beauties Blossom*, but Youth only should climb the Trees and enjoy the Fruit. Those are Pleasures to which we will easily resign your Morn of Life; but when it advances towards a *Glorious Meridian*, your Country will claim a Parents Regard from her darling Son! Remember the immortal Genius of two of your noble Ancestors! how they improv'd the Cabinet, and graced the Helm: Remember 'em so as to imitate 'em; for as the Gods have given you

you a *strength* of Soul, and *capacity* of Mind worthy to be their Descendant; so shall *Fortune* and your *glorious Empress*, furnish you with *Opportunities* to exert 'em.

See! who appears next, a designing subtle-headed *Atalantick Lord*! He has all his Father in his Looks! His Father! who rose by *Faction*, flourish'd by *Anarchy*; and still (tho' under *Royalty*) maintain'd with *Cunning* what he had acquir'd by *Rebellion*. His Lady has a Soul as *Niggard* as the *Opulent Prince* her Brother's, dark and revengeful: Their eldest Son they marry'd by consent to a Lady of the most agreeable Merit, young, ingaging, and tender, with whom they receiv'd a Dowry of *Forescore Thousand Crowns*. The Baron invited the young Gentleman and his Wife to dine, but at the Conclusion of the Entertainment, when she wanted her Husband to depart with her, they civilly told her, she might go when she pleas'd, but for the Son they had thought fit to confine him to a Chamber design'd for his Recovery, since they found she took no care of it. 'Twas in vain to ask his *Atalantick Lordship* where was his Conscience in marrying a *Mad-man* (knowing him to be such) to a Lady of her *Desert* and *Fortune*; and when now secur'd of the latter, to endeavour to make all the Advantages that *Law* and *Cunning* could give him by *favour* of his Son's *Distemper*, to whom she has made so tender, so loving a Wife, that no Fears could prevail over her *Duty* and *Fondness* (not even that of her Life) to lie from him, tho' every Night in going to Bed, she did not know but she was stepping into her Grave; his unaccountable Sallies being of a Nature to alarm any one, less prepossess'd by Love, and the true Sense of the holy matrimonial Vow.

The

The Young Lady, his Daughter, sets up for a *Wit*, according to the *Epicurean* Taste. Her Sincerity is so remarkable, that she does not scruple to declare her Opinion, tho' in Matters never so much to her Disadvantage ; particularly that she thinks the *sacred Writings* of the *Sybil*s the very *worst Book* that ever was wrote. Tho' she wears a Face that is none of her own, her manner is peculiarly such, infinitely Careless, I won't say Slat-ternly. Old *Baron* I advise you to marry her as soon as you can, if you don't design she shall marry her self. She has a Head as well turned for *Mischief* as her *Mother's*, and almost as good-natur'd. Her working Brain was the Original of all her valuable Sister-in-law's Troubles; to her it is that she owes those Misfortunes she has met with. Not so, the *Baron's* second Son, who is a very pretty Gentleman, very well behav'd, and a Person of very good Sense.

Behold! who next treads the Carpet of the *Divan*, the awful Count of *Valentia*! His Genius sparkles in his Air! regard the Eagle of his Eyes, they strike upon his Gazers, and flash intolerable Day. This is that renown'd General of *Utopia*, that I formerly made your Excellencies a short Character of, in the Story of Count *Biron*, from whose Persecutions he had before *Biron's* Disgrace refused himself in King *Henriquez's* Court. *Henriquez*! whose generous Soul open'd his Arms to receive and protect the Brave, and the Unfortunate, if they were not his remarkable Enemies! and even then he did not forbear to wish for an Opportunity of being safely reconcil'd, that he might but safely forgive. Hark! the Count comes to the *Vizir* of the *Divan*, with a Message from the *Empress*— How? She requires 'em to attend her
to

to morrow at her Inauguration— Oh fortunate Event! the Divine *Astrea* could never have descended at so favourable a Crisis. There the *Atlan-tick* Glory will be united in a Point: You shall see, you shall hear all that can be worthy your Eyes and Ears! the most resplendant sight upon Earth; in ornamental Robes peculiar to the Day; they will shine under a much more advantageous Appearance than at present! You shall also behold the Grand Druid, and the numerous holy Attendants of the Altar! The Rites will be perform'd in the lofty Temple of *Jupiter* the Victorious. I am raviſh'd at the happy Opportunity of presenting your Excellencies an Entertainment worthy your Regard! Wrapp'd by the Imagination, I have wander'd from a Theam that deserves to be dwelt upon, the Merits of *Valentia*. Were not Truth at hand to corroborate my Report, I should not dare to tell your Mightiness's, ev'n but a part of what he has perform'd! His Actions are no longer Modern, they have the true Air of the Antique Glory, when *Renown* fir'd the Breast of Mortals, and the universal Love of Mankind was their only Regard. When to be a Leader was understood, as of one, exposing himself with a willing Bravery, for the Benefit of his Followers. The Spoil of the Field equally divided, the Hero reserving nothing to himself but the Reputation of Conquest. 'Tis recorded of a late General among the Franks, that he knew not one piece of Money from another: Not so, the Count of *Valentia*, he knows the Value, and knowingly rejects it: I mean the Appropriation! There is an Instance of his Contempt of Self-Interest, not to be match'd by the old Roman or Spartan-Worthies; free from the Modern System that takes up an Employment
to

to fill their own Coffers. The Count, after the Reduction of three Kingdoms, and placing the *Candidate Monarch* in the Throne, willingly saw nothing of *Advantage* or *Interest* remaining to himself, but his *Character*. There he is indeed *immortal*; no *Time*, no *Age* shall produce a Captain whose *Actions* shall equal his. Not *Alexander*, that fill'd the *Globe* with his *Exploits*, had half that Pretension to *Godhead* as has *Valentia*. Drunk with the Fumes of *Vain-Glory*, and a brutish, not reasonable contempt of *Dangers*! the *Macedonian* threw himself amongst the midst of his *Enemies*, rather like a *Mad-man* than a *Hero*; whence nothing but his prodigious *Reputation*, and the *Ignorance* of his *Opposers*, could relieve him. Not so the Count of *Valentia*, the *Cast* of his *Brain* could alone secure him any Conquest to which he aspir'd, tho' he were in his Nature a *Commander*; and his *Courage* cou'd procure him the same *Advantage*, tho' he were not a *Politician*; but with these united Accomplishments nothing can withstand him. I cannot better entertain your *Excellencies* than by the History of his prodigious *Actions* at length: But because it is too long for the Business of the *Divan*, we will defer it to that silent Hour, when *Night* usurps upon the *Day*, when the *Sun* is no longer the visible Object of Adoration, and the *World* enlighten'd but by *Reflection*. When all Objects disappear but those which *Fancy* represents, and your Attention undiverted by what may prevent the Report of the immortal *Valentia's* Glory!

The Key to

ATALANTI

PART I.

7. Queen of Behomia,
 6. Pr. of Hanover,
 12. Ld. of Torrington,
 13. Marg. of Garmarthen,
 14. Ld. Dursly,
 Mrs. Mountford,
 20. Cornelius Overkirk,
 21. Da. of Marlborough,
 Ms. Young,
 D. of Cleveland,
 23. Mrs. Godfrey,
 28. D. of Marlbor's Mother,
 29. Mrs. Jennings,
 30. Ld. Dover,
 40. D. of *Buck*,
 1. K. James,
 D. Monmouth,
 Pr. Orange,
 44. Earl of Portland,
 45. Pr. of Orange,
 50. Mrs. Howard Maid of Honour to
 Q. Mary,
 56. Ld. Orkney,
 57. Ld. Woodstock,
 72. Sir John Trenchard,
 73. Lady Berkley,
 74. Ld. Albemarle,
 85. D. Bucks Author of the *Memoirs*,
 106. Mr. Cook of *Norfolk*,
 107. Sir William Baron,

110. Dr. Garth,
 114. Lady Eamley,
 125. Sir John Newton,
 130. Salisbury,
 131. Bpr. of *Saram*,
 132. Sir Robert Howards Widow,
 135. D. of *Shrewsbury*,
 136. Dfs. of Marlborough,
 144. Quainton horse Race,
 Lady Wharton,
 D. of *Somerset*,
 155. D. of *Richmond*,
 156. Ld. Wharton,
 Sir Thomas Felton,
 157. Sir Richard Temple,
 158. Mr. Egerton of *Affick* *Redd*,
 164. Mrs. Perillhall,
 Mr. Cesar,
 165. Duke of Ormond,
 166. Lady Mary Vere,
 Mr. Furquhar,
 167. Lady Thanel,
 168. Duke of Montague,
 Col. Finch's Lady once *Maid*
 Honour.
 171. D. of Grafton,
 Thomas Ouslow,
 Mrs. Knight,
 Mrs. Ouslow,
 Lady Anne Popham,

- dy Carlisle,
 of Nottingham,
 Margaretta,
 Mrs. Hammond,
 Durdley,
 Mrs. Singham,
 177. George Glanville,
 178. Lady Hide,
 179. Mrs. Sarah Stoute.
 D. of New Cast,
 Mrs. Sa. Leves,
 179. D. of Beauford,
 St. James of the Peate,
 180. Mrs. Perishall,
 M. of Kent,
 Ld. Rialton.
 181. Sir Richard Temple,
 182. Lady Wharton,
 Captain Banbury,
 183. Ld. Hallifax,
 M. of Derby,
 184. Widow Laurence of Putney,
 Mrs. Rider Sir H. Fanshaws
 Daughter.
 Dr. Laurence of Winton,
 Mrs. Long Sir William Risby's
 Sister,
 185. Sir Thomas Terret,
 186. Sir William Risby,
 187. Captain Steele the Gaittees,

- Ld. Cutts,
 187. Mrs. Newington,
 Sir Thomas Laurence of Chelsea,
 194. Mr. Manley Member of Parlia
 Sir Thomas Laurence of Chelsea,
 198. Lee Warner Esq; of Norfolk,
 200. Captain Laurence,
 Mr. Barnes a Lawyer,
 202. Mrs. Margrett Laurence of Chelsea,
 203. Col. Godfrey, Junior,
 204. Dfs, of Marlbor,
 206. Lady Filzharding,
 207. Careless Husband,
 The Lady's last Stake,
 Gilden's new *Metamorphosis*,
 210. Mrs. Bracegirdle,
 Mrs. Parry,
 211. Sir Richard Blackmore,
 212. Dr. Garth,
 D. of Montague,
 E. of Bath,
 213. Sir Henry Johnson,
 Sir Nathan Wright,
 Ld. Cowper,
 Spencer Cowper,
 214. Sir William Cowper,
 Mrs. Cullen,
 217. Mr. Sambrook of new Forest, he
 wrote the Defence of Polygame

The Key to A T A L A N T I S PART II.

- 7 D. of O. and Ly Harcr: Grevill.
- 12 Dfs. of Clevl — nd and her 5 Children.
- 15 Dfs. of Portmo.
- 17 Ly. Marlb Ly. Sundld.
Ld. Rofs and Mrs. Tofts.
- 18 Ld. Brookes.
- 19 Polydore and Urania Lord Haverham's Son and Daughter
- 28 Sr. E. G. Seymour and E. Romney.
- 39 Wid. Howd D. Shrewsbury.
- 41 D. of O.
- 42 Ld. Treas — r.
- 48 And the Caball.
- 46 Ld. Lewingtn.
- 48 Mrs. Proud and Ly. Fretchville.
Lord Harry Scott.
- 49 Ly. Ann Popham.
50. Ly. Wharton Mrs. Tofts Coss Dorchester and Portmore.
- 51 Ld. Carmar.
- 52 Dr. Garth Mrs. Griffin. D. of Marl.
- 54 Mr. Betterton.
- 55 Mr. Scarron a Parson marryed Mrs. Griffin.
- 58 D. of Bucks-house.
- 59 Ld. Osculston Ld. Albermarle and D. Roxbo.
- 69 Sr. Robert Howard.
- 96 Sr. James of the Peak.
- 113 Ld. Treas — r and his Character.
- 118 K. J. Q. Pr. of Orange and Denmark.
- 119 D. Dfs. of Malbor.
Petended P. of W.
- 124 D. of Shrewfs.
- 134 P. of Orange.
- 144 E. of Peterboro.
- 145 D. Dfs. of Mountague.
- 147 Mrs. Masham.
- 148 Secreaty Harley.
- 151 Bp. of Cant.

- 194 D. of Be-ufts house at Chelfe his mourti,
for his first Lady.
169 Mrs. Parker Dar. to Lady Ashe.
162 Mr. Peyton married to Mrs. Greenwill.
178 Mr. Parker of Kent.
Sr. Thomas Powis.
180 D. of Beauft Dfs. of O. and Mr. Yalden to whom
The Author under the Character of Delia relates her life.
197 D. of O.
199 D. and Dfs. of Beaufort.
200 Stor yof the Butcher.
903 Old. Lord Halifax.
205 Ly. Maccles field married to Mr. Brett.
206 Lady. Carlisle.
207 Lady Effingham Mrs Crofs.
209 E. of Dyfert.
210 Genll. Talmash and his Ly.
214 Lord. Huntingtouer,
215 Mrs. Heneage D, of Devond. his Dar. and Ld. Hunting;
216 Lord Rivers.
217 Ld. Haversham and Ly, Mrs. Colliton Ld. Goningsby,
Ly Drana Cæcil Lord Scudamore,
240, D, and Dfs, of Roxbo
242, D, of Northumberl—d,
244, Ld, Biron,
245, Ld, Harvey, Sr, Richard Temple, and Mrs, Collier,
246, Lord Mohun,
250, D, of Shrews, Mrs, Laurence, Ld, Fantha—w,
252, Ld, Mohun and Ly with E, Macclesfi—ld her Uncle;
254, Lord Conway,
255, D, of Saint Albans,
256, Sir H, Mackworth,
262, Lord Summers and Lord Halifax,
263, Late Earl of Sunderland,
264, Lord Halifax,
265, Lord Renelaugh,
265, Lord Dorset,
269, Lord Bernard and his Son Mr. Vane who Married Mr,
Jelly's Daughter,
270, Lord Peterbo,

FINIS,